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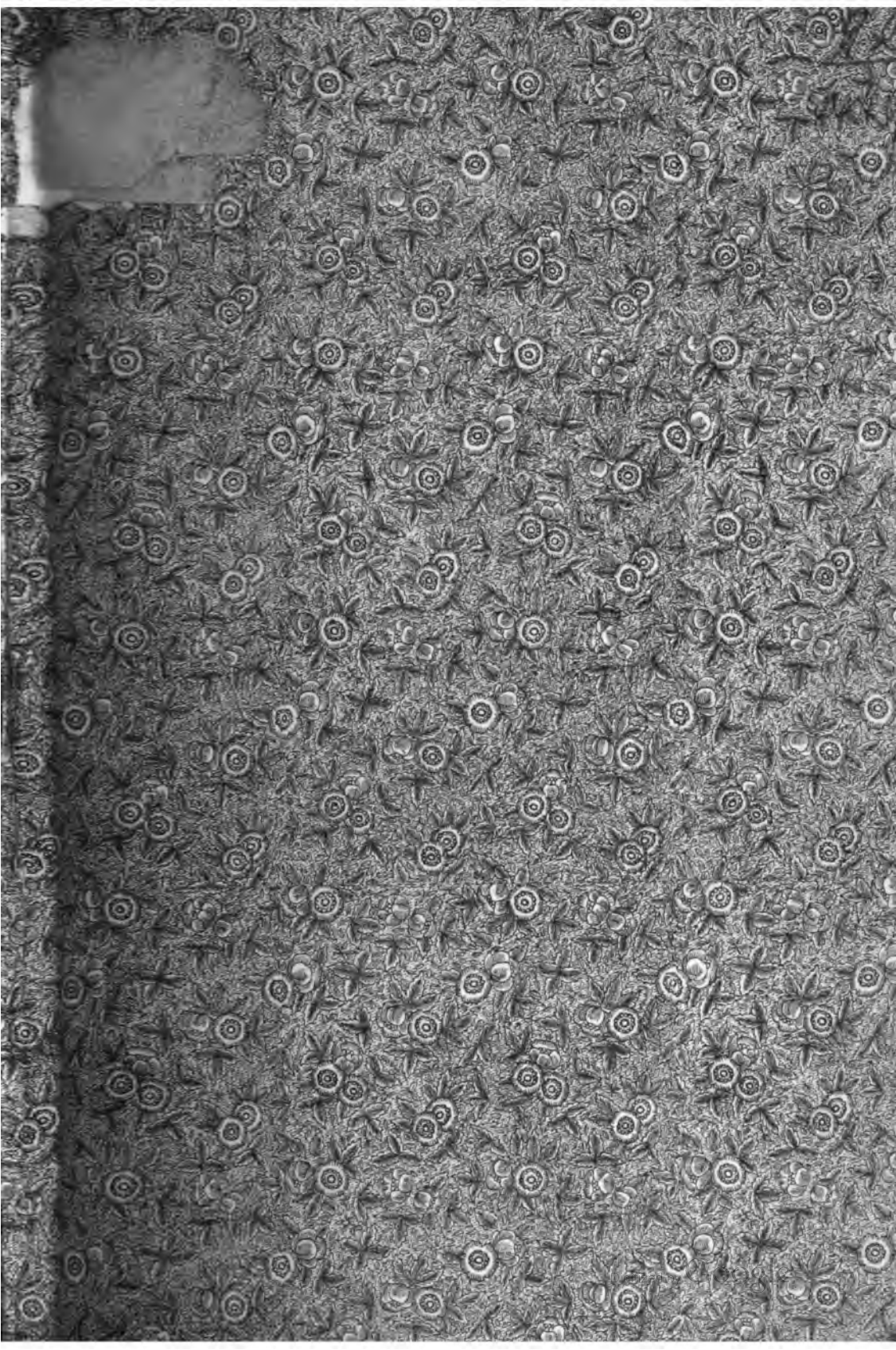

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WORKS OF EDWARD FITZGERALD.

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FROM THE FAMILY OF
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TO THE

AMERICAN PEOPLE,

WHOSE EARLY APPRECIATION OF THE GENIUS OF

EDWARD FITZGERALD

WAS THE

CHIEF STIMULANT OF THAT CURIOSITY

BY WHICH HIS NAME WAS DRAWN FROM ITS ANONYMOUS

CONCEALMENT AND ADVANCED TO THE POSITION

OF HONOUR WHICH IT NOW HOLDS,

THIS EDITION OF HIS WORKS IS DEDICATED

BY

THE EDITOR.

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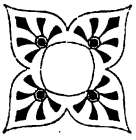

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BIOGRAPHICAL PREFACE.

EDWARD FITZGERALD, whom the world has already learned, in spite of his own efforts to remain within the shadow of anonymity, to look upon as one of the rarest poets of the century, was born at Bredfield in Suffolk, on the 31st March, 1809. He was the third son of John Purcell, of Kilkenny in Ireland, who, marrying Miss Mary Frances Fitzgerald, daughter of John Fitzgerald, of Williamstown, County Waterford, added that distinguished name to his own patronymic; and the future Omar was thus doubly of Irish extraction. (Both the families of Purcell and Fitzgerald claim descent from Norman warriors of the eleventh century.) This circumstance is thought to have had some influence in attracting him to the study of Persian poetry, Iran and Erin being almost convertible terms in the early days of modern ethnology. After some years of primary education at the grammar school of Bury St. Edmunds, he entered Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1826, and there formed acquaintance with several young men of great abilities, most of

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whom rose to distinction before him, but never ceased to regard with affectionate remembrance the quiet and amiable associate of their college-days. Amongst them were Alfred Tennyson, James Spedding, William Bodham Donne, John Mitchell Kemble, and William Makepeace Thackeray; and their long friendship has been touchingly referred to by the Laureate in dedicating his last poem to the memory of Edward Fitzgerald. "Euphranor," our author's earliest printed work, affords a curious picture of his academic life and associations. Its substantial reality is evident beneath the thin disguise of the symbolical or classical names which he gives to the personages of the colloquy; and the speeches which he puts into his own mouth are full of the humorous gravity, the whimsical and kindly philosophy, which remained his distinguishing characteristics till the end. This book was first published in 1851; a second and a third edition were printed some years later; all anonymous, and each of the latter two differing from its predecessor by changes in the text which were not indicated on the title-pages.

"Euphranor" furnishes a good many characterizations which would be useful for any writer treating upon Cambridge society in the third decade of this century. Kenelm Digby, the author of the "Broadstone of Honour," had left Cambridge before the time when Euphranor held his "dialogue," but he is picturesquely recollected as "a grand swarthy fellow who might have stepped out of the canvas of some knightly portrait in

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his father's hall — perhaps the living image of one sleeping under some cross-legged *effigies* in the church." In "Euphranor," it is easy to discover the earliest phase of the unconquerable attachment which Fitzgerald entertained for his college and his life-long friends, and which induced him in later days to make frequent visits to Cambridge, renewing and refreshing the old ties of custom and friendship. In fact, his disposition was affectionate to a fault, and he betrayed his consciousness of weakness in that respect by referring playfully at times to "a certain natural lubricity" which he attributed to the Irish character, and professed to discover especially in himself. This amiability of temper endeared him to many friends of totally dissimilar tastes and qualities; and, by enlarging his sympathies, enabled him to enjoy the fructifying influence of studies pursued in communion with scholars more profound than himself, but less gifted with the power of expression. One of the younger Cambridge men with whom he became intimate during his periodical pilgrimages to the university was Edward B. Cowell, a man of the highest attainment in Oriental learning, who resembled Fitzgerald himself in the possession of a warm and genial heart, and of the most unobtrusive modesty. From Cowell he could easily learn that the hypothetical affinity between the names of Erin and Iran belonged to an obsolete stage of etymology; but the attraction of a far-fetched theory was replaced by the charm of reading Persian poetry in companion-

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ship with his young friend who was equally competent to enjoy and to analyse the beauties of a literature that formed a portion of his regular studies. They read together the poetical remains of Khayyám — a choice of reading which sufficiently indicates the depth and range of Mr. Cowell's knowledge. Omar Khayyám, although not quite forgotten, enjoyed in the history of Persian literature a celebrity like that of Occleve and Gower in our own. In the many *Tazkirát* (memoirs or memorials) of Poets, he was mentioned and quoted with esteem; but his poems, labouring as they did under the original sin of heresy and atheism, were seldom looked at, and from lack of demand on the part of readers, had become rarer than those of most other writers since the days of Firdausi. European scholars knew little of his works beyond his Arabic treatise on Algebra, and Mr. Cowell may be said to have disentombed his poems from oblivion. Now, thanks to the fine taste of that scholar, and to the transmuting genius of Fitzgerald, no Persian poet is so well known in the western world as Abu-'l-fat'h 'Omar son of Ibrahim the Tentmaker of Naishápúr, whose manhood synchronises with the Norman conquest of England, and who took for his poetic name *(takhallus)* the designation of his father's trade *(Khayyám)*. The *Rubá'iyyát* (Quatrains) do not compose a single poem divided into a certain number of stanzas; there is no continuity of plan in them, and each stanza is a distinct thought expressed in musical verse. There is no

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other element of unity in them than the general tendency of the Epicurean idea, and the arbitrary divan form by which they are grouped according to the alphabetical arrangement of the final letters; those in which the rhymes end in *a* constituting the first division, those with *b* the second, and so on. The peculiar attitude towards religion and the old questions of fate, immortality, the origin and the destiny of man, which educated thinkers have assumed in the present age of Christendom, is found admirably foreshadowed in the fantastic verses of Khayyám, who was no more of a Mohammedan than many of our best writers are Christians. His philosophical and Horatian fancies—graced as they are by the charms of a lyrical expression equal to that of Horace, and a vivid brilliance of imagination to which the Roman poet could make no claim—exercised a powerful influence upon Fitzgerald's mind, and coloured his thoughts to such a degree that even when he oversteps the largest licence allowed to a translator, his phrases reproduce the spirit and manner of his original with a nearer approach to perfection than would appear possible. It is usually supposed that there is more of Fitzgerald than of Khayyám in the English *Rubâ'iyyát*, and that the old Persian simply afforded themes for the Anglo-Irishman's display of poetic power; but nothing could be further from the truth. The French translator, J. B. Nicolas, and the English one, Mr. Whinfield, supply a closer mechanical reflection of the sense in each

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separate stanza; but Mr. Fitzgerald has, in some instances, given a version equally close and exact; in others, rejointed scattered phrases from more than one stanza of his original, and thus accomplished a feat of marvellous poetical transfusion. He frequently turns literally into English the strange outlandish imagery which Mr. Whinfield thought necessary to replace by more intelligible banalities, and in this way the magic of his genius has successfully transplanted into the garden of English poesy exotics that bloom like native flowers.

One of Mr. Fitzgerald's Woodbridge friends was Bernard Barton, the Quaker poet, with whom he maintained for many years the most intimate and cordial intercourse, and whose daughter Lucy he married. He wrote the memoir of his friend's life which appeared in the posthumous volume of Barton's poems. The story of his married life was a short one. With all the overflowing amiability of his nature, there were mingled certain peculiarities or waywardnesses which were more suitable to the freedom of celibacy than to the staidness of matrimonial life. A separation took place by mutual agreement, and Fitzgerald behaved in this circumstance with the generosity and unselfishness which were apparent in all his whims no less than in his more deliberate actions. Indeed, his entire career was marked by an unchanging goodness of heart and a genial kindliness; and no one could complain of having ever endured hurt or ill-treatment at his

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hands. His pleasures were innocent and simple. Amongst the more delightful, he counted the short coasting trips, occupying no more than a day or two at a time, which he used to make in his own yacht from Lowestoft, accompanied only by a crew of two men, and such a friend as Cowell, with a large pasty and a few bottles of wine to supply their material wants. It is needless to say that books were also put into the cabin, and that the symposia of the friends were thus brightened by communion with the minds of the great departed. Fitzgerald's enjoyment of gnomic wisdom enshrined in words of exquisite propriety was evinced by the frequency with which he used to read Montaigne's essays and Madame de Sévigné's letters, and the various works from which he extracted and published his collection of wise saws entitled "Polonius." This taste was allied to a love for what was classical and correct in literature, by which he was also enabled to appreciate the prim and formal muse of Crabbe, in whose grandson's house he died.

His second printed work was the "Polonius," already referred to, which appeared in 1852. It exemplifies his favourite reading, being a collection of extracts, sometimes short proverbial phrases, sometimes longer pieces of characterization or reflection, arranged under abstract headings. He occasionally quotes Dr. Johnson, for whom he entertained sincere admiration; but the ponderous and artificial fabric of Johnsonese did not please him like the language of Bacon, Fuller, Sir

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Thomas Browne, Coleridge, whom he cites frequently. A disproportionate abundance of wise words was drawn from Carlyle; his original views, his forcible sense, and the friendship with which Fitzgerald regarded him, having apparently blinded the latter to the ungainly style and ungraceful mannerisms of the Chelsea sage. (It was Thackeray who first made them personally acquainted nearly forty years ago; and Fitzgerald remained always loyal to his first instincts of affection and admiration.*) Polonius also marks the period of his earliest attention to Persian studies, as he quotes in it the great Sufi poet Jalál-ud-dín-Rúmi, whose *masnavi* has lately been translated into English by Mr. Redhouse, but whom Fitzgerald can only have seen in the original. He, however, spells the name *Jallaladin*, an incorrect form of which he could not have been guilty at the time when he produced Omar Khayyám, and which thus betrays that he had not long been engaged with Irani literature. He was very fond of Montaigne's essays, and of Pascal's Pensées; but his Polonius reveals a sort of dislike and contempt for Voltaire.

* The close relation that subsisted between Fitzgerald and Carlyle has lately been made patent by an article in the *Historical Review* upon the Squire papers,— those celebrated documents purporting to be contemporary records of Cromwell's time,— which were accepted by Carlyle as genuine, but which other scholars have asserted from internal evidence to be modern forgeries. However the question may be decided, the fact which concerns us here is that our poet was the negotiator between Mr. Squire and Carlyle. and that his correspondence with the latter upon the subject reveals the intimate nature of their acquaintance.

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Amongst the Germans, Jean Paul, Goethe, Alexander von Humboldt, and August Wilhelm von Schlegel attracted him greatly; but he seems to have read little German, and probably only quoted translations. His favourite motto was "Plain Living and High Thinking," and he expresses great reverence for all things manly, simple, and true. The laws and institutions of England were, in his eyes, of the highest value and sacredness; and whatever Irish sympathies he had would never have diverted his affections from the Union to Home Rule. This is strongly illustrated by some original lines of blank verse at the end of Polonius, annexed to his quotation, under "Æsthetics," of the words in which Lord Palmerston eulogised Mr. Gladstone for having devoted his Neapolitan tour to an inspection of the prisons.

Fitzgerald's next printed work was a translation of Six Dramas of Calderon, published in 1853, which was unfavourably received at the time, and consequently withdrawn by him from circulation. His name appeared on the title-page,— a concession to publicity which was so unusual with him that it must have been made under strong pressure from his friends. The book is in nervous blank verse, a mode of composition which he handled with great ease and skill. There is no waste of power in diffuseness and no employment of unnecessary epithets. It gives the impression of a work of the Shakespearean age, and reveals a kindred felicity, strength, and directness of language. It deserves to rank with his best efforts in poetry, but its ill-

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success made him feel that the publication of his name was an unfavourable experiment, and he never again repeated it. His great modesty, however, would sufficiently account for this shyness. Of "Omar Khayyám," even after the little book had won its way to general esteem, he used to say that the suggested addition of his name on the title would imply an assumption of importance which he considered that his "transmogrification" of the Persian poet did not possess.

Fitzgerald's conception of a translator's privilege is well set forth in the prefaces of his versions from Calderon, and the Agamemnon of Æschylus. He maintained that, in the absence of the perfect poet, who shall re-create in his own language the body and soul of his original, the best system is that of a paraphrase conserving the spirit of the author,— a sort of literary metempsychosis. Calderon, Æschylus, and Omar Khayyám were all treated with equal licence, so far as form is concerned,— the last, perhaps, the most arbitrarily; but the result is not unsatisfactory as having given us perfect English poems instinct with the true flavour of their prototypes. The Persian was probably somewhat more Horatian and less melancholy, the Greek a little less florid and mystic, the Spaniard more lyrical and fluent, than their metaphrast has made them; but the essential spirit has not escaped in transfusion. Only a man of singular gifts could have performed the achievement, and these works attest Mr. Fitzgerald's right to rank amongst the finest poets of

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the century. About the same time as he printed his Calderon, another set of translations from the same dramatist was published by the late D. F. MacCarthy; a scholar whose acquaintance with Castilian literature was much deeper than Mr. Fitzgerald's, and who also possessed poetical abilities of no mean order, with a totally different sense of the translator's duty. The popularity of MacCarthy's versions has been considerable, and as an equivalent rendering of the original in sense and form his work is valuable. Spaniards familiar with the English language rate its merit highly; but there can be little question of the very great superiority of Mr. Fitzgerald's work as a contribution to English literature. It is indeed only from this point of view that we should regard all the literary labours of our author. They are English poetical work of fine quality, dashed with a pleasant outlandish flavour which heightens their charm; and it is as English poems, not as translations, that they have endeared themselves even more to the American English than to the mixed Britons of England.

It was an occasion of no small moment to Mr. Fitzgerald's fame, and to the intellectual gratification of many thousands of readers, when he took his little packet of *Rubá'iyyát* to Mr. Quaritch in the latter part of the year 1858. It was printed as a small quarto pamphlet, bearing the publisher's name but not the author's; and although apparently a complete failure at first,— a failure which Mr. Fitzgerald regretted less

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on his own account than on that of his publisher, to whom he had generously made a present of the book,—received, nevertheless, a sufficient distribution by being quickly reduced from the price of five shillings and placed in the box of cheap books marked a penny each. Thus forced into circulation, the two hundred copies which had been printed were soon exhausted. Among the buyers were Dante Gabriel Rossetti, Mr. Swinbourne, Captain (now Sir Richard) Burton, and Mr. William Simpson, the accomplished artist of the *Illustrated London News*. The influence exercised by the first three, especially by Rossetti, upon a clique of young men who have since grown to distinction, was sufficient to attract observation to the singular beauties of the poem anonymously translated from the Persian. Most readers had no possible opportunity of discovering whether it was a disguised original or an actual translation; — even Captain Burton enjoyed probably but little chance of seeing a manuscript of the Persian Rubá'iyyát. The Oriental imagery and allusions were too thickly scattered throughout the verses to favour the notion that they could be the original work of an Englishman; yet it was shrewdly suspected by most of the appreciative readers that the "translator" was substantially the author and creator of the poem. In the refuge of his anonymity, Fitzgerald derived an innocent gratification from the curiosity that was aroused on all sides. After the first edition had disappeared, inquiries for the little book became frequent, and

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in the year 1868 he gave the MS. of his second edition to Mr. Quaritch, and the Rubá'iyyát came into circulation once more, but with several alterations and additions by which the number of stanzas was somewhat increased beyond the original seventy-five. Most of the changes were, as might have been expected, improvements; but in some instances the author's taste or caprice was at fault,—notably in the first *Rubá'iy*. His fastidious desire to avoid anything that seemed *baroque* or unnatural, or appeared like plagiarism from other poets, may have influenced him; but whether from this cause, or from some secret reason that we cannot divine, he sacrificed a fine and novel piece of imagery in his first stanza and replaced it by one of much more ordinary character. If it were from a dislike to pervert his original too largely, he had no need to be so scrupulous, since he dealt on the whole with the Rubá'iyyát as though he had the licence of absolute authorship, changing, transposing, and manipulating the substance of the Persian quatrains with singular freedom. The vogue of "old Omar" (as he would affectionately call his work) went on increasing, and American readers took it up with eagerness. In those days, the mere mention of Omar Khayyám between two strangers meeting fortuitously acted like a sign of freemasonry and established frequently a bond of friendship. Some curious instances of this have been related. A remarkable feature of the Omar-cult in the United States was the circumstance that single indi-

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viduals bought numbers of copies for gratuitous distribution before the book was reprinted in America. Its editions have been relatively numerous, when we consider how restricted was the circle of readers who could understand the peculiar beauties of the work. A third edition appeared in 1872, with some further alterations, and this may be regarded as virtually the author's final revision, for it hardly differs at all from the text of the fourth edition, which appeared in 1879. This last formed the first portion of a volume entitled "Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám; and the Salámán and Absál of Jámí; rendered into English verse." The Salámán (which had already been printed in separate form in 1856) is a poem chiefly in blank verse, interspersed with various metres (although it is all in one measure in the original) embodying a love-story of mystic significance; for Jámí was, unlike Omar Khayyám, a true Sufi, and indeed differed in other respects, his celebrity as a pious Mussulman doctor being equal to his fame as a poet. He lived in the fifteenth century, in a period of literary brilliance and decay; and the rich exuberance of his poetry, full of far-fetched conceits, involved expressions, overstrained imagery, and false taste, offers a strong contrast to the simpler and more forcible language of Khayyám. There is little use of Arabic in the earlier poet; he preferred the vernacular speech to the mongrel language which was fashionable among the heirs of the Saracen conquerors; but Jámí's composition is largely embroidered with Arabic.

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Mr. Fitzgerald had from his early days been thrown into contact with the Crabbe family; the Reverend George Crabbe (the poet's grandson) was an intimate friend of his, and it was on a visit to Morton Rectory that Fitzgerald died. As we know that friendship has power to warp the judgment, we shall not probably be wrong in supposing that his enthusiastic admiration for Crabbe's poems was not the product of sound, impartial criticism. He attempted to reintroduce them to the world by publishing a little volume of "Readings from Crabbe," produced in the last year of his life, but without success. A different fate awaited his "Agamemnon: a tragedy taken from Æschylus," which was first printed privately by him, and afterwards published with alterations in 1876. It is a very free rendering from the Greek, and full of a poetical beauty which is but partly assignable to Æschylus. Without attaining to anything like the celebrity and admiration which have followed Omar Khayyám, the Agamemnon has achieved much more than a *succès d'estime*. Mr. Fitzgerald's renderings from the Greek were not confined to this one essay; he also translated the two Œdipus dramas of Sophocles, but left them unfinished in manuscript till Mr. Elliot Norton had a sight of them about five or six years ago and urged him to complete his work. When this was done, he had them set in type, but only a very few proofs can have been struck off, as it seems that, at least in England, no more than a single copy was sent out by the author. In a similar way he

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printed translations of two of Calderon's plays not included in the published "Six Dramas"— namely, *La Vida es Sueño*, and *El Magico Prodigioso*, (both ranking among the Spaniard's finest work;) but they also were withheld from the public and all but half a dozen friends.

When his old boatman died, about ten years ago, he abandoned his nautical exercises and gave up his yacht for ever. During the last few years of his life, he divided his time between Cambridge, Crabbe's house, and his own home at Little Grange, near Woodbridge, where he received occasional visits from friends and relatives.

This edition of Mr. Fitzgerald's works is a modest memorial of one of the most modest men who have ever enriched English literature with poetry of distinct and permanent value. His best epitaph is found in Tennyson's "Tiresias and other poems," published immediately after our author's quiet exit from life, in 1883, in the seventy-fifth year of his age.

JANUARY, 1887.

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EDWARD FITZGERALD.

Though still the famous Book of Kings
With strange memorial music rings,
Firdausi's muse is dead and gone
As Kai-kobad and Feridon,
And Rustum and his pahlawan
Are cold as prehistoric man.
— KHAYYÁM still lives: his magic rhyme
Is forged of spells that conquer Time,
The hopes and doubts, the joys and pains,
That never end while Man remains;
The sin, the sorrow, and the strife
Of good and ill in human life;
Such themes can ne'er grow stale and old
— Nor can the verse in which they're told,
Reflecting as it does each phase
Of human thought and human ways.
The world may roll through ages yet,
New stars may rise, old stars may set,
But like the grass and like the rain
Some things for ever fresh remain,
Some poets whom no rust can touch
— KHAYYÁM and HORACE are of such.
But while we knew the Roman's tongue,
KHAYYÁM in vain for us had sung,

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Till One arose on English earth
Who to his music gave new birth.
Henceforth, so long as English speech
Shall through the coming ages reach,
The name of KHAYYÁM *will go down*
With such a glory of renown
As ne'er on Eastern poet's brow
Has poured its radiance until now.
— And Who has wrought this spell of might
That brings the hidden gem to light?
'Twas One who touched his harp, unseen,
Who never wished to lift the screen
That hid him from the outer throng,
But blameless lived and sang his song
In modest tones, not over-loud,
To shun the plaudits of the crowd.
Now that we know him — now, at last,
When o'er the threshold he hath passed —
We'll love with love that knows no change
The Hermit-bard of Little Grange.

MIMKAF.

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OMAR KHAYYÁM'S GRAVE.

IN reference to the allusion quoted from Nizami (on page 6) to Omar Khayyám's prophecy about his own grave, the following letter from Nishapur will have a considerable interest. The writer is a man of wide reputation as one of the travelling artists of the *Illustrated London News:*

NISHAPUR, 27th October, 1884.

DEAR MR. QUARITCH:

From the association of your name with that of Omar Khayam I feel sure that what I enclose in this letter will be acceptable. The rose-leaves I gathered to-day, growing beside the tomb of the poet at this place, and the seeds are from the same bushes on which the leaves grew.*

I suppose you are aware that I left early last month with Sir Peter Lumsden to accompany the Afghan Boundary Commission in my old capacity as special artist for the *Illustrated London News.* We travelled by way of the Black Sea, Tiflis, Baku, and the Caspian, to

* These seeds were handed over to Mr. Baker, of Kew Gardens, who planted them, and they have grown up successfully, but as yet they have not produced flowers.

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Tehran; from that place we have been marching eastward for nearly a month now, and we reached Nishapur this morning.

For some days past, as we marched along, I have been making inquiries regarding Omar Khayam and Nishapur; I wanted to know if the house he lived in still existed, or if any spot was yet associated with his name. It would seem that the only recognised memorial now remaining of him is his tomb. Our Mehmandar, or "Guest-Conductor,"— while the Afghan Boundary Commission is on Persian territory it is the Guest of the Shah, and the Mehmandar is his representative, who sees that all our wants are attended to,— appears to be familiar with the poet's name, and says that his works are still read and admired. The Mehmandar said he knew the tomb, and promised to be our guide when we reached Nishapur. We have just made the pilgrimage to the spot; it is about two miles south of the present Nishapur; so we had to ride, and Sir Peter, who takes an interest in the matter, was one of the party. We found the ground nearly all the way covered with mounds, and the soil mixed with fragments of pottery, sure indications of former habitations. As we neared the tomb, long ridges of earth could be seen, which were no doubt the remains of the walls of the old city of Nishapur. To the east of the tomb is a large square mound of earth, which is supposed to be the site of the Ark, or Citadel of the original city. As we rode along, the blue dome, which the Mehmandar had pointed out on the way as the tomb, had a very imposing appearance, and its importance improved as we neared it; this will be better understood by stating that city walls, houses, and almost all structures in that part of Persia, are built of mud. The blue dome, as well as its

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size, produced in my mind, as we went towards it, a great satisfaction; it was pleasing to think that the countrymen of Omar Khayam held him in such high estimation as to erect so fine a monument, as well as to preserve it,—this last being rarely done in the East,—to his memory. If the poet was so honoured in his own country, it was little to be wondered at that his fame should have spread so rapidly in the lands of the West. This I thought, but there was a slight disappointment in store for me. At last we reached the tomb, and found its general arrangements were on a plan I was familiar with in India; whoever has visited the Taj at Agra, or any of the large Mohammedan tombs of Hindostan, will easily understand the one at Nishapur. The monument stands in a space enclosed by a mud wall, and the ground in front is laid out as a garden, with walks. The tomb at Nishapur, with all its surroundings, is in a very rude condition; it never was a work which could claim merit for its architecture, and although it is kept so far in repair, it has still a very decayed and neglected appearance. Even the blue dome, which impressed me in the distance, I found on getting near to it was in a ruinous state from large portions of the enamelled plaster having fallen off. Instead of the marble and the red stone of the Taj at Nishapur,—with the exception of some enamelled tiles producing a pattern round the base of the dome, and also in the spandrils of the door and windows,—there we find only bricks and plaster. The surrounding wall of the enclosure was of crumbling mud, and could be easily jumped over at any place. There is a rude entrance by which we went in and walked to the front of the tomb; all along I had been under the notion that the whole structure was the tomb of Omar Khayam;

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and now came the disenchantment. The place turned out to be an Imamzadah, or the tomb of the Son of an Imam. The Son of an Imam inherits his sanctity from his father, and his place of burial becomes a holy place where pilgrims go to pray. The blue dome is over the tomb of such a person, who may have been a brute of the worst kind,—that would not have affected his sanctity,—instead of the poet, whom we reverence for the qualities which belonged to himself. When we had ascended the platform, about three feet high, on which the tomb stood, the Mehmandar turned to the left, and in a recess formed by three arches and a very rude roof, which seemed to have been added to the corner of the Imamzadah, pointed to the tomb of Omar Khayam. The discovery of a "Poet's Corner" at Nishapur, naturally recalled Westminster Abbey to my mind and revived my spirits from the depression produced by finding that the principal tomb was not that of the Poet. The monument over the tomb is an oblong mass of brick covered with plaster, and without ornament,—the plaster falling off in places; on this and on the plaster of the recess are innumerable scribblings in Persian character. Some were, no doubt, names, for the British John Smith has not an exclusive tendency in this respect; but many of them were continued through a number of lines, and I guessed they were poetry, and most probably quotations from the Rubaiyat. Although the "Poet's Corner" was in rather a dilapidated state, still it must have been repaired at no very distant date; and this shows that some attention has been paid to it, and that the people of Nishapur have not quite forgotten Omar Khayam.

The Imamzadah—this word, which means Son of an Imam, applies to the person buried as well as to the

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tomb—was Mohammed Marook, brother of the Imam Reza, whose tomb at Meshed is considered so sacred by the Shias;—the Imam Reza was the eighth Imam, and died in 818; this gives us an approximate date for his brother, and it is, if I mistake not, a couple of centuries before the time of Omar Khayam; and the Imamzadah—here I mean the building—would have been erected, most probably, about that number of years before the poet required his resting place. Behind the Imamzadah is a Kubberstan, or "Region of Graves," and the raised platform in front of the tomb contains in its rough pavement a good many small tomb-stones, shewing that people are buried there, and that the place had been in the past a general grave-yard. All this is owing to the hereditary sanctity which belongs to the Son of an Imam, and we are perhaps indebted to Mohammed Marook, no matter what his character may have been, for the preservation of the site of Omar Khayam's burial place; the preservation of the one necessarily preserved the other.

In front of the Imamzadah is the garden, with some very old and one or two large trees, but along the edge of the platform in front of Omar Khayam's tomb I found some rose bushes; it was too late in the season for the roses, but a few hips were still remaining, and one or two of these I secured, as well as the leaves,—some of which are here enclosed for you; I hope you will be able to grow them in England,—they will have an interest, as in all probability they are the particular kind of roses Omar Khayam was so fond of watching as he pondered and composed his verses.

It may be worth adding that there is also at Nishapur the tomb of another poet who lived about the same time as Omar Khayam,—his name was Ferid ed din Attar;

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according to Vambery, he was "a great mystic and philosopher. He wrote a work called 'Mantik et Teyr, the Logic of Birds.' In this the feathered creatures are made to contend in a curious way on the causes of existence, and the Source of Truth. 'Hudhud,' the All-Knowing magical bird of Solomon, is introduced, as the Teacher of Birds; and also Simurg, the Phœnix of the Orientals, and Symbol of the Highest Light." In this it is understood that the Birds represent humanity, Hudhud is the Prophet, and the Simurg stands for Deity. This tomb I shall not have time to visit. Another three marches take us to Meshed, and then we shall be close to the Afghan frontier. I am sending a sketch of Omar Khayam's tomb to the *Illustrated London News*.

Believe me

Yours very truly,

WILLIAM SIMPSON.

The sketch above referred to appears in the present volume as the frontispiece to the Rubá'iyyát.

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OMAR KHAYYÁM,

THE ASTRONOMER-POET OF PERSIA.

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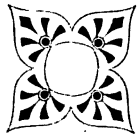

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OMAR KHAYYÁM,

THE ASTRONOMER-POET OF PERSIA.

OMAR KHAYYÁM was born at Naisháṕur in Khorasan in the latter half of our Eleventh, and died within the First Quarter of our Twelfth Century. The slender Story of his Life is curiously twined about that of two other very considerable Figures in their Time and Country: one of whom tells the Story of all Three. This was Nizám ul Mulk, Vizyr to Alp Arslan the Son, and Malik Shah the Grandson, of Toghrul Beg the Tartar, who had wrested Persia from the feeble Successor of Mahmúd the Great, and founded that Seljukian Dynasty which finally roused Europe into the Crusades. This Nizám ul Mulk, in his *Wasiyat* — or *Testament* — which he wrote and left as a Memorial for future Statesmen — relates the following, as quoted in the *Calcutta Review*, No. 59, from Mirkhond's History of the Assassins:

"'One of the greatest of the wise men of Khorassan 'was the Imám Mowaffak of Naisháṕur, a man highly 'honoured and reverenced,— may God rejoice his soul; 'his illustrious years exceeded eighty-five, and it was

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'the universal belief that every boy who read the Koran 'or studied the traditions in his presence, would assur- 'edly attain to honour and happiness. For this cause 'did my father send me from Tús to Naishápúr with 'Abd-us-samad, the doctor of law, that I might employ 'myself in study and learning under the guidance of 'that illustrious teacher. Towards me he ever turned 'an eye of favour and kindness, and as his pupil I felt 'for him extreme affection and devotion, so that I passed 'four years in his service. When I first came there, I 'found two other pupils of mine own age newly arrived, 'Hakim Omar Khayyám, and the ill-fated Ben Sabbáh. 'Both were endowed with sharpness of wit and the 'highest natural powers; and we three formed a close 'friendship together. When the Imám rose from his 'lectures, they used to join me, and we repeated to each 'other the lessons we had heard. Now Omar was a 'native of Naishápúr, while Hasan Ben Sabbáh's father 'was one Ali, a man of austere life and practice, but 'heretical in his creed and doctrine. One day Hasan 'said to me and to Khayyám, 'It is a universal belief 'that the pupils of the Imám Mowaffak will attain to 'fortune. Now, even if we *all* do not attain thereto, 'without doubt one of us will; what then shall be our 'mutual pledge and bond?' We answered, 'Be it what 'you please.' 'Well,' he said, 'let us make a vow, that 'to whomsoever this fortune falls, he shall share it 'equally with the rest, and reserve no pre-eminence 'for himself.' 'Be it so,' we both replied, and on those

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'terms we mutually pledged our words. Years rolled 'on, and I went from Khorassan to Transoxiana, and 'wandered to Ghazni and Cabul; and when I returned, 'I was invested with office, and rose to be adminis-'trator of affairs during the Sultanate of Sultan Alp 'Arslán.'

"He goes on to state, that years passed by, and both his old school-friends found him out, and came and claimed a share in his good fortune, according to the school-day vow. The Vizier was generous and kept his word. Hasan demanded a place in the government, which the Sultan granted at the Vizier's request; but discontented with a gradual rise, he plunged into the maze of intrigue of an oriental court, and failing in a base attempt to supplant his benefactor, he was disgraced and fell. After many mishaps and wanderings, Hasan became the head of the Persian sect of the *Ismailians*,—a party of fanatics who had long murmured in obscurity, but rose to an evil eminence under the guidance of his strong and evil will. In A. D. 1090, he seized the castle of Alamút, in the province of Rúdbar, which lies in the mountainous tract south of the Caspian Sea; and it was from this mountain home he obtained that evil celebrity among the Crusaders as the OLD MAN OF THE MOUNTAINS, and spread terror through the Mohammedan world; and it is yet disputed whether the word *Assassin*, which they have left in the language of modern Europe as their dark memorial, is derived from the *hashish*, or opiate of hemp-leaves

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(the Indian *bhang*), with which they maddened themselves to the sullen pitch of oriental desperation, or from the name of the founder of the dynasty, whom we have seen in his quiet collegiate days at Naishápúr. One of the countless victims of the Assassin's dagger was Nizám-ul-Mulk himself, the old school-boy friend.[1]

"Omar Khayyám also came to the Vizier to claim the share; but not to ask for title or office. 'The 'greatest boon you can confer on me,' he said, 'is to 'let me live in a corner under the shadow of your for- 'tune, to spread wide the advantages of Science, and 'pray for your long life and prosperity.' The Vizier tells us, that, when he found Omar was really sincere in his refusal, he pressed him no further, but granted him a yearly pension of 1200 *mithkáls* of gold, from the treasury of Naishápúr.

"At Naishápúr thus lived and died Omar Khayyám, 'busied,' adds the Vizier, 'in winning knowledge of 'every kind, and especially in Astronomy, wherein he 'attained to a very high pre-eminence. Under the 'Sultanate of Malik Shah, he came to Merv, and ob- 'tained great praise for his proficiency in science, and 'the Sultan showered favours upon him.'

[1] Some of Omar's Rubáiyát warns us of the danger of Greatness, the instability of Fortune, and while advocating Charity to all Men, recommending us to be too intimate with none. Attár makes Nizám-ul-Mulk use the very words of his friend Omar [Rub. xxviii.], "When Nizám-ul-Mulk was in the Agony (of Death) he said, 'Oh God! I am passing away in the hand of the Wind.'"

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"When Malik Shah determined to reform the calendar, Omar was one of the eight learned men employed to do it; the result was the *Jaláli* era (so called from *Jalal-u-din*, one of the king's names)—'a computation of time,' says Gibbon, 'which surpasses the Julian, and approaches the accuracy of the Gregorian style.' He is also the author of some astronomical tables, entitled Zíji-Malikshâhí," and the French have lately republished and translated an Arabic Treatise of his on Algebra.

"His Takhallus or poetical name (Khayyám) signifies a Tent-maker, and he is said to have at one time exercised that trade, perhaps before Nizám-ul-Mulk's generosity raised him to independence. Many Persian poets similarly derived their names from their occupations; thus we have Attár, 'a druggist,' Assár, 'an oil presser,' &c.[1] Omar himself alludes to his name in the following whimsical lines:—

'Khayyám, who stitched the tents of science,
Has fallen in grief's furnace and been suddenly burned;
The shears of Fate have cut the tent ropes of his life,
And the broker of Hope has sold him for nothing!'

"We have only one more anecdote to give of his Life, and that relates to the close; it is told in the anonymous preface which is sometimes prefixed to his poems; it has been printed in the Persian in the

[1] Though all these, like our Smiths, Archers, Millers, Fletchers, &c., may simply retain the Surname of an hereditary calling.

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appendix to Hyde's *Veterum Persarum Religio*, p. 529; and D'Herbelot alludes to it in his Bibliothèque, under *Khiam*:—[1]

"'It is written in the chronicles of the ancients 'that this King of the Wise, Omar Khayyám, died at 'Naishápúr in the year of the Hegira, 517 (A. D. 1123); 'in science he was unrivalled,—the very paragon of 'his age. Khwájah Nizámi of Samarcand, who was 'one of his pupils, relates the following story: 'I often 'used to hold conversatfons with my teacher, Omar 'Khayyám, in a garden; and one day he said to me, ''My tomb shall be in a spot where the north wind 'may scatter roses over it.' I wondered at the words 'he spake, but I knew that his were no idle words.[2] 'Years after, when I chanced to revisit Naishápúr, 'I went to his final resting-place, and lo! it was 'just outside a garden, and trees laden with fruit 'stretched their boughs over the garden wall, and 'dropped their flowers upon his tomb, so as the stone 'was hidden under them.'"

[1] "Philosophe Musulman qui a vêcu en Odeur de Sainteté vers la Fin du premier et le Commencement du second Siècle," no part of which, except the "Philosophe," can apply to *our* Khayyám.

[2] The Rashness of the Words, according to D'Herbelot, consisted in being so opposed to those in the Korán: "No Man knows where he shall die."—This Story of Omar reminds me of another so naturally—and, when one remembers how wide of his humble mark the noble sailor aimed—so pathetically told by Captain Cook—not by Doctor Hawkesworth—in his Second Voyage. When leaving Ulietea, "Oreo's last request was for me to return. When he saw he could not obtain that promise, he

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Thus far—without fear of Trespass—from the *Calcutta Review*. The writer of it, on reading in India this story of Omar's Grave, was reminded, he says, of Cicero's Account of finding Archimedes' Tomb at Syracuse, buried in grass and weeds. I think Thorwaldsen desired to have roses grow over him; a wish religiously fulfilled for him to the present day, I believe. However, to return to Omar.

Though the Sultan "shower'd Favours upon him," Omar's Epicurean Audacity of Thought and Speech caused him to be regarded askance in his own Time and Country. He is said to have been especially hated and dreaded by the Súfis, whose Practice he ridiculed, and whose Faith amounts to little more than his own when stript of the Mysticism and formal recognition of Islamism under which Omar would not hide. Their Poets, including Háfiz, who are (with the exception of Firdausi) the most considerable in Persia, borrowed largely, indeed, of Omar's material, but turning it to a mystical Use more convenient to Themselves and the People they addressed; a People quite as quick of Doubt as of Belief; as keen of Bodily Sense as of

asked the name of my *Marai*—Burying-place. As strange a question as this was, I hesitated not a moment to tell him 'Stepney,' the parish in which I live when in London. I was made to repeat it several times over till they could pronounce it; and then 'Stepney Marai no Toote' was echoed through a hundred mouths at once. I afterwards found the same question had been put to Mr. Forster by a man on shore; but he gave a different, and indeed more proper answer, by saying, 'No man who used the sea could say where he should be buried.'"

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Intellectual; and delighting in a cloudy composition of both, in which they could float luxuriously between Heaven and Earth, and this World and the Next, on the wings of a poetical expression, that might serve indifferently for either. Omar was too honest of Heart as well as of Head for this. Having failed (however mistakenly) of finding any Providence but Destiny, and any World but This, he set about making the most of it; preferring rather to soothe the Soul through the Senses into Acquiescence with Things as he saw them, than to perplex it with vain disquietude after what they *might* be. It has been seen, however, that his Worldly Ambition was not exorbitant; and he very likely takes a humorous or perverse pleasure in exalting the gratification of Sense above that of the Intellect, in which he must have taken great delight, although it failed to answer the Questions in which he, in common with all men, was most vitally interested.

For whatever Reason, however, Omar, as before said, has never been popular in his own Country, and therefore has been but scantily transmitted abroad. The MSS. of his Poems, mutilated beyond the average Casualties of Oriental Transcription, are so rare in the East as scarce to have reacht Westward at all, in spite of all the acquisitions of Arms and Science. There is no copy at the India House, none at the Bibliothèque Nationale of Paris. We know but of one in England: No. 140 of the Ouseley MSS. at the Bodleian, written at Shiraz, A. D. 1460. This contains but 158 Rubáiyát.

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One in the Asiatic Society's Library at Calcutta (of which we have a Copy), contains (and yet incomplete) 516, though swelled to that by all kinds of Repetition and Corruption. So Von Hammer speaks of *his* Copy as containing about 200, while Dr. Sprenger catalogues the Lucknow MS. at double that number.[1] The Scribes, too, of the Oxford and Calcutta MSS. seem to do their Work under a sort of Protest; each beginning with a Tetrastich (whether genuine or not), taken out of its alphabetical order; the Oxford with one of Apology; the Calcutta with one of Expostulation, supposed (says a Notice prefixed to the MS.) to have arisen from a Dream, in which Omar's mother asked about his future fate. It may be rendered thus: —

"Oh Thou who burn'st in Heart for those who burn
"In Hell, whose fires thyself shall feed in turn;
"How long be crying, 'Mercy on them, God!'
"Why, who art Thou to teach, and He to learn?"

The Bodleian Quatrain pleads Pantheism by way of Justification.

"If I myself upon a looser Creed
"Have loosely strung the Jewel of Good deed,
"Let this one thing for my Atonement plead:
"That One for Two I never did mis-read."

The Reviewer, to whom I owe the Particulars of Omar's Life, concludes his Review by comparing him

[1] "Since this Paper was written" (adds the Reviewer in a note), "we have met with a Copy of a very rare Edition, printed at Calcutta in 1836. This contains 438 Tetrastichs, with an Appendix containing 54 others not found in some MSS."

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with Lucretius, both as to natural Temper and Genius, and as acted upon by the Circumstances in which he lived. Both indeed were men of subtle, strong, and cultivated Intellect, fine Imagination, and Hearts passionate for Truth and Justice; who justly revolted from their Country's false Religion, and false, or foolish, Devotion to it; but who fell short of replacing what they subverted by such better *Hope* as others, with no better Revelation to guide them, had yet made a Law to themselves. Lucretius, indeed, with such material as Epicurus furnished, satisfied himself with the theory of a vast machine fortuitously constructed, and acting by a Law that implied no Legislator; and so composing himself into a Stoical rather than Epicurean severity of Attitude, sat down to contemplate the mechanical Drama of the Universe which he was part Actor in; himself and all about him (as in his own sublime description of the Roman Theatre) discoloured with the lurid reflex of the Curtain suspended between the Spectator and the Sun. Omar, more desperate, or more careless of any so complicated System as resulted in nothing but hopeless Necessity, flung his own Genius and Learning with a bitter or humorous jest into the general Ruin which their insufficient glimpses only served to reveal; and, pretending sensual pleasure as the serious purpose of Life, only *diverted* himself with speculative problems of Deity, Destiny, Matter and Spirit, Good and Evil, and other such questions, easier to start than to run down,

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and the pursuit of which becomes a very weary sport at last!

With regard to the present Translation. The original Rubáiyát (as, missing an Arabic Guttural, these *Tetrastichs* are more musically called) are independent Stanzas, consisting each of four Lines of equal, though varied, Prosody; sometimes *all* rhyming, but oftener (as here imitated) the third line a blank. Sometimes as in the Greek Alcaic, where the penultimate line seems to lift and suspend the Wave that falls over in the last. As usual with such kind of Oriental Verse, the Rubáiyát follow one another according to Alphabetic Rhyme — a strange succession of Grave and Gay. Those here selected are strung into something of an Eclogue, with perhaps a less than equal proportion of the "Drink and make-merry," which (genuine or not) recurs over-frequently in the Original. Either way, the Result is sad enough: saddest perhaps when most ostentatiously merry: more apt to move Sorrow than Anger toward the old Tentmaker, who, after vainly endeavouring to unshackle his Steps from Destiny, and to catch some authentic Glimpse of To-morrow, fell back upon To-day (which has outlasted so many To-morrows!) as the only Ground he got to stand upon, however momentarily slipping from under his Feet.

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[*From the Third Edition.*]

While the second Edition of this version of Omar was preparing, Monsieur Nicolas, French Consul at Resht, published a very careful and very good Edition of the Text, from a lithograph copy at Teheran, comprising 464 Rubáiyát, with translation and notes of his own.

Mons. Nicolas, whose Edition has reminded me of several things, and instructed me in others, does not consider Omar to be the material Epicurean that I have literally taken him for, but a Mystic, shadowing the Deity under the figure of Wine, Wine-bearer, &c., as Háfiz is supposed to do; in short, a Súfi Poet like Háfiz and the rest.

I cannot see reason to alter my opinon, formed as it was more than a dozen years ago when Omar was first shown me by one to whom I am indebted for all I know of Oriental, and very much of other, literature. He admired Omar's Genius so much, that he would gladly have adopted any such Interpretation of his meaning as Mons. Nicolas' if he could.[1] That he could not, appears by his Paper in the Calcutta Review already so largely quoted; in which he argues from the Poems themselves, as well as from what records remain of the Poet's Life.

[1] Perhaps would have edited the Poems himself some years ago. He may now as little approve of my Version on one side, as of Mons. Nicolas' Theory on the other.

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And if more were needed to disprove Mons. Nicolas' Theory, there is the Biographical Notice which he himself has drawn up in direct contradiction to the Interpretation of the Poems given in his Notes. (See pp. 13–14 of his Preface.) Indeed I hardly knew poor Omar was so far gone till his Apologist informed me. For here we see that, whatever were the Wine that Háfiz drank and sang, the veritable Juice of the Grape it was which Omar used, not only when carousing with his friends, but (says Mons. Nicolas) in order to excite himself to that pitch of Devotion which others reached by cries and "hurlemens." And yet, whenever Wine, Wine-bearer, &c., occur in the Text — which is often enough — Mons. Nicolas carefully annotates "Dieu," "La Divinité," &c.: so carefully indeed that one is tempted to think that he was indoctrinated by the Súfi with whom he read the Poems. (Note to Rub. ii. p. 8.) A Persian would naturally wish to vindicate a distinguished Countryman; and a Súfi to enrol him in his own sect, which already comprises all the chief Poets of Persia.

What historical Authority has Mons. Nicolas to show that Omar gave himself up "avec passion à l'étude de la philosophie des Soufis"? (Preface, p. xiii.) The Doctrines of Pantheism, Materialism, Necessity, &c., were not peculiar to the Súfi; nor to Lucretius before them; nor to Epicurus before him; probably the very original Irreligion of Thinking men from the first; and very likely to be the spontaneous growth of a

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Philosopher living in an Age of social and political barbarism, under shadow of one of the Two and Seventy Religions supposed to divide the world. Von Hammer (according to Sprenger's Oriental Catalogue) speaks of Omar as "a Free-thinker, and *a great opponent of Sufism;*" perhaps because, while holding much of their Doctrine, he would not pretend to any inconsistent severity of morals. Sir W. Ouseley has written a note to something of the same effect on the fly-leaf of the Bodleian MS. And in two Rubáiyát of Mons. Nicolas' own Edition Súf and Súfi are both disparagingly named.

No doubt many of these Quatrains seem unaccountable unless mystically interpreted; but many more as unaccountable unless literally. Were the Wine spiritual, for instance, how wash the Body with it when dead? Why make cups of the dead clay to be filled with — "La Divinité" by some succeeding Mystic? Mons. Nicolas himself is puzzled by some "bizarres" and "trop Orientales" allusions and images — "d'une sensualité quelquefois révoltante" indeed — which "les convenances" do not permit him to translate; but still which the reader cannot but refer to "La Divinité."[1]

[1] A Note to Quatrain 234 admits that, however clear the mystical meaning of such Images must be to Europeans, they are not quoted without "rougissant" even by laymen in Persia — "Quant aux termes de tendresse qui commencent ce quatrain, comme tant d'autres dans ce recueil, nos lecteurs, habitués maintenant à l'étrangeté des expressions si souvent employés par Khéyam pour rendre ses pensées sur l'amour divin, et à la singularité des images

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No doubt also many of the Quatrains in the Teheran, as in the Calcutta, Copies, are spurious; such *Rubáiyát* being the common form of Epigram in Persia. But this, at best, tells as much one way as another; nay, the Súfi, who may be considered the Scholar and Man of Letters in Persia, would be far more likely than the careless Epicure to interpolate what favours his own view of the Poet. I observe that very few of the more mystical Quatrains are in the Bodleian MS., which must be one of the oldest, as dated at Shiraz, A. H. 865, A. D. 1460. And this, I think, especially distinguishes Omar (I cannot help calling him by his — no, not Christian — familiar name) from all other Persian Poets: That, whereas with them the Poet is lost in his Song, the Man in Allegory and Abstraction; we seem to have the Man — the *Bonhomme* — Omar himself, with all his Humours and Passions, as frankly before us as if we were really at Table with him, after the Wine had gone round.

I must say that I, for one, never wholly believed in the Mysticism of Háfiz. It does not appear there was any danger in holding and singing Súfi Pantheism, so long as the Poet made his Salaam to Mohammed at the beginning and end of his Song. Under such conditions

trop orientales, d'une sensualité quelquefois révoltante, n'auront pas de peine à se persuader qu'il s'agit de la Divinité, bien que cette conviction soit vivement discutée par les moullahs musulmans, et même par beaucoup de laïques, qui rougissent véritablement d'une pareille licence de leur compatriote à l'égard des choses spirituelles."

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Jeláluddín, Jámi, Attár, and others sang; using Wine and Beauty indeed as Images to illustrate, not as a Mask to hide, the Divinity they were celebrating. Perhaps some Allegory less liable to mistake or abuse had been better among so inflammable a People: much more so when, as some think with Háfiz and Omar, the abstract is not only likened to, but identified with, the sensual Image; hazardous, if not to the Devotee himself, yet to his weaker Brethren; and worse for the Profane in proportion as the Devotion of the Initiated grew warmer. And all for what? To be tantalized with Images of sensual enjoyment which must be renounced if one would approximate a God, who according to the Doctrine, *is* Sensual Matter as well as Spirit, and into whose Universe one expects unconsciously to merge after Death, without hope of any posthumous Beatitude in another world to compensate for all one's self-denial in this. Lucretius' blind Divinity certainly merited, and probably got, as much self-sacrifice as this of the Súfi; and the burden of Omar's Song — if not "Let us eat" — is assuredly — "Let us drink, for To-morrow we die!" And if Háfiz meant quite otherwise by a similar language, he surely miscalculated when he devoted his Life and Genius to so equivocal a Psalmody as, from his Day to this, has been said and sung by any rather than spiritual Worshippers.

However, as there is some traditional presumption, and certainly the opinion of some learned men, in favour of Omar's being a Súfi — and even something of

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a Saint — those who please may so interpret his Wine and Cup-bearer. On the other hand, as there is far more historical certainty of his being a Philosopher, of scientific Insight and Ability far beyond that of the Age and Country he lived in; of such moderate worldly Ambition as becomes a Philosopher, and such moderate wants as rarely satisfy a Debauchee; other readers may be content to believe with me that, while the Wine Omar celebrates is simply the Juice of the Grape, he bragg'd more than he drank of it, in very defiance perhaps of that Spiritual Wine which left its Votaries sunk in Hypocrisy or Disgust.

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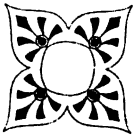

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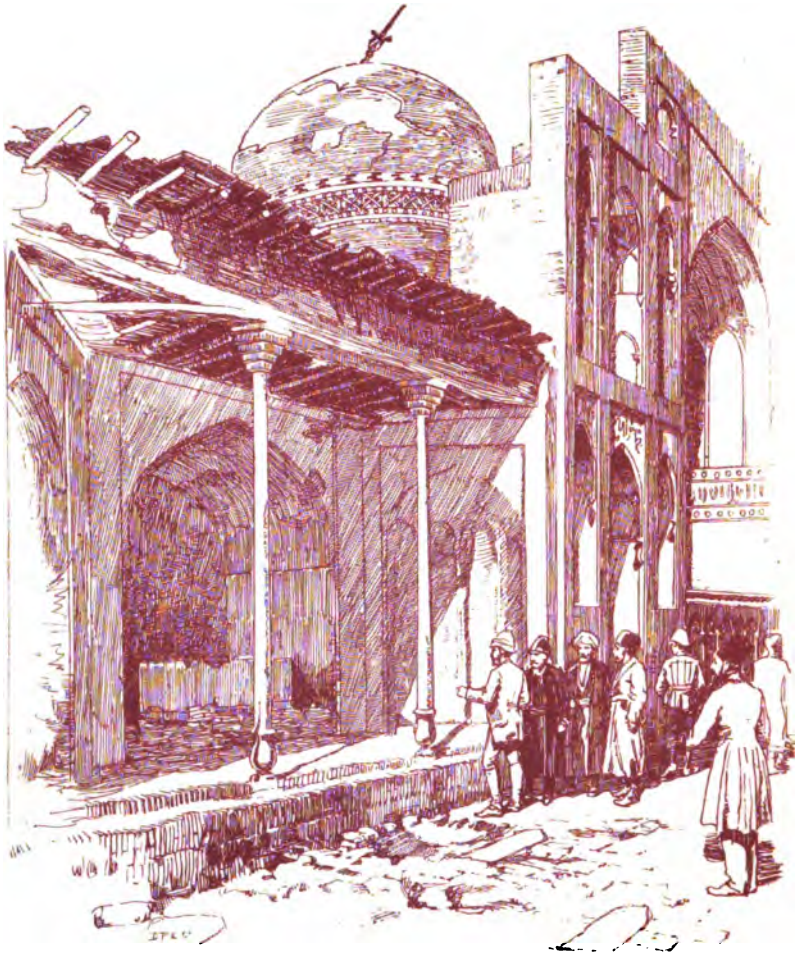

TOMB OF OMAR KHAYYÁM, THE PERSIAN POET, AT NAISHÁPÚR.

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RUBÁIYÁT

OF

OMAR KHAYYÁM OF NAISHÁPÚR.

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I

AWAKE! for Morning in the Bowl of Night
Has flung the Stone that puts the Stars to Flight:
And Lo! the Hunter of the East has caught
The Sultán's Turret in a Noose of Light.

II

Dreaming, when Dawn's Left Hand was in the Sky,
I heard a Voice within the Tavern cry,
"Awake, my Little ones, and fill the Cup
"Before Life's Liquor in its Cup be dry."

III

And, as the Cock crew, those who stood before
The Tavern shouted — "Open then the Door!
"You know how little while we have to stay,
"And, once departed, may return no more."

IV

Now, the New Year reviving old Desires,
The thoughtful Soul to Solitude retires,
Where the WHITE HAND OF MOSES on the Bough
Puts out, and Jesus from the Ground suspires.

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I

WAKE! *For the Sun who scatter'd into flight*
The Stars before him from the Field of Night,
Drives Night along with them from Heav'n, and strikes
The Sultán's Turret with a Shaft of Light.

II

Before the phantom of False morning died,
Methought a Voice within the Tavern cried,
"When all the Temple is prepared within,
"Why nods the drowsy Worshipper outside?"

III

And, as the Cock crew, those who stood before
The Tavern shouted—"Open then the Door!
"You know how little while we have to stay,
"And, once departed, may return no more."

IV

Now the New Year reviving old Desires,
The thoughtful Soul to Solitude retires,
Where the WHITE HAND OF MOSES *on the Bough*
Puts out, and Jesus from the ground suspires.

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V

Iram indeed is gone with all its Rose,
And Jamshýd's Sev'n-ring'd Cup where no one knows;
But still the Vine her ancient Ruby yields,
And still a Garden by the Water blows.

VI

And David's Lips are lock't; but in divine
High piping Pehlevi, with "Wine! Wine! Wine!
"*Red* Wine!"—the Nightingale cries to the Rose
That yellow Cheek of her's to'incarnadine.

VII

Come, fill the Cup, and in the Fire of Spring
The Winter Garment of Repentance fling:
The Bird of Time has but a little way
To fly—and Lo! the Bird is on the Wing.

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V

Iram indeed is gone with all his Rose,
And Jamshyd's Sev'n-ring'd Cup where no one knows;
But still a Ruby kindles in the Vine,
And many a Garden by the Water blows.

VI

And David's lips are lockt; but in divine
High-piping Pehlevi, with "Wine! Wine! Wine!
"Red Wine!"—the Nightingale cries to the Rose
That sallow cheek of hers to' incarnadine.

VII

Come, fill the Cup, and in the fire of Spring
Your Winter-garment of Repentance fling:
The Bird of Time has but a little way
To flutter—and the Bird is on the Wing.

VIII

Whether at Naishápúr or Babylon,
Whether the Cup with sweet or bitter run,
The Wine of Life keeps oozing drop by drop,
The Leaves of Life keep falling one by one.

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VIII

And look—a thousand Blossoms with the Day
Woke—and a thousand scatter'd into Clay:
And this first Summer Month that brings the Rose
Shall take Jamshýd and Kaikobád away.

IX

But come with old Khayyám, and leave the Lot
Of Kaikobád and Kaikhosrú forgot:
Let Rustum lay about him as he will,
Or Hátim Tai cry Supper—heed them not.

X

With me along some Strip of Herbage strown
That just divides the desert from the sown,
Where name of Slave and Sultán scarce is known,
And pity Sultán Mahmúd on his Throne.

XI

Here with a Loaf of Bread beneath the Bough,
A Flask of Wine, a Book of Verse—and Thou
Beside me singing in the Wilderness—
And Wilderness is Paradise enow.

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IX

Each Morn a thousand Roses brings, you say;
Yes, but where leaves the Rose of Yesterday?
And this first Summer month that brings the Rose
Shall take Jamshyd and Kaikobád away.

X

Well, let it take them! What have we to do
With Kaikobád the Great, or Kaikhosrú?
Let Zál and Rustum bluster as they will,
Or Hátim call to Supper — heed not you.

XI

With me along the strip of Herbage strewn
That just divides the desert from the sown,
Where name of Slave and Sultán is forgot —
And Peace to Mahmúd on his golden Throne!

XII

A Book of Verses underneath the Bough,
A Jug of Wine, a Loaf of Bread — and Thou
Beside me singing in the Wilderness —
Oh, Wilderness were Paradise enow!

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XII

"How sweet is mortal Sovranty!"—think some:
Others—"How blest the Paradise to come!"
Ah, take the Cash in hand and waive the Rest;
Oh, the brave Music of a *distant* Drum!

XIII

Look to the Rose that blows about us—"Lo,
"Laughing," she says, "into the World I blow:
"At once the silken Tassel of my Purse
"Tear, and its Treasure on the Garden throw."

XIV

The Worldly Hope men set their Hearts upon
Turns Ashes—or it prospers; and anon,
Like Snow upon the Desert's dusty Face
Lighting a little Hour or two—is gone.

XV

And those who husbanded the Golden Grain,
And those who flung it to the Winds like Rain,
Alike to no such aureate Earth are turn'd
As, buried once, Men want dug up again.

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XIII

Some for the Glories of this World; and some
Sigh for the Prophet's Paradise to come;
Ah, take the Cash, and let the Credit go,
Nor heed the rumble of a distant Drum!

XIV

Look to the blowing Rose about us — "Lo,
"Laughing," she says, "into the world I blow,
"At once the silken tassel of my Purse
"Tear, and its Treasure on the Garden throw."

XV

And those who husbanded the Golden grain,
And those who flung it to the winds like Rain,
Alike to no such aureate Earth are turn'd
As, buried once, Men want dug up again.

XVI

The Worldly Hope men set their Hearts upon
Turns Ashes — or it prospers; and anon,
Like Snow upon the Desert's dusty Face,
Lighting a little hour or two — was gone.

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XVI

Think, in this batter'd Caravanserai
Whose Doorways are alternate Night and Day,
How Sultán after Sultán with his Pomp
Abode his Hour or two, and went his way.

XVII

They say the Lion and the Lizard keep
The Courts where Jamshýd gloried and drank deep:
And Bahrám, that great Hunter—the Wild Ass
Stamps o'er his Head, and he lies fast asleep.

XVIII

I sometimes think that never blows so red
The Rose as where some buried Cæsar bled;
That every Hyacinth the Garden wears
Dropt in its Lap from some once lovely Head.

XIX

And this delightful Herb whose tender Green
Fledges the River's Lip on which we lean—
Ah, lean upon it lightly! for who knows
From what once lovely Lip it springs unseen!

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XVII

Think, in this batter'd Caravanserai
Whose Portals are alternate Night and Day,
How Sultán after Sultán with his Pomp
Abode his destin'd Hour, and went his way.

XVIII

They say the Lion and the Lizard keep
The Courts where Jamshyd gloried and drank deep:
And Bahrám, that great Hunter — the Wild Ass
Stamps o'er his Head, but cannot break his Sleep.

XIX

I sometimes think that never blows so red
The Rose as where some buried Cæsar bled;
That every Hyacinth the Garden wears
Dropt in her Lap from some once lovely Head.

XX

And this reviving Herb whose tender Green
Fledges the River-Lip on which we lean —
Ah, lean upon it lightly! for who knows
From what once lovely Lip it springs unseen!

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XX

Ah, my Belovéd, fill the Cup that clears
TO-DAY of past Regrets and future Fears—
To-morrow?—Why, To-morrow I may be
Myself with Yesterday's Sev'n Thousand Years.

XXI

Lo! some we loved, the loveliest and best
That Time and Fate of all their Vintage prest,
Have drunk their Cup a Round or two before,
And one by one crept silently to Rest.

XXII

And we, that now make merry in the Room
They left, and Summer dresses in new Bloom,
Ourselves must we beneath the Couch of Earth
Descend, ourselves to make a Couch—for whom?

XXIII

Ah, make the most of what we yet may spend,
Before we too into the Dust descend;
Dust into Dust, and under Dust, to lie,
Sans Wine, sans Song, sans Singer, and—sans End!

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XXI

Ah, my Belovéd, fill the Cup that clears
TO-DAY *of past Regret and future Fears:*
To-morrow! — *Why, To-morrow I may be*
Myself with Yesterday's Sev'n thousand Years.

XXII

For some we loved, the loveliest and the best
That from his Vintage rolling Time hath prest,
Have drunk their Cup a Round or two before,
And one by one crept silently to rest.

XXIII

And we that now make merry in the Room
They left, and Summer dresses in new bloom,
Ourselves must we beneath the Couch of Earth
Descend — ourselves to make a Couch — for whom?

XXIV

Ah, make the most of what we yet may spend,
Before we too into the Dust descend;
Dust into Dust, and under Dust, to lie,
Sans Wine, sans Song, sans Singer, and — sans End!

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XXIV

Alike for those who for TO-DAY prepare,
And those that after a TO-MORROW stare,
A Muezzín from the Tower of Darkness cries
"Fools! your Reward is neither Here nor There!"

XXV

Why, all the Saints and Sages who discuss'd
Of the Two Worlds so learnedly, are thrust
Like foolish Prophets forth; their Words to Scorn
Are scatter'd, and their Mouths are stopt with Dust.

XXVI

Oh, come with old Khayyám, and leave the Wise
To talk; one thing is certain, that Life flies;
One thing is certain, and the Rest is Lies;
The Flower that once has blown for ever dies.

XXVII

Myself when young did eagerly frequent
Doctor and Saint, and heard great Argument
About it and about: but evermore
Came out by the same Door as in I went.

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XXV

Alike for those who for TO-DAY *prepare,*
And those that after some TO-MORROW *stare*
A Muezzín from the Tower of Darkness cries,
"Fools! your Reward is neither Here nor There."

XXVI

Why, all the Saints and Sages who discuss'd
Of the two Worlds so wisely — they are thrust
Like foolish Prophets forth; their Words to Scorn
Are scatter'd, and their Mouths are stopt with Dust.

(See Stanza LXIII.)

XXVII

Myself when young did eagerly frequent
Doctor and Saint, and heard great argument
About it and about: but evermore
Came out by the same door where in I went.

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XXVIII

With them the Seed of Wisdom did I sow,
And with my own hand labour'd it to grow:
And this was all the Harvest that I reap'd—
"I came like Water, and like Wind I go."

XXIX

Into this Universe, and *why* not knowing,
Nor *whence*, like Water willy-nilly flowing:
And out of it, as Wind along the Waste,
I know not *whither*, willy-nilly blowing.

XXX

What, without asking, hither hurried *whence?*
And, without asking, *whither* hurried hence!
Another and another Cup to drown
The Memory of this Impertinence!

XXXI

Up from Earth's Centre through the Seventh Gate
I rose, and on the Throne of Saturn sate,
And many Knots unravel'd by the Road;
But not the Knot of Human Death and Fate.

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XXVIII

With them the seed of Wisdom did I sow,
And with mine own hand wrought to make it grow;
And this was all the Harvest that I reap'd —
"*I came like Water, and like Wind I go.*"

XXIX

Into this Universe, and Why *not knowing*
Nor Whence, *like Water willy-nilly flowing;*
And out of it, as Wind along the Waste,
I know not Whither, *willy-nilly blowing.*

XXX

What, without asking, hither hurried Whence?
And, without asking, Whither *hurried hence!*
Oh, many a Cup of this forbidden Wine
Must drown the memory of that insolence!

XXXI

Up from Earth's Centre through the Seventh Gate
I rose, and on the Throne of Saturn sate,
And many a Knot unravel'd by the Road;
But not the Master-knot of Human Fate.

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XXXII

There was a Door to which I found no Key:
There was a Veil past which I could not see:
Some little Talk awhile of ME and THEE
There seemed—and then no more of THEE and ME.

XXXIII

Then to the rolling Heav'n itself I cried,
Asking, "What Lamp had Destiny to guide
"Her little Children stumbling in the Dark?"
And—"A blind Understanding!" Heav'n replied.

XXXIV

Then to this earthen Bowl did I adjourn
My Lip the secret Well of Life to learn:
And Lip to Lip it murmur'd—"While you live
"Drink!—for once dead you never shall return."

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XXXII

There was the Door to which I found no Key;
There was the Veil through which I might not see:
Some little talk awhile of ME *and* THEE
There was—and then no more of THEE *and* ME.

XXXIII

Earth could not answer; nor the Seas that mourn
In flowing Purple, of their Lord forlorn;
Nor rolling Heaven, with all his Signs reveal'd
And hidden by the sleeve of Night and Morn.

XXXIV

Then of the THEE IN ME *who works behind*
The Veil, I lifted up my hands to find
A Lamp amid the Darkness; and I heard,
As from Without—"THE ME WITHIN THEE BLIND!"

XXXV

Then to the Lip of this poor earthen Urn
I lean'd, the Secret of my Life to learn:
And Lip to Lip it murmur'd—"While you live,
"Drink!—for, once dead, you never shall return."

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XXXV

I think the Vessel, that with fugitive
Articulation answer'd, once did live,
And merry-make; and the cold Lip I kiss'd
How many Kisses might it take—and give!

XXXVI

For in the Market-place, one Dusk of Day,
I watch'd the Potter thumping his wet Clay:
And with its all obliterated Tongue
It murmur'd—"Gently, Brother, gently, pray!"

XXXVII

Ah, fill the Cup:—what boots it to repeat
How Time is slipping underneath our Feet:
Unborn TO-MORROW, and dead YESTERDAY,
Why fret about them if TO-DAY be sweet!

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XXXVI

I think the Vessel, that with fugitive
Articulation answer'd, once did live,
And drink; and Ah! the passive Lip I kiss'd,
How many Kisses might it take — and give!

XXXVII

For I remember stopping by the way
To watch a Potter thumping his wet Clay:
And with its all-obliterated Tongue
It murmur'd — "Gently, Brother, gently, pray!"

(See Stanza LVII.)

XXXVIII

And has not such a Story from of Old
Down Man's successive generations roll'd
Of such a cloud of saturated Earth
Cast by the Maker into Human mould?

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(See Stanza XLVII.*)*

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XXXIX

And not a drop that from our Cups we throw
For Earth to drink of, but may steal below
To quench the fire of Anguish in some Eye
There hidden — far beneath, and long ago.

XL

As then the Tulip for her morning sup
Of Heav'nly Vintage from the soil looks up,
Do you devoutly do the like, till Heav'n
To Earth invert you — like an empty Cup.

XLI

Perplext no more with Human or Divine,
To-morrow's tangle to the winds resign,
And lose your fingers in the tresses of
The Cypress-slender Minister of Wine.

XLII

And if the Wine you drink, the Lip you press,
End in what All begins and ends in — Yes;
Think then you are TO-DAY *what* YESTERDAY
You were — TO-MORROW *you shall not be less.*

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(See Stanza XLVIII.*)*

[*From Preface.*

Oh, if my soul can fling his Dust aside,
And naked on the Air of Heaven ride,
Is 't not a Shame, is 't not a Shame for Him
So long in this Clay Suburb to abide?

Or is *that* but a Tent, where rests anon
A Sultán to his Kingdom passing on,
And which the swarthy Chamberlain shall strike
Then when the Sultán rises to be gone?]

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XLIII

So when the Angel of the darker Drink
At last shall find you by the river-brink,
And, offering his Cup, invite your Soul
Forth to your Lips to quaff—you shall not shrink.

XLIV

Why, if the Soul can fling the Dust aside,
And naked on the Air of Heaven ride,
Wer't not a Shame—wer't not a Shame for him
In this clay carcase crippled to abide?

XLV

'T is but a Tent where takes his one day's rest
A Sultán to the realm of Death addrest;
The Sultán rises, and the dark Ferrásh
Strikes, and prepares it for another Guest.

XLVI

And fear not lest Existence closing your
Account, and mine, should know the like no more;
The Eternal Sákí from that Bowl has pour'd
Millions of Bubbles like us, and will pour.

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XXXVIII

One Moment in Annihilation's Waste,
One Moment, of the Well of Life to taste—
The Stars are setting and the Caravan
Starts for the Dawn of Nothing — Oh, make haste!

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XLVII

When You and I behind the Veil are past,
Oh, but the long, long while the World shall last,
Which of our Coming and Departure heeds
As the Sea's self should heed a pebble-cast.

XLVIII

A Moment's Halt — a momentary taste
Of BEING *from the Well amid the Waste —*
And Lo! — the phantom Caravan has reacht
The NOTHING *it set out from — Oh, make haste!*

XLIX

Would you that spangle of Existence spend
About THE SECRET *— quick about it, Friend!*
A Hair perhaps divides the False and True
And upon what, prithee, does life depend?

L

A Hair perhaps divides the False and True;
Yes; and a single Alif were the clue —
Could you but find it — to the Treasure-house,
And peradventure to THE MASTER *too;*

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XXXIX

How long, how long, in infinite Pursuit
Of This and That endeavour and dispute?
Better be merry with the fruitful Grape,
Than sadden after none, or bitter, Fruit.

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LI

Whose secret Presence, through Creation's veins
Running Quicksilver-like eludes your pains;
Taking all shapes from Máh to Máhi; and
They change and perish all — but He remains;

LII

A moment guess'd — then back behind the Fold
Immerst of Darkness round the Drama roll'd
Which, for the Pastime of Eternity,
He doth Himself contrive, enact, behold.

LIII

But if in vain, down on the stubborn floor
Of Earth, and up to Heav'n's unopening Door,
You gaze TO-DAY, *while You are You — how then*
TO-MORROW, *You when shall be You no more?*

LIV

Waste not your Hour, nor in the vain pursuit
Of This and That endeavour and dispute;
Better be jocund with the fruitful Grape
Than sadden after none, or bitter, Fruit.

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XL

You know, my Friends, how long since in my House
For a new Marriage I did make Carouse:
  Divorced old barren Reason from my Bed,
And took the Daughter of the Vine to Spouse.

XLI

For "Is" and "Is-NOT" though *with* Rule and Line.
And "Up-and-down" *without*, I could define,
  I yet in all I only cared to know,
Was never deep in anything but — Wine.

(*See Stanza* XXXVII.)

XLII

And lately, by the Tavern Door agape,
Came stealing through the Dusk an Angel Shape
  Bearing a Vessel on his Shoulder; and
He bid me taste of it; and 't was — the Grape!

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LV

You know, my Friends, with what a brave Carouse
I made a Second Marriage in my house;
Divorced old barren Reason from my Bed,
And took the Daughter of the Vine to Spouse.

LVI

For "IS" *and* "IS-NOT" *though with Rule and Line,*
And "UP-AND-DOWN" *by Logic I define,*
Of all that one should care to fathom, I
Was never deep in anything but—Wine.

LVII

Ah, but my Computations, People say,
Reduced the Year to better reckoning?—Nay,
'T was only striking from the Calendar
Unborn To-morrow, and dead Yesterday.

LVIII

And lately, by the Tavern Door agape,
Came shining through the Dusk an Angel Shape
Bearing a Vessel on his Shoulder; and
He bid me taste of it; and 't was—the Grape!

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XLIII

The Grape that can with Logic absolute
The Two-and-Seventy jarring Sects confute:
The subtle Alchemist that in a Trice
Life's leaden Metal into Gold transmute.

XLIV

The mighty Mahmúd, the victorious Lord,
That all the misbelieving and black Horde
Of Fears and Sorrows that infest the Soul
Scatters and slays with his enchanted Sword.

XLV

But leave the Wise to wrangle, and with me
The Quarrel of the Universe let be:
And in some corner of the Hubbub coucht,
Make Game of that which makes as much of Thee.

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LIX

The Grape that can with Logic absolute
The Two-and-Seventy jarring Sects confute:
The sovereign Alchemist that in a trice
Life's leaden metal into Gold transmute:

LX

The mighty Mahmúd, Allah-breathing Lord,
That all the misbelieving and black Horde
Of Fears and Sorrows that infest the Soul
Scatters before him with his whirlwind Sword.

LXI

Why, be this Juice the growth of God, who dare
Blaspheme the twisted tendril as a Snare?
A Blessing, we should use it, should we not?
And if a Curse — why, then, Who set it there?

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(See Stanza XXVI.*)*

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LXII

I must abjure the Balm of Life, I must,
Scared by some After-reckoning ta'en on trust,
Or lured with Hope of some Diviner Drink,
To fill the Cup — when crumbled into Dust!

LXIII

Oh threats of Hell and Hopes of Paradise!
One thing at least is certain — This *Life flies;*
One thing is certain and the rest is Lies;
The Flower that once has blown for ever dies.

LXIV

Strange, is it not? that of the myriads who
Before us pass'd the door of Darkness through,
Not one returns to tell us of the Road,
Which to discover we must travel too.

LXV

The Revelations of Devout and Learn'd
Who rose before us, and as Prophets burn'd,
Are all but Stories, which, awoke from Sleep
They told their comrades and to Sleep return'd.

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XLVI

For in and out, above, about, below,
'T is nothing but a Magic Shadow-show,
Play'd in a Box whose Candle is the Sun,
Round which we Phantom Figures come and go.

XLVII

And if the Wine you drink, the Lip you press,
End in the Nothing all Things end in — Yes —
Then fancy while Thou art, Thou art but what
Thou shalt be — Nothing — Thou shalt not be less.

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LXVI

I sent my Soul through the Invisible,
Some letter of that After-life to spell:
And by and by my Soul return'd to me,
And answer'd "I Myself am Heav'n and Hell:"

LXVII

Heav'n but the Vision of fulfill'd Desire,
And Hell the Shadow from a Soul on fire
Cast on the Darkness into which Ourselves,
So late emerg'd from, shall so soon expire.

LXVIII

We are no other than a moving row
Of Magic Shadow-shapes that come and go
Round with the Sun-illumin'd Lantern held
In Midnight by the Master of the Show;

(See Stanza XLII.)

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XLVIII

While the Rose blows along the River Brink,
With old Khayyám the Ruby Vintage drink:
And when the Angel with his darker Draught
Draws up to Thee — take that, and do not shrink.

XLIX

'T is all a Chequer-board of Nights and Days
Where Destiny with Men for Pieces plays:
Hither and thither moves, and mates, and slays,
And one by one back in the Closet lays.

L

The Ball no Question makes of Ayes and Noes,
But Right or Left, as strikes the Player, goes;
And He that toss'd Thee down into the Field,
He knows about it all — HE knows — HE knows!

LI

The Moving Finger writes; and, having writ,
Moves on: nor all thy Piety nor Wit
Shall lure it back to cancel half a Line,
Nor all thy Tears wash out a Word of it.

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(See Stanza XLIII.)

LXIX

But helpless Pieces of the Game He plays
Upon this Chequer-board of Nights and Days:
Hither and thither moves, and checks, and slays,
And one by one back in the Closet lays.

LXX

The Ball no question makes of Ayes and Noes,
But Here or There as strikes the Player goes;
And He that toss'd you down into the Field,
He knows about it all — HE knows — HE knows!

LXXI

The Moving Finger writes; and, having writ,
Moves on: nor all your Piety nor Wit
Shall lure it back to cancel half a Line,
Nor all your Tears wash out a Word of it.

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LII

And that inverted Bowl we call The Sky,
Whereunder crawling coop't we live and die,
Lift not thy hands to *It* for help — for It
Rolls impotently on as Thou or I.

LIII

With Earth's first Clay They did the Last Man's knead,
And then of the Last Harvest sow'd the Seed:
Yea, the first Morning of Creation wrote
What the Last Dawn of Reckoning shall read.

LIV

I tell Thee this — When starting from the Goal,
Over the shoulders of the flaming Foal
Of Heav'n Parwín and Mushtarí they flung,
In my predestin'd Plot of Dust and Soul

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LXXII

And that inverted Bowl they call the Sky,
Whereunder crawling coop'd we live and die,
Lift not your hands to It *for help — for it*
As impotently moves as you or I.

LXXIII

With Earth's first Clay They did the Last Man knead,
And there of the Last Harvest sow'd the Seed:
And the first Morning of Creation wrote
What the Last Dawn of Reckoning shall read.

LXXIV

YESTERDAY This *Day's Madness did prepare;*
TO-MORROW'S *Silence, Triumph, or Despair:*
Drink! for you know not whence you came, nor why:
Drink! for you know not why you go, nor where.

LXXV

I tell you this — When, started from the Goal,
Over the flaming shoulders of the Foal
Of Heav'n Parwín and Mushtarí they flung,
In my predestin'd Plot of Dust and Soul

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LV

The Vine had struck a Fibre; which about
If clings my Being — let the Súfi flout;
Of my Base Metal may be filed a Key,
That shall unlock the Door he howls without.

LVI

And this I know: whether the one True Light,
Kindle to Love, or Wrath-consume me quite,
One Glimpse of It within the Tavern caught
Better than in the Temple lost outright.

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LXXVI

The Vine had struck a fibre: which about
If clings my Being — let the Dervish flout;
Of my Base metal may be filed a Key,
That shall unlock the Door he howls without.

LXXVII

And this I know: whether the one True Light
Kindle to Love, or Wrath-consume me quite,
One flash of It within the Tavern caught
Better than in the Temple lost outright.

LXXVIII

What! out of senseless Nothing to provoke
A conscious Something to resent the yoke
Of unpermitted Pleasure, under pain
Of Everlasting Penalties, if broke!

LXXIX

What! from his helpless Creature be repaid
Pure Gold for what he lent him dross-allay'd —
Sue for a Debt we never did contract,
And cannot answer — Oh the sorry trade!

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LVII.

Oh, Thou, who didst with Pitfall and with Gin
Beset the Road I was to wander in,
Thou wilt not with Predestination round
Enmesh me, and impute my Fall to Sin?

LVIII

Oh, Thou, who Man of baser Earth didst make
And who with Eden didst devise the Snake;
For all the Sin wherewith the Face of Man
Is blacken'd, Man's Forgiveness give — and take!

* * * * * * * *

KÚZA-NÁMA.

LIX

LISTEN again. One Evening at the Close
Of Ramazán, ere the better Moon arose,
In that old Potter's Shop I stood alone
With the clay Population round in Rows.

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LXXX

Oh Thou, who didst with pitfall and with gin
Beset the Road I was to wander in,
Thou wilt not with Predestin'd Evil round
Enmesh, and then impute my Fall to Sin!

LXXXI

Oh Thou, who Man of baser Earth didst make,
And ev'n with Paradise devise the Snake:
For all the Sin wherewith the Face of Man
Is blacken'd — Man's forgiveness give — and take!

* * * * * *

LXXXII

As under cover of departing Day
Slunk hunger-stricken Ramazán away,
Once more within the Potter's house alone
I stood, surrounded by the Shapes of Clay.

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LX

And, strange to tell, among that Earthen Lot
Some could articulate, while others not:
And suddenly one more impatient cried —
"Who *is* the Potter, pray, and who the Pot?"

LXI

Then said another — "Surely not in vain
"My Substance from the common Earth was ta'en,
"That He who subtly wrought me into Shape
"Should stamp me back to common Earth again."

LXII

Another said — "Why, ne'er a peevish Boy,
"Would break the Bowl from which he drank in Joy;
"Shall He that *made* the Vessel in pure Love
"And Fansy, in an after Rage destroy!"

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(See Stanza LXXXVII.)

LXXXIII

Shapes of all Sorts and Sizes, great and small,
That stood along the floor and by the wall;
And some loquacious vessels were; and some
Listen'd perhaps, but never talk'd at all.

LXXXIV

Said one among them — "Surely not in vain
My substance of the common Earth was ta'en
And to this Figure moulded, to be broke,
Or trampled back to shapeless Earth again.

LXXXV

Then said a Second — "Ne'er a peevish Boy
"Would break the Bowl from which he drank in joy;
"And He that with his hand the Vessel made
"Will surely not in after Wrath destroy."

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LXIII

None answer'd this; but after Silence spake
A Vessel of a more ungainly Make:
"They sneer at me for leaning all awry;
"What! did the Hand then of the Potter shake?"

(See Stanza LX.*)*

LXIV

Said one—"Folks of a surly Tapster tell,
"And daub his Visage with the Smoke of Hell;
"They talk of some strict Testing of us—Pish!
"He 's a Good Fellow, and 't will all be well."

LXV

Then said another with a long-drawn Sigh,
"My Clay with long oblivion is gone dry:
"But, fill me with the old familiar Juice,
"Methinks I might recover by-and-bye!"

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LXXXVI

After a momentary silence spake
Some Vessel of a more ungainly make:
"They sneer at me for leaning all awry:
"What! did the Hand then of the Potter shake?"

LXXXVII

Whereat some one of the loquacious Lot—
I think a Súfi pipkin — waxing hot—
"All this of Pot and Potter— Tell me then,
"Who is the Potter, pray, and who the Pot?"

LXXXVIII

"Why," said another, "Some there are who tell
"Of one who threatens he will toss to Hell
"The luckless Pots he marr'd in making — Pish!
"He 's a Good Fellow, and 't will all be well."

LXXXIX

"Well," murmur'd one, "Let whoso make or buy,
"My Clay with long Oblivion is gone dry:
"But fill me with the old familiar Juice,
"Methinks I might recover by and by."

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LXVI

So while the Vessels one by one were speaking,
One spied the little Crescent all were seeking:
And then they jogg'd each other, "Brother! Brother!
"Hark to the Porter's Shoulder-knot a-creaking!"

* * * * * * * *

LXVII

Ah, with the Grape my fading Life provide,
And wash my Body whence the Life has died,
And in the Windingsheet of Vine-leaf wrapt,
So bury me by some sweet Garden-side.

LXVIII

That ev'n my buried Ashes such a Snare
Of Perfume shall fling up into the Air,
As not a True Believer passing by
But shall be overtaken unaware.

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XC

So while the Vessels one by one were speaking,
The little Moon look'd in that all were seeking:
And then they jogg'd each other, "Brother! Brother!
"Now for the Porter's shoulder-knot a-creaking!"

* * * * * *

XCI

Ah, with the Grape my fading Life provide,
And wash the Body whence the Life has died,
And lay me, shrouded in the living Leaf,
By some not unfrequented Garden-side.

XCII

That ev'n my buried Ashes such a snare
Of Vintage shall fling up into the Air
As not a True-believer passing by
But shall be overtaken unaware.

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LXIX

Indeed the Idols I have loved so long
Have done my Credit in Men's Eye much wrong:
  Have drown'd my Honour in a shallow Cup,
And sold my Reputation for a Song.

LXX

Indeed, indeed, Repentance oft before
I swore — but was I sober when I swore?
  And then and then came Spring, and Rose-in-hand
My thread-bare Penitence apieces tore.

LXXI

And much as Wine has play'd the Infidel,
And robb'd me of my Robe of Honour — well,
  I often wonder what the Vintners buy
One half so precious as the Goods they sell.

LXXII

Alas, that Spring should vanish with the Rose!
That Youth's sweet-scented Manuscript should close!
  The Nightingale that in the Branches sang,
Ah, whence, and whither flown again, who knows!

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XCIII

Indeed the Idols I have loved so long
Have done my credit in this World much wrong:
Have drown'd my Glory in a shallow Cup,
And sold my reputation for a Song.

XCIV

Indeed, indeed, Repentance oft before
I swore — but was I sober when I swore?
And then and then came Spring, and Rose-in-hand
My thread-bare Penitence apieces tore.

XCV

And much as Wine has play'd the Infidel,
And robb'd me of my Robe of Honour — Well,
I wonder often what the Vintners buy
One half so precious as the stuff they sell.

XCVI

Yet Ah, that Spring should vanish with the Rose!
That Youth's sweet-scented manuscript should close!
The Nightingale that in the branches sang,
Ah whence, and whither flown again, who knows!

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LXXIII

Ah Love! could thou and I with Fate conspire
To grasp this sorry Scheme of Things entire,
Would not we shatter it to bits — and then
Re-mould it nearer to the Heart's Desire!

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XCVII

Would but the Desert of the Fountain yield
One glimpse — if dimly, yet indeed, reveal'd,
To which the fainting Traveller might spring,
As springs the trampled herbage of the field!

XCVIII

Would but some wingéd Angel ere too late
Arrest the yet unfolded Roll of Fate,
And make the stern Recorder otherwise
Enregister, or quite obliterate!

XCIX

Ah Love! could you and I with Him conspire
To grasp this sorry Scheme of Things entire,
Would not we shatter it to bits — and then
Re-mould it nearer to the Heart's desire!

* * * * * *

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LXXIV

Ah, Moon of my Delight who know'st no wane,
The Moon of Heav'n is rising once again:
How oft hereafter rising shall she look
Through this same Garden after me — in vain!

LXXV

And when Thyself with shining Foot shalt pass
Among the Guests Star-scatter'd on the Grass,
And in thy joyous Errand reach the Spot
Where I made one — turn down an empty Glass!

TAMÁM SHUD.

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C

Yon rising Moon that looks for us again—
How oft hereafter will she wax and wane;
How oft hereafter rising look for us
Through this same Garden — and for one *in vain!*

CI

And when like her, oh Sákí, you shall pass
Among the Guests Star-scatter'd on the Grass,
And in your joyous errand reach the spot
Where I made One — turn down an empty Glass!

TAMÁM.

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NOTES.

[*The references are, except in the first note only, to the stanzas of the Fourth edition.*]

(Stanza I.) Flinging a Stone into the Cup was the signal for "To Horse!" in the Desert.

(II.) The "*False Dawn;*" *Subhi Kázib*, a transient Light on the Horizon about an hour before the *Subhi sádik* or True Dawn; a well-known Phenomenon in the East.

(IV.) New Year. Beginning with the Vernal Equinox, it must be remembered; and (howsoever the old Solar Year is practically superseded by the clumsy *Lunar* Year that dates from the Mohammedan Hijra) still commemorated by a Festival that is said to have been appointed by the very Jamshyd whom Omar so often talks of, and whose yearly Calendar he helped to rectify.

"The sudden approach and rapid advance of the Spring," says Mr. Binning, "are very striking. Before the Snow is well off the Ground, the Trees burst into Blossom, and the Flowers start from the Soil. At *Naw Rooz (their* New Year's Day) the Snow was lying in patches on the Hills and in the shaded Vallies, while the Fruit-trees in the Garden were budding beautifully, and green Plants and Flowers springing upon the Plains on every side —

'And on old Hyems' Chin and icy Crown
'An odorous Chaplet of sweet Summer buds
'Is, as in mockery, set —' —

Among the Plants newly appear'd I recognized some Acquaintances I had not seen for many a Year: among these, two varieties of the Thistle; a coarse species of the Daisy, like the Horse-gowan; red and white clover; the Dock; the blue Corn-flower; and that vulgar Herb the Dandelion rearing its

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yellow crest on the Banks of the Water-courses." The Nightingale was not yet heard, for the Rose was not yet blown: but an almost identical Blackbird and Woodpecker helped to make up something of a North-country Spring.

"The White Hand of Moses." Exodus iv. 6; where Moses draws forth his Hand — not, according to the Persians, "*leprous as Snow*," — but *white*, as our May-blossom in Spring perhaps. According to them also the Healing Power of Jesus resided in his Breath.

(V.) Iram, planted by King Shaddád, and now sunk somewhere in the Sands of Arabia. Jamshyd's Seven-ring'd Cup was typical of the 7 Heavens, 7 Planets, 7 Seas, &c., and was a *Divining Cup*.

(VI.) *Pehlevi*, the old Heroic *Sanskrit* of Persia. Háfiz also speaks of the Nightingale's *Pehlevi*, which did not change with the People's.

I am not sure if the fourth line refers to the Red Rose looking sickly, or to the Yellow Rose that ought to be Red; Red, White, and Yellow Roses all common in Persia. I think that Southey in his Common-Place Book, quotes from some Spanish author about the Rose being White till 10 o'clock; "Rosa Perfecta" at 2; and "perfecta incarnada" at 5.

(X.) Rustum, the "Hercules" of Persia, and Zál his Father, whose exploits are among the most celebrated in the Sháhnáma. Hátim Tai, a well-known type of Oriental Generosity.

(XIII.) A Drum — beaten outside a Palace.

(XIV.) That is, the Rose's Golden Centre.

(XVIII.) Persepolis: call'd also *Takht-i-Jamshyd* — THE THRONE OF JAMSHYD, "*King Splendid*," of the mythical *Peshdádian* Dynasty, and supposed (according to the Sháh-náma) to have been founded and built by him. Others refer it to the Work of the Genie King, Ján Ibn Ján — who also built the Pyramids — before the time of Adam.

BAHRÁM GÚR.— *Bahram of the Wild Ass* — a Sassanian Sovereign — had also his Seven Castles (like the King of

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Bohemia!) each of a different Colour: each with a Royal Mistress within; each of whom tells him a Story, as told in one of the most famous Poems of Persia, written by Amír Khusraw: all these Sevens also figuring (according to Eastern Mysticism) the Seven Heavens; and perhaps the Book itself that Eighth, into which the mystical Seven transcend, and within which they revolve. The Ruins of Three of those Towers are yet shown by the Peasantry; as also the Swamp in which Bahrám sunk, like the Master of Ravenswood, while pursuing his *Gúr*.

The Palace that to Heav'n his pillars threw,
And Kings the forehead on his threshold drew —
I saw the solitary Ringdove there,
And "Coo, coo, coo," she cried; and "Coo, coo, coo."

[*Included in Nicolas's edition as No. 350 of the Rubáiyyát, and also in Mr. Whinfield's translation.*]

This Quatrain Mr. Binning found, among several of Háfiz and others, inscribed by some stray hand among the ruins of Persepolis. The Ringdove's ancient *Pehlevi Coo, Coo, Coo*, signifies also in Persian "*Where? Where? Where?*" In Attár's "Bird-parliament" she is reproved by the Leader of the Birds for sitting still, and for ever harping on that one note of lamentation for her lost Yúsuf.

Apropos of Omar's Red Roses in Stanza xix, I am reminded of an old English Superstition, that our Anemone Pulsatilla, or purple "Pasque Flower," (which grows plentifully about the Fleam Dyke, near Cambridge,) grows only where Danish Blood has been spilt.

(XXI.) A thousand years to each Planet.

(XXXI.) Saturn, Lord of the Seventh Heaven.

(XXXII.) ME-AND-THEE: some dividual Existence or Personality distinct from the Whole.

(XXXVII.) One of the Persian Poets — Attár, I think — has a pretty story about this. A thirsty Traveller dips his

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hand into a Spring of Water to drink from. By-and-by comes another who draws up and drinks from an earthen bowl, and then departs, leaving his Bowl behind him. The first Traveller takes it up for another draught; but is surprised to find that the same Water which had tasted sweet from his own hand tastes bitter from the earthen Bowl. But a Voice — from Heaven, I think — tells him the clay from which the Bowl is made was once *Man;* and, into whatever shape renew'd, can never lose the bitter flavor of Mortality.

(XXXIX.) The custom of throwing a little Wine on the ground before drinking still continues in Persia, and perhaps generally in the East. Mons. Nicolas considers it "un signe de libéralité, et en même temps un avertissement que le buveur doit vider sa coupe jusqu'à la dernière goutte." Is it not more likely an ancient Superstition; a Libation to propitiate Earth, or make her an Accomplice in the illicit Revel? Or, perhaps, to divert the Jealous Eye by some sacrifice of superfluity, as with the Ancients of the West? With Omar we see something more is signified; the precious Liquor is not lost, but sinks into the ground to refresh the dust of some poor Wine-worshipper foregone.

Thus Háfiz, copying Omar in so many ways: "When thou drinkest Wine pour a draught on the ground. Wherefore fear the Sin which brings to another Gain?"

(XLIII.) According to one beautiful Oriental Legend, Azräel accomplishes his mission by holding to the nostril an Apple from the Tree of Life.

This, and the two following Stanzas would have been withdrawn, as somewhat *de trop*, from the Text, but for advice which I least like to disregard.

(LI.) From Máh to Máhi; from Fish to Moon.

(LVI.) A Jest, of course, at his Studies. A curious mathematical Quatrain of Omar's has been pointed out to me; the more curious because almost exactly parall'd by some Verses of Doctor Donne's, that are quoted in Izaak Walton's Lives! Here is Omar: "You and I are the image of a pair of com-

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passes; though we have two heads (sc. our *feet)* we have one body; when we have fixed the centre for our circle, we bring our heads (sc. feet) together at the end." Dr. Donne:

If we be two, we two are so
As stiff twin-compasses are two;
Thy Soul, the fixt foot, makes no show
To move, but does if the other do.

And though thine in the centre sit,
Yet when my other far does roam,
Thine leans and hearkens after it,
And grows erect as mine comes home.

Such thou must be to me, who must
Like the other foot obliquely run;
Thy firmness makes my circle just,
And me to end where I begun.

(LIX.) The Seventy-two Religions supposed to divide the World, *including* Islamism, as some think: but others not.

(LX.) Alluding to Sultan Mahmúd's Conquest of India and its dark people.

(LXVIII.) *Fánúsi khiyál*, a Magic-lanthorn still used in India; the cylindrical Interior being painted with various Figures, and so lightly poised and ventilated as to revolve round the lighted Candle within.

(LXX.) A very mysterious Line in the Original:

O dánad O dánad O dánad O ——

breaking off something like our Wood-pigeon's Note, which she is said to take up just where she left off.

(LXXV.) Parwín and Mushtarí — The Pleiads and Jupiter.

(LXXXVII.) This Relation of Pot and Potter to Man and his Maker figures far and wide in the Literature of the World,

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from the time of the Hebrew Prophets to the present; when it may finally take the name of "Pot theism," by which Mr. Carlyle ridiculed Sterling's "Pantheism." *My* Sheikh, whose knowledge flows in from all quarters, writes to me —

"Apropos of old Omar's Pots, did I ever tell you the sentence I found in 'Bishop Pearson on the Creed'? 'Thus are we wholly at the disposal of His will, and our present and future condition framed and ordered by His free, but wise and just, decrees. *Hath not the potter power over the clay, of the same lump to make one vessel unto honour, and another unto dishonour?* (Rom. ix. 21.) And can that earth-artificer have a freer power over his *brother potsherd* (both being made of the same metal), than God hath over him, who, by the strange fecundity of His omnipotent power, first made the clay out of nothing, and then him out of that?'"

And again — from a very different quarter — "I had to refer the other day to Aristophanes, and came by chance on a curious Speaking-pot story in the Vespæ, which I had quite forgotten.

Φιλοκλέων. Ἄκουε, μὴ φεῦγ'· ἐν Συβάρει γυνή ποτε κατέαξ' ἐχῖνον. 1.1435

Κατήγορος. Ταῦτ' ἐγὼ μαρτύρομαι.

Φι. Ὀὐχῖνος οὖν ἔχων τιν' ἐπεμαρτύρατο·
Εἶθ' ἡ Συβαρῖτις εἶπεν, Εἰ ναὶ τὰν κόραν,
τὴν μαρτυρίαν ταύτην ἐάσας, ἐν τάχει
ἐπίδεσμον ἐπρίω, νοῦν ἂν εἶχες πλείονα.

"The Pot calls a bystander to be a witness to his bad treatment. The woman says, 'If, by Proserpine, instead of all this 'testifying' (comp. Cuddie and his mother in 'Old Mortality!') you would buy yourself a rivet, it would show more sense in you!' The Scholiast explains *echinus* as ἄγγος τι ἐκ κεράμου."

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One more illustration for the oddity's sake from the "Autobiography of a Cornish Rector," by the late James Hamley Tregenna. 1871.

"There was one odd Fellow in our Company — he was so like a Figure in the 'Pilgrim's Progress' that Richard always called him the 'ALLEGORY,' with a long white beard — a rare Appendage in those days — and a Face the colour of which seemed to have been baked in, like the Faces one used to see on Earthenware Jugs. In our Country-dialect Earthenware is called '*Clome*'; so the Boys of the Village used to shout out after him — 'Go back to the Potter, Old Clome-face, and get baked over again.' For the 'Allegory,' though shrewd enough in most things, had the reputation of being '*saift-baked*,' i. e., of weak intellect."

(XC.) At the Close of the Fasting Month, Ramazán (which makes the Mussulman unhealthy and unamiable), the first Glimpse of the New Moon (who rules their division of the Year) is looked for with the utmost Anxiety, and hailed with Acclamation. Then it is that the Porter's Knot may be heard — toward the *Cellar*. Omar has elsewhere a pretty Quatrain about the same Moon —

"Be of Good Cheer — the sullen Month will die,
"And a young Moon requite us by and by:
"Look how the Old one meagre, bent, and wan
"With Age and Fast, is fainting from the Sky!"

FINIS.

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NOTES BY THE EDITOR,

GIVING REFERENCES FROM FITZGERALD'S RUBÁIYYÁT TO THE ORIGINALS AS PUBLISHED BY NICOLAS, PARIS, 1867, AND MR. WHINFIELD'S ENGLISH VERSION PRINTED IN 1882; WITH OCCASIONAL LITERAL RENDERINGS IN THE FORM AND METRE OF THE ORIGINALS.

The Roman numerals on the left refer to quatrains of the Rubáiyyát as published in the Fourth edition. The Arabic figures in the first column on the right refer to the Rubáiyyát as numbered in the Paris edition. The Arabic figures of the last column refer to Whinfield's translation.

(F.)		(N.)	(W.)
I.	This *rubá'iy* is not, in either of its forms, found in Nicolas or in Whinfield.		
II.	The first in the Persian text of Nicolas	1	Absent

The following is a nearly exact rendering, both of the sense and the metre —

Out from our inn, one morn, a voice came roaring — "Up!
Sots, scamps, and madmen! quit your heavy snoring! Up!
Come pour we out a measure full of wine, and drink!
Ere yet the measure's brimmed for us they 're pouring up!"

I. and II. can be compared with N. 255, W. 158; which may be rendered thus —

Lo! the dawn breaks, and the curtain of night is torn
Up! swallow thy morning cup — Why seem to mourn?
Drink wine, my heart! for the dawns will come and come
Still facing to us when our faces to earthward turn!

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(F.)		(N.)	(W.)
III.	Not in the Persian, nor in Whinfield.		
IV.	.....	186	109

"The thoughtful soul to solitude retires" is the only interpolation.

V.	Not in the Persian, nor in Whinfield.		
VI.	Partly original; partly agreeing with	153	94
VII.	Not found in the Persian, nor in Whinfield.		
VIII.	.....	105	73

Life fleets – Why care we then be it sweet or bitter?
At Balkh or at Naishápúr that the soul shall flitter?
Drink wine! for when we are gone, the Moon shall ever
Continue to wax and wane, to pale and glitter!

IX.	Seems compounded of two Persian stanzas,	455 370	250

370 of the original may be rendered thus —

See how the zephyr tears the scarf of the rose away;
The rose's beauty charms the bulbul's woes away!
Go, sit in the shade of the rose, for every rose
That springs from the earth, again to earth soon goes away!

X.	Is a verbal echo of the Persian stanza, but quite different in sense.....	416	235

The original is —

So long as thy frame of flesh and of bone shall be,
Stir not one step outside Fate's hostelry;—
Bow to no foe thy neck, were 't Rustum's self,
Take from no friend a gift, though Hatim be!

XI. XII.	Compounded of three stanzas.....	82 413 448	 234 247

82 in the original is —

In the Springtime, biding with one who is houri-fair,
And a flask of wine, if 't is to be had – somewhere
On the tillage's grassy skirt – Alack! though most
May think it a sin, I feel that my heaven is there!

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(F.) (N.) (W.)

413 in the original—

A flask of red wine, and a volume of song, together;
Half a loaf,—just enough the ravage of Want to tether:
Such is my wish – then, thou in the waste with me!
Oh! sweeter were this than a monarch's crown and feather!

(A parallel is also found in No. 146 of the Persian, which runs thus—

He who doth here below but half a loaf possess,
Who for his own can claim some sheltering nook's recess,
He who to none is either lord or thrall –
Go! tell him he enjoys the world's full happiness!)

XIII. Compounded of two stanzas, the first of which is not in the printed text..... 61 92 43

The Persian of N. 92, may be rendered thus—

I know not if He who kneaded my clay to man
Belong to the host of Heaven or the Hellish clan;—
A life mid the meadows, with Woman, and Music, and Wine,
Heaven's *cash* is to me;—let Heaven's *credit* thy fancy trepan!

XIV. Not found in the Persian of Nicolas..... 189

XV. 156 95

This is very beautiful in Fitzgerald. The exact rendering of the Persian is—

Darling, ere sorrow thy nightly couch enfold again,
Bid wine be brought, red sparkling as of old, again!
— And *thou*, weak fool! think not that thou art gold:
When buried, none will dig *thee* up from the mould again!

XVI. Not found in the Persian or in Whinfield.

XVII. 67 34

This old inn call'd the world, that man shelters his head in,
(Pied curtains of Dawn and of Dusk o'er it spreading;)—
'T is the banqueting-hall many Jamshids have quitted,
The couch many Bahráms have found their last bed in!

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(F.)		(N.)	(W.)
XVIII.	.....	69	35

Here, where Bahrám oft brimmed his glorious chalice,
Deers breed and lions sleep in the ruined palace; –
Like the wild ass he lassoed, the great Hunter
Lies in the snare of Death's wild Huntsman callous!

XIX. Not in Nicolas' Persian text..... 58

XX. 59 31

The verdure that yon rivulet's bank arraying is,
"The down on an angel's lip," in homely saying, is –
O tread not thereon disdainfully! – it springeth
From the dust of some tulip-cheek that there decaying is!

XXI. 269 167

Let not the morrow make thee, friend, down-hearted!
Draw profit of the day yet undeparted:
We 'll join, when we to-morrow leave this mansion,
The band seven thousand years ago that started!

XXII. A very beautiful stanza which I do not find in the Persian.

XXIII. 348 205

The wheel of Heaven thy death and mine is bringing, friend!
Over our lives a deadly spell 't is flinging, friend!
Come, sit upon this turf, for little time is left
Ere fresher turf shall from our dust be springing, friend!

XXIV. Complementary to the sense of XXIII, with an addition not in the Persian.

XXV. 337 198

Myriad minds a-busy sects and creeds to learn,
The Doubtful from the Sure all puzzled to discern:
Suddenly from the Dark the crier raised a cry –
"Not *this*, nor *that*, ye fools! the path that ye must turn!"

How delicately and skilfully Fitzgerald turns the Persian expression literally into a common English phrase, "neither here nor there," to which

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(F.) (N.) (W.)

he lends new force and effect! Instead of "from the dark, the Crier," Whinfield has "from behind the veil a Voice," while Fitzgerald expresses it in a fine paraphrase, "A Muezzin from the tower of Darkness."

XXVI. Evidently from a Persian source which I cannot identify. It resembles N. 120, W. 82, which correspond to the following —

The learned, the cream of mankind, who have driven
Intellect's chariot over the heights of heaven —
Void and o'erturned, like that blue sky they trace,
Are dazed, when they to measure Thee have striven!

XXVII. 225 143

Forth, like a hawk, from Mystery's world I fly,
Seeking escape to win from the Low to the High:
Arriving,— when none I find who the secret knows,
Out through the door I go that I entered by!

XXVIII. Not in Nicolas 185

XXIX. } Paraphrased from the original (not in
XXX. } Nicolas) of 64

There is a hint of it in N. 42 and in W. 12, which corresponds to N. 22. This last may be rendered —

This life is but three days' space, and it speeds apace,
Like wind that sweeps away o'er the desert's face:
So long as it lasts, two days ne'er trouble my mind,
—The day undawned, and the day that has run its race.

XXXI. } Neither in Nicolas ..... { 161
XXXII } { 203

XXXIII. A fine stanza; not in N. or in W.

XXXIV. Not in N. or W.

XXXV. Not in the Persian text of Nicolas 149

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(F.)		(N.)	(W.)

A similar thought is contained in N. 389, W. 223 —

Sprung from the Four, and the Seven! I see that never
The Four and the Seven respond to thy brain's endeavour—
Drink wine! for I tell thee, four times o'er and more,
Return there is none! – Once gone, thou art gone for ever!

(The four elements and the seven heavens from which man derives his essence.)

XXXVI.	Perhaps suggested by N. 28, W. 17.		
XXXVII.		211	137
XXXVIII.	Perhaps suggested by N. 119.		
XXXIX.		188	110
XL.		40	
XLI.		294 359	
XLII.	Partly altered from	49	28
XLIII.	Not in Nicolas		139
XLIV.	Not in Nicolas		218
XLV.		80	37

A very fine and sufficiently close rendering, but the final "prepares it for another guest" contains an idea which confuses the relations between the body and the soul. This is closer —

Thy body 's a tent, where the Soul, like a King in quest
Of the goal of Nought, is a momentary guest; –
He arises; Death's *farrásh* uproots the tent,
And the King moves on to another stage to rest.

XLVI.		137 319	90 190

XLVII. Not found in the original.

XLVIII. Ditto. Perhaps suggested by N. 80 and N. 214. The latter (214) may be rendered —

Up! smooth-faced boy, the daybreak shines for thee:
Brimm'd with red wine let the crystal goblet be!
For this hour is lent thee in the House of Dust:—
Another thou may'st seek, but ne'er shalt see!

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(F.) (N.) (W.)

XLIX., L., LI. Not found. These three and the preceding one are probably founded on N. 365 and N. 214 blended.

LII. 443 244

LIII. 49 28

LIV. Not found.

LV. 181 106

A double-sized beaker to measure my wine I 'll take;
Two doses to fill up my settled design I 'll take;
With the first, I 'll divorce me from Faith and from Reason quite,
With the next, a new bride in the Child of the Vine I 'll take!

This is a conceit derived from the Mohammedan law of divorce. Similar imagery is used in N. 259.

LVI. Not found. Perhaps suggested from the same source as XXXV.

LVII. Not found. Derived from N. 22, which is noticed under XXIX–XXX.

LVIII. 329

A tolerably close paraphrase of the Persian *words*, but conveying a totally different sense.

LIX. 179 105

Only the last line differs to any considerable degree, and Fitzgerald has in it replaced the original with a superior idea.

LX. } Not found.
LXI. }

LXII. Suggested by the conceits of *cash and credit* (*i. e.*, enjoyment of to-day, put in opposition to ascetic holiness which waits for joy in the next world), which recur frequently in the Persian.

LXIII. Not found.

LXIV. 217 141

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(F.)		(N.)	(W.)
LXV.	.....	464	116

Is not so good as the original, which is the last stanza of the Persian text as given by Nicolas.

Those who were paragons of Worth and Ken,
Whose greatness torchlike lights their fellow men,
Out of this night profound no path have traced for us;—
They 've babbled dreams, then fall'n to sleep again!

LXVI.	Not found.		
LXVII.	Altered from	90	41
LXVIII.	Improved from the Persian.....	267	.165

This vault of Heaven at which we gaze astounded,
May by a painted lantern be expounded:
The light 's the Sun, the lantern is the World,
And We the figures whirling dazed around it!

LXIX.	.....	231	148

But puppets are we in Fate's puppet-show—
No figure of speech is this, but in truth 't is so!
On the draughtboard of Life we are shuffled to and fro,
Then one by one to the box of Nothing go!

LXX.	Not in Nicolas		104
LXXI.	....	216	140

Since life has, love! no true reality,
Why let its coil of cares a trouble be?
Yield thee to Fate, whatever of pain it bring:
The Pen will never unwrite its writ for thee!

LXXII.	....	95	45
LXXIII.	Derived from	216	140
LXXIV.		85	40
LXXV.		110	77
LXXVI.	Not found.		
LXXVII.	Altered considerably from	222	142

In the tavern, better with Thee my soul I share
Than in the mosque, without Thee, uttering prayer—
O Thou, the First and Last of all that is!
Or doom Thou me to burn, or choose to spare.

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(F.)		(N.)	(W.)
LXXVIII. LXXIX. LXXX.	....	99 190 268 390	46 111

N. 99 is as follows:

When the Supreme my body made of clay,
He well foreknew the part that I should play:
Not without His ordainment have I sinned!
Why would He then I burn at Judgment-day?

N. 380 contains a similar idea, and has perhaps furnished suggestion for LXXIX:—

The wayward caprices my life that have tinted
All spring from the mould on my Being imprinted:
Nought else and nought better my nature could be—
I am as I came from the crucible minted!

LXXXI. Partly from the same sources as LXXVIII–LXXX, and partly from 375

But the original does not contain the idea of "Man's forgiveness give—and take!"

N. 375 may be rendered thus:

Woe! that life's work should be so vain and hollow:
Sin in each breath and in the food we swallow!
Black is my face that what was Bid, undone is:
—If done the Unbidden, ah! what then must follow?

LXXXII. LXXXIII. LXXXVII.	Contain in greater diffuseness the exact idea of.....	243	156

To a potter's shop, yestreen, I did repair;
Two thousand dumb or chattering pots were there.
All turned to me, and asked with speech distinct:
"Who is 't that makes, that buys, that sells our ware?"

LXXXIV. LXXXV.	.....	38
LXXXVI. LXXXVIII.	Suggested by several of the *rubáiyyát*.	

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(F.)		(N.)	(W.)
LXXXIX.	.....	290 115	185

When Fate, at her foot, a broken wreck shall fling me,
And when Fate's hand, a poor plucked fowl shall wring me;
Beware, of my clay, aught else than a bowl to make,
That the scent of the wine new life in time may bring me!

XC. Not in the original.

XCI. 109 76

Let wine, gay comrades, be the food I 'm fed upon;—
These amber cheeks its ruby light be shed upon!
Wash me in 't, when I die;—and let the trees
Of my vineyard yield the bier that I lie dead upon!

XCII.
XCIII. } Not in the original.
XCIV.

XCV. 463 115

Since the Moon and the Star of Eve first shone on high,
Nought has been known with ruby Wine could vie:
Strange, that the vintners should in traffic deal!
Better than what they sell, what could they buy?

XCVI. 128 86

Ah! that young Life should close its volume bright away!
Mirth's springtime green, that it should pass from sight away!
Ah! for the Bird of Joy whose name is Youth:
We know not when she came, nor when took flight away!

XCVII. Not found in the original.
XCVIII. } Suggested by N. 216, 340, 457; W. 140,
XCIX. } 200, 251.

N. 340 may be rendered thus:

If I like God o'er Heaven's high fate could reign,
I 'd sweep away the present Heaven's domain,
And from its ruins such a new one build
That an honest heart its wish could aye attain!

N. 457 is as follows:

I would God were this whole world's scheme renewing,
—And now! at once! that I might see it doing!
That either from His roll my name were cancelled,
Or luckier days for me from Heaven accruing!

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(F.)		(N.)	(W.)
C.	.....	8 94	2

8 is as follows:

Since none can be our surety for to-morrow,
Sweeten, my love, thy heart to-day from sorrow:
  Drink wine, fair Moon, in wine-light, for the moon
Will come again, and miss us, many a morrow!

94.

The moon cleaves the skirt of the night—then, oh! drink Wine!
For never again will moment like this be thine.
  Be gay! and remember that many and many a moon
On the surface of earth again and again will shine!

CI.	.....	192	112

Appoint ye a tryst, happy comrades, anon!
And when—as your revel in gladness comes on—
  The Saki takes goblet in hand, oh! remember,
And bless, while you drink, the poor fellow that 's gone!

The following may be added, as characteristic of the spirit of Omar Khayyám:

N. 2.

Thou! chosen one from earth's full muster-roll to me!
Dearer than my two eyes, than even my soul to me!
  —Though nothing than life more precious we esteem,
Yet dearer art thou, my love, a hundred-fold to me!

N. 4.

Nothing but pain and wretchedness we earn in
This world that for a moment we sojourn in:
  We go!—no problem solved alas! discerning;
Myriad regrets within our bosoms burning!

N. 5.

O master! grant us only this, we prithee:
Preach not! but *dumbly* guide to bliss, we prithee!
  "*We* walk not straight?"—Nay, it is *thou* who squintest!
Go, heal thy sight, and leave us in peace, we prithee:

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N. 6.

Hither! come hither, love! my heart doth need thee;
Come, and expound a riddle I will read thee.
The earthen jar bring too,— and let us drink, love!
Ere, turned to clay, to earthenware they knead thee!

N. 7.

Wash me when dead in the juice of the vine, dear friends!
Let your funeral service be drinking and wine, dear friends!
And if you would meet me again when the Doomsday comes,
Search the dust of the tavern, and sift from it mine, dear friends!

N. 13.

Howe'er with beauty's hue and bloom endow'd I be,
Of tulip-cheek and cypress-form though proud I be;
Yet know I not why the Limner chose that, here, in this
Mint-house of clay, amid the painted crowd I be!

N. 57.

Unworthy of Hell, unfit for Heaven, I be —
God knows what clay He used when He moulded me!
Foul as a punk, ungodly as a monk,
No faith, no world, no hope of Heaven I see!

N. 88.

Wicked, men call me ever; yet blameless I!
Think how it is, ye Saints! — My life, ye cry,
Breaks all Heaven's laws — Good lack! I have no sin,
That needs reproach, save wenching and drink! — then, why?

N. 388.

Oh! Thou hast shattered to bits my jar of wine, my Lord!
Thou hast shut me out from the gladness that was mine, my Lord!
Thou hast spilt and scattered my wine upon the clay —
O dust in my mouth! if the drunkness be not Thine, my Lord!

According to the testimony of an old MS., according to M. Nicolas, the third line of this stanza ought to run thus:

"*I* drink the wine; 't is Thou who feel'st its power—"

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SALÁMÁN

AND

ABSÁL.

TRANSLATED FROM THE PERSIAN OF

JÁMÍ.

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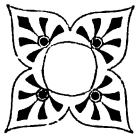

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NOTICE OF JÁMÍS LIFE.

Drawn from Rosenzweig's
"Biographische Notizen" of the Poet.

NÚRUDDÍN ABDURRAHMAN, Son of Maulána Nizámuddín Ahmad, and descended on the Mother's side from One of the Four great "FATHERS" of Islamism, was born A. H. 817, A. D. 1414, in Jám, a little Town of Khorasán, whither his Grandfather had removed from Desht of Ispahán and from which the Poet ultimately took his Takhallus, or Poetic name, JÁMÍ. The word also signifies "A Cup;" wherefore, he says, "Born in Jám, and dipt in the "*Jám*" of Holy Lore, for a double reason I must be called JÁMÍ in the Book of Song."[1] He was celebrated afterwards in other Oriental Titles—"Lord of Poets"—"Elephant of Wisdom," &c., but latterly liked to call himself "The Ancient of Herát," where he mainly resided, and eventually died.

When Five Years old he received the name of Núruddín—the "Light of Faith," and even so early began to show the Metal, and take the Stamp that distin-

[1] He elsewhere plays upon his name, imploring God that he may be accepted as a Cup to pass about that Spiritual Wine of which the Persian Mystical Poets make so much.

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guished him through Life. In 1419, a famous Sheikh, Khwájah Mohammad Parsa, then in the last Year of his Life, was being carried through Jám. "I was not then Five Years old," says Jámí, "and my Father, who with his Friends went forth to salute him, had me carried on the Shoulders of one of the Family and set down before the Litter of the Sheikh, who gave a Nosegay into my hand. Sixty Years have passed, and methinks I now see before me the bright Image of the Holy Man, and feel the Blessing of his Aspect, from which I date my after Devotion to that Brotherhood in which I hope to be enrolled."

So again, when Maulána Fakhruddín Loristáni had alighted at his Mother's house—"I was then so little that he set me upon his Knee, and, with his Fingers drawing the Letters of 'ALI' and 'OMAR' in the Air, laughed with delight to hear me spell them. He also by his Goodness sowed in my Heart the Seed of his Devotion, which has grown to Increase within me—in which I hope to live, and in which to die. Oh God! Dervísh let me live, and Dervísh die; and in the Company of the Dervísh do Thou quicken me to life again!"

Jámí first went to a School at Herát; and afterward to one founded by the Great Tímúr at Samarcand. There he not only outstript his Fellow-students in the very Encyclopædic Studies of Persian Education, but even puzzled his Doctors in Logic, Astronomy, and Theology; who, however, with unresenting Gravity

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welcomed him—"Lo! a new Light added to our Galaxy!"—And among them in the wider Field of Samarcand he might have liked to remain, had not a dream recalled him to Herát. A Vision of the Great Súfí Master there, Mohammad Saaduddín Káshgharí, appeared to him in his Sleep, and bade him return to One who would satisfy all Desire. Jámí returned to Herát; he saw the Sheikh discoursing with his Disciples by the Door of the Great Mosque; day after day passed him by without daring to present himself; but the Master's Eye was upon him; day by day drew him nearer and nearer—till at last the Sheikh announces to those about him—"Lo! this Day have I taken a Falcon in my Snare!"

Under him Jámí began his Súfí Noviciate, with such Devotion, both to Study and Master, that going, he tells us, but for one Summer Holiday into the Country, a single Line sufficed to "lure the Tassel-gentle back again;"

"Lo! here am I, and Thou look'st on the Rose!"

By-and-by he withdrew, by due course of Súfí Instruction, into Solitude so long and profound, that on his return to Men he had almost lost the Power of Converse with them. At last, when duly taught, and duly authorised to teach as Súfí Doctor, he yet would not take upon himself so to do, though solicited by those who had seen such a Vision of him as had drawn himself to Herát; and not till the Evening of his Life was

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he to be seen taking that place by the Mosque which his departed Master had been used to occupy before.

Meanwhile he had become Poet, which no doubt winged his Reputation and Doctrine far and wide through a People so susceptible of poetic impulse.

"A Thousand times," he says, "I have repented of such Employment; but I could no more shirk it than one can shirk what the Pen of Fate has written on his Forehead"—"As a Poet I have resounded through the World; Heaven filled itself with my Song, and the Bride of Time adorned her Ears and Neck with the Pearls of my Verse, whose coming Caravan the Persian Háfiz and Saadí came forth gladly to salute, and the Indian Khosrú and Hasan hailed as a Wonder of the World." "The Kings of India and Rúm greet me by Letter: the Lords of Irák and Tabríz load me with Gifts; and what shall I say of those of Khorasán, who drown me in an Ocean of Munificence?"

This, though Oriental, is scarcely bombast. Jámí was honoured by Princes at home and abroad, at the very time they were cutting one another's Throats; by his own Sultan Abú Saïd; by Hasan Beg of Mesopotamia—"Lord of Tabríz"—by whom Abú Saïd was defeated, dethroned, and slain; by Mohammad II. of Turkey—"King of Rúm"—who in his turn defeated Hasan; and lastly by Husein Mirza Baikara, who somehow made away with the Prince whom Hasan had set up in Abú Saïd's Place at Herát. Such is the house that Jack builds in Persia.

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As Hasan Beg, however—the USUNCASSAN of old European Annals—is singularly connected with the present Poem, and with probably the most important event in Jámí's Life, I will briefly follow the Steps that led to that as well as other Princely Intercourse.

In A. H. 877, A. D. 1472, Jámí set off on his Pilgrimage to Mecca, as every True Believer who could afford it was expected once in his Life to do. He, and, on his Account, the Caravan he went with, were honourably and safely escorted through the interjacent Countries by order of their several Potentates as far as Baghdád. There Jámí fell into trouble by the Treachery of a Follower whom he had reproved, and who misquoted his Verse into disparagement of ALI, the Darling Imám of Persia. This, getting wind at Baghdád, was there brought to solemn Tribunal. Jámí came victoriously off; his Accuser was pilloried with a dockt Beard in Baghdád Market-place: but the Poet was so ill-pleased with the stupidity of those who had believed the Report, that, in an after Poem, he called for a Cup of Wine to seal up Lips of whose Utterance the Men of Baghdád were unworthy.

After four months' stay there, during which he visited at Helleh the Tomb of Ali's Son Husein, who had fallen at Kerbela, he set forth again—to Najaf, (where he says his Camel sprang forward at sight of Ali's own Tomb)—crossed the Desert in twenty-two days, continually meditating on the Prophet's Glory, to Medina; and so at last to MECCA, where, as he sang in

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a Ghazal, he went through all Mohammedan Ceremony with a Mystical Understanding of his Own.

He then turned Homeward: was entertained for forty-five days at Damascus, which he left the very Day before the Turkish Mohammad's Envoys came with 5000 Ducats to carry him to Constantinople. On arriving at Amida, the Capital of Mesopotamia, he found War broken out and in full Flame between that Sultan and Hasan Beg, King of the Country, who caused Jámí to be honourably escorted through the dangerous Roads to Tabríz; there received him in full Diván, and would fain have him abide at his Court awhile. Jámí, however, was intent on Home, and once more seeing his aged Mother — for *he* was turned of Sixty — and at last reached Herát in the Month of Shaaban, 1473, after the Average Year's Absence.

This is the HASAN, "in Name and Nature *Handsome*" (and so described by some Venetian Ambassadors of the Time), who was Father of YACÚB BEG, to whom Jámí dedicated the following Poem; and who, after the due murder of an Elder Brother, succeeded to the Throne; till all the Dynasties of "Black and White Sheep" together were swept away a few years after by Ismaïl, Founder of the Sofí Dynasty in Persia.

Arrived at home, Jámí found Husein Mirza Baikara, last of the Timuridæ, seated on the Throne there, and ready to receive him with open Arms. Nizámuddín Ali Shír, Husein's Vizír, a Poet too, had hailed in Verse the Poet's Advent from Damascus as "The Moon rising

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in the West;" and they both continued affectionately to honour him as long as he lived.

Jámí sickened of his mortal Illness on the 13th of Moharrem, 1492 — a Sunday. His Pulse began to fail on the following Friday, after the Hour of Morning Prayer, and stopped at the very moment when the Muezzin began to call to Evening. He had lived Eighty-one Years. Sultan Husein undertook the pompous Burial of one whose Glory it was to have lived and died in Dervísh Poverty; the Dignitaries of the Kingdom followed him to the Grave; where twenty days afterward was recited in presence of the Sultan and his Court an Eulogy composed by the Vizír, who also laid the first Stone of a Monument to his Friend's Memory — the first Stone of "Turbat-i Jámí," in the Street of Meshhed, a principal Thoro'fare of the City of Herát. For, says Rosenzweig, it must be kept in mind that Jámí was reverenced not only as a Poet and Philosopher, but as a Saint also; who not only might work a Miracle himself, but leave such a Power lingering about his Tomb. It was known that an Arab, who had falsely accused him of selling a Camel he knew to be unsound, died very shortly after, as Jámí had predicted, and on the very selfsame spot where the Camel fell. And that libellous Rogue at Baghdád — he, putting his hand into his Horse's Nose-bag to see if the beast had finisht his Corn, had his Forefinger bitten off by the same — from which "Verstümmlung" he soon died — I suppose, as he ought, of Lock-jaw.

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The Persians, who are adepts at much elegant Ingenuity, are fond of commemorating Events by some analogous Word or Sentence whose Letters, cabalistically corresponding to certain Numbers, compose the Date required. In Jámí's case they have hit upon the word "KÁS," A Cup, whose signification brings his own name to Memory, and whose relative letters make up his 81 years. They have *Táríkhs* also for remembering the Year of his Death: Rosenzweig gives some; but Ouseley the prettiest of all:—

Dúd az Khorásán bar ámed—
"The smoke" of Sighs "went up from Khorásán."

No Biographer, says Rosenzweig cautiously, records of Jámí's having more than one Wife (Granddaughter of his Master Sheikh) and Four Sons; which, however, are Five too many for the Doctrine of this Poem. Of the Sons, Three died Infant; and the Fourth (born to him in very old Age), and for whom he wrote some Elementary Tracts, and the more famous "Beháristán," lived but a few years, and was remembered by his Father in the Preface to his Khiradnáma-i Iskander—Alexander's Wisdom-book—which perhaps had also been begun for the Boy's Instruction. He had likewise a nephew, one Maulána Abdullah, who was ambitious of following his Uncle's Footsteps in Poetry. Jámí first dissuaded him; then, by way of trial whether he had a Talent as well as a Taste, bade him imitate Firdusi's Satire on Shah Mahmúd. The Nephew did so

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well, that Jámí then encouraged him to proceed; himself wrote the first Couplet of his first (and most celebrated) Poem — Laila and Majnún —

> This Book of which the Pen has now laid the Foundation,
> May the diploma of Acceptance one day befall it,—

and Abdullah went on to write that and four other Poems which Persia continues to delight in to the present day, remembering their Author under his Takhallus of HÁTIFI — "The Voice from Heaven" — the Last of the classic Poets of Persia.

Of Jámí's literary Offspring, Rosenzweig numbers forty-four. But Shír Khán Lúdí in his "Memoirs of the Poets," says Ouseley, accounts him Author of *Ninety-nine* Volumes of Grammar, Poetry, and Theology, which, he says, "continue to be universally admired in all parts of the Eastern World, Irán, Túrán, and Hindústán"— copied, some of them, into precious Manuscripts, illuminated with Gold and Painting, by the greatest Penmen and Artists of the time; one such — the "Beháristán"—said to have cost some thousands of pounds — autographed as their own by two Sovereign Descendants of TIMÚR; and now reposited away from "the Drums and Tramplings" of Oriental Conquest in the tranquil seclusion of an English library.

With us, his Name is almost wholly associated with his "Yúsuf and Zulaikhá;" the "Beháristán" aforesaid: and this present "Salámán and Absál," which he tells us is like to be the last product of his Old Age. And

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these three Poems count for three of the brother Stars of that Constellation into which his seven best Mystical Poems are clustered under the name of "Heft Aurang" —those "SEVEN THRONES" to which we of the West and North give our characteristic name of "Great Bear" and "Charles's Wain."

This particular Salámán Star, which thus conspicuously figures in Eastern eyes, but is reduced to one of very inferior magnitude as seen through this English Version,—is one of many Allegories under which the Persian Mystic symbolised an esoteric doctrine which he dared not — and probably could not — more intelligibly reveal. As usual with such Poems in the story-loving East, the main Fable is intersected at every turn with some other subsidiary story, more or less illustrative of the matter in hand: many of these of a comic and grotesque Character mimicking the more serious, as may the Gracioso of the Spanish Drama. As for the metre of the Poem, it is the same as that adopted by Attár, Jeláluddín and other such Poets — and styled, as I have heard, the "Metre Royal"—although not having been used by Firdusi for his Sháh-námah. Thus it runs:

—∪—— | —∪—— | —∪— |

a pace which, to those not used to it, seems to bring one up with too sudden a halt at the end of every line

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to promise easy travelling through an Epic. It may be represented in Monkish Latin Quantity:

Dum Salámán verba Regis cogitat,
Pectus illi de profundis æstuat;

or by English accent in two lines that may also plead for us and our Allegory:

Of Salámán and of Absál hear the Song;
Little wants man here below, nor little long.

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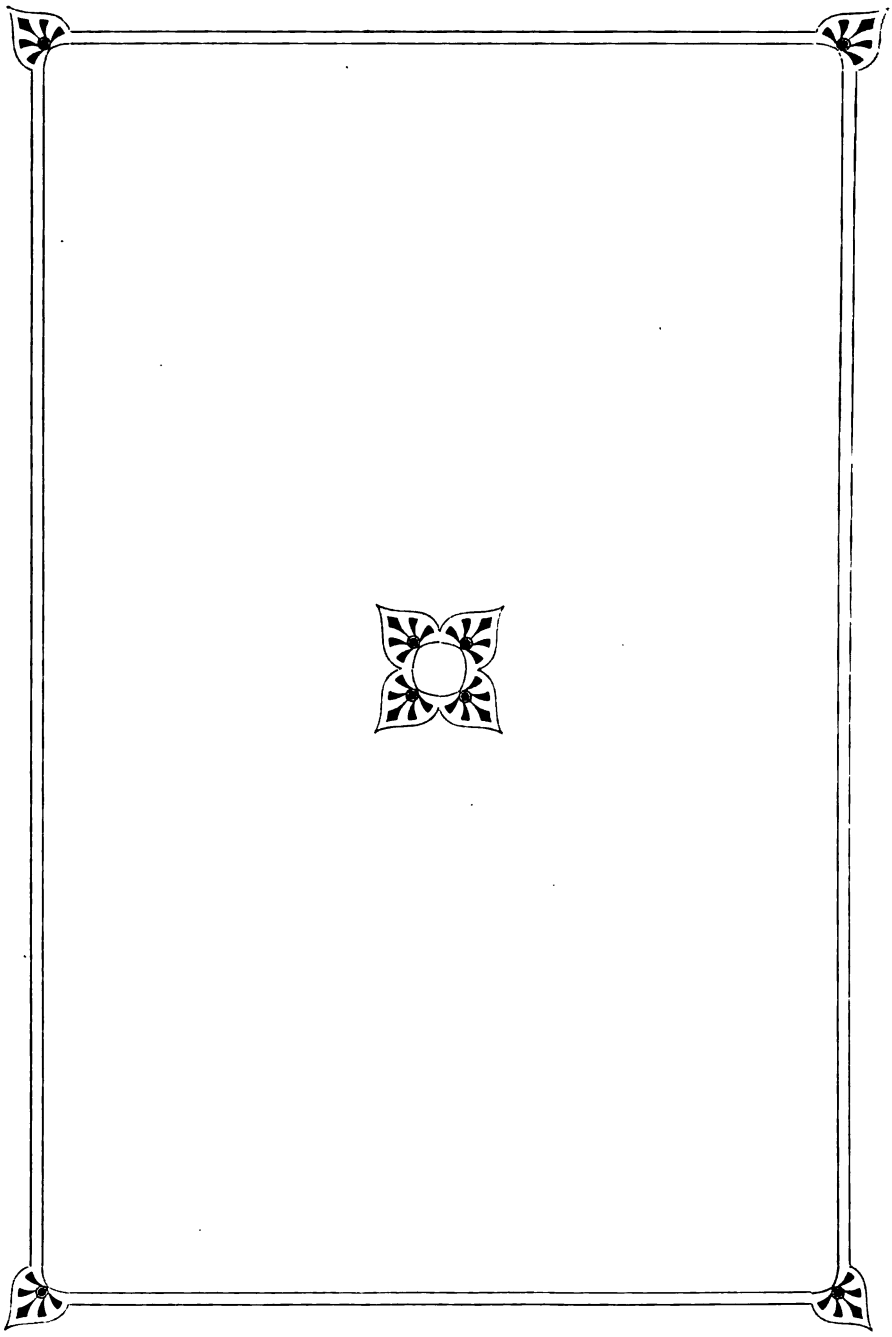

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Welcome, Prince of Horsemen, welcome!
Ride a field, and strike the Ball!

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SALÁMÁN AND ABSÁL.

PRELIMINARY INVOCATION.

OH Thou, whose Spirit through this universe
In which Thou dost involve thyself diffused,
Shall so perchance irradiate human clay
That men, suddenly dazzled, lose themselves
In ecstasy before a mortal shrine
Whose Light is but a Shade of the Divine;
Not till thy Secret Beauty through the cheek
Of LAILA smite doth she inflame MAJNÚN;[1]
And not till Thou have kindled SHÍRÍN'S Eyes
The hearts of those two Rivals swell with blood.
For Lov'd and Lover are not but by Thee,
Nor Beauty; — mortal Beauty but the veil
Thy Heavenly hides behind, and from itself
Feeds, and our hearts yearn after as a Bride

[1] Well-known Types of Eastern Lovers. SHÍRÍN and her Suitors figure on page 143.

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That glances past us veil'd — but ever so
That none the veil from what it hides may know.
How long wilt thou continue thus the World
To cozen[1] with the fantom of a veil
From which thou only peepest? I would be
Thy Lover, and thine only — I, mine eyes
Seal'd in the light of Thee to all but Thee,
Yea, in the revelation of Thyself
Lost to Myself, and all that Self is not
Within the Double world that is but One.
Thou lurkest under all the forms of Thought,
Under the form of all Created things;
Look where I may, still nothing I discern
But Thee throughout this Universe, wherein
Thyself Thou dost reflect, and through those eyes
Of him whom MAN thou madest, scrutinise.
To thy Harím DIVIDUALITY
No entrance finds — no word of THIS and THAT;
Do Thou my separate and derivéd Self
Make one with thy Essential! Leave me room
On that Diván which leaves no room for Twain;
Lest, like the simple Arab in the tale,
I grow perplext, oh God! 'twixt "ME" and "THEE;"
If *I* — this Spirit that inspires me whence?
If *THOU* — then what this sensual Impotence?

[1] The Persian Mystics also represent the Deity dicing with Human Destiny behind the Curtain.

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From the solitary Desert
Up to Baghdád came a simple
Arab; there amid the rout
Grew bewildered of the countless
People, hither, thither, running,
Coming, going, meeting, parting,
Clamour, clatter, and confusion,
All about him and about.
Travel-wearied, hubbub-dizzy,
Would the simple Arab fain
Get to sleep—"But then, on waking,
"How," quoth he, "amid so many
"Waking know Myself again?"
So, to make the matter certain,
Strung a gourd about his ancle,
And, into a corner creeping,
Baghdád and Himself and People
Soon were blotted from his brain.
But one that heard him and divin'd
His purpose, slily crept behind;
From the Sleeper's ancle slipping,
Round his own the pumpkin tied,
And laid him down to sleep beside.
By and by the Arab waking
Looks directly for his Signal—
Sees it on another's Ancle—
Cries aloud, "Oh Good-for-nothing

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"*Rascal to perplex me so!*
"*That by you I am bewilder'd,*
"*Whether* I *be* I *or no!*
"*If* I — *the Pumpkin why on* YOU?
"*If* YOU — *then Where am I, and* WHO?"

AND yet, how long, O Jámí, stringing Verse,
Pearl after pearl, on that old Harp of thine?
Year after year attuning some new Song,
The breath of some old Story?[1] Life is gone,
And that last song is not the last; my Soul
Is spent — and still a Story to be told!
And I, whose back is crookéd as the Harp
I still keep tuning through the Night till Day!
That Harp untun'd by Time — the harper's hand
Shaking with Age — how shall the harper's hand
Repair its cunning, and the sweet old harp
Be modulated as of old? Methinks
'Twere time to break and cast it in the fire;
The vain old harp, that, breathing from its strings
No music more to charm the ears of men,
May, from its scented ashes, as it burns,
Breathe resignation to the Harper's soul,
Now that his body looks to dissolution.
My teeth fall out — my two eyes see no more

[1] "Yúsuf and Zulaikhá," "Laila and Majnún," &c.

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Till by Feringhi glasses turn'd to four;[1]
Pain sits with me sitting behind my knees,
From which I hardly rise unhelpt of hand;
I bow down to my root, and like a Child
Yearn as is likely, to my Mother Earth,
Upon whose bosom, I shall cease to weep,
And on my Mother's bosom fall asleep.[2]

The House in ruin, and its music heard
No more within, nor at the door of speech,
Better in silence and oblivion
To fold me head and foot, remembering
What THE VOICE whisper'd in the Master's[3] ear—
"No longer think of Rhyme, but think of ME!"—
Of WHOM?— Of HIM whose Palace the SOUL is.
And Treasure-house — who notices and knows
Its income and out-going, and *then* comes
To fill it when the Stranger is departed.
Yea; but whose Shadow being Earthly Kings,
Their Attributes, their Wrath and Favour, His,—
Lo! in the meditation of His glory,
The SHAH[4] whose subject upon Earth I am,
As he of Heaven's, comes on me unaware,

1 First notice of Spectacles in Oriental Poetry, perhaps.

2 The same Figure is found in Chaucer's "Pardoner's Tale," and, I think, in other Western poems of that era.

3 Jeláluddín — Author of the "Mesnavi."

4 YAKÚB BEG: to whose protection Jámí owed a Song of gratitude.

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And suddenly arrests me for his due.
Therefore for one last travel, and as brief
As may become the feeble breath of Age,
My weary pen once more drinks of the well,
Whence, of the Mortal writing, I may read
Anticipation of the Invisible.

One who travel'd in the Desert
Saw MAJNÚN *where he was sitting*
All alone like a Magician
Tracing Letters in the sand.
"*Oh distracted Lover! writing*
"*What the Sword-wind of the Desert*
"*Undeciphers so that no one*
"*After you shall understand.*"
MAJNÚN *answered* — "*I am writing*
"*Only for myself, and only*
"'LAILA,'—*If for ever* 'LAILA'
"*Writing in that Word a Volume,*
"*Over which for ever poring,*
"*From her very Name I sip*
"*In Fancy, till I drink, her Lip.*"

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THE STORY.

PART I.

A SHAH there was who ruled the realm of Yún,[1]
And wore the Ring of Empire of Sikander;
And in his reign A SAGE, of such report
For Insight reaching quite beyond the Veil,
That Wise men from all quarters of the World,
To catch the jewel falling from his lips
Out of the secret treasure as he went,
Went in a girdle round him.—Which the SHAH
Observing, took him to his secrecy;
Stirr'd not a step, nor set design afoot,
Without the Prophet's sanction; till, so counsel'd,
From Káf to Káf[2] reach'd his Dominion:
No People, and no Prince that over them
The ring of Empire wore, but under his
Bow'd down in Battle; rising then in Peace
Under his Justice grew, secure from wrong,
And in their strength was his Dominion strong.
The SHAH that has not Wisdom in himself,
Nor has a Wise one for his Counsellor.

1 Or "YAVAN," Son of Japhet, from whom the Country was called "YÚNAN,"—IONIA, meant by the Persians to express GREECE generally. Sikander is, of course, Alexander the Great.

2 The Fabulous Mountain supposed by Asiatics to surround the World, binding the Horizon on all sides.

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The wand of his Authority falls short,
And his Dominion crumbles at the base.
For he, discerning not the characters
Of Tyranny and Justice, confounds both,
Making the World a desert, and Redress
A fantom-water of the Wilderness.

God said to the Prophet David —
"David, whom I have exalted
"From the sheep to be my People's
"Shepherd, by your Justice my
"Revelation justify.
"Lest the misbelieving — yea,
"The Fire-adoring, Princes rather
"Be my Prophets, who fulfill,
"Knowing not my Word, my WILL."

ONE night the SHAH of Yúnan as he sate
Contemplating his measureless extent
Of Empire, and the glory wherewithal,
As with a garment robed, he ruled alone;
Then found he nothing wanted to his heart
Unless a Son, who, while he lived, might share,
And, after him, his robe of Empire wear.
And then he turned him to THE SAGE, and said:

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"O Darling of the soul of IFLÁTÚN;[1]
"To whom with all his school ARISTO bows;
"Yea, thou that an ELEVENTH to the TEN
"INTELLIGENCES addest: Thou hast read
"The yet unutter'd secret of my Heart,
"Answer — Of all that man desires of God
"Is any blessing greater than a Son?
"Man's prime Desire: by whom his name and he
"Shall live beyond himself; by whom his eyes
"Shine living, and his dust with roses blows.
"A Foot for thee to stand on, and an Arm
"To lean by; sharp in battle as a sword;
"Salt of the banquet-table; and a tower
"Of salutary counsel in Diván;
"One in whose youth a Father shall prolong
"His years, and in his strength continue strong."

When the shrewd SAGE had heard THE SHAH'S discourse
In commendation of a Son, he said:
"Thus much of a *Good* Son, whose wholesome growth
"Approves the root he grew from. But for one
"Kneaded of *Evil* — well, could one revoke
"His generation, and as early pull
"Him and his vices from the string of Time.

1 Iflátún, Plato; Aristo, Aristotle: both renowned in the East to this Day. For the Ten Intelligences, see Appendix.

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"Like Noah's, puff'd with insolence and pride,
"Who, reckless of his Father's warning call,
"Was by the voice of ALLAH from the door
"Of refuge in his Father's ark debarr'd,
"And perish'd in the Deluge.[1] And as none
"Who long for children may their children choose,
"Beware of teasing Allah for a Son,
"Whom having, you may have to pray to lose."

Sick at heart for want of Children,
Ran before the Saint a Fellow,
Catching at his garment, crying,
"Master, hear and help me! Pray
"That ALLAH *from the barren clay*
"Raise me up a fresh young Cypress,
"Who my longing eyes may lighten,
"And not let me like a vapour
"Unremembered pass away."
But the Dervish said — "Consider;
"Wisely let the matter rest
"In the hands of ALLAH *wholly,*
"Who, whatever we are after,
"Understands our business best."
Still the man persisted — "Master,
"I shall perish in my longing:

[1] See Note in Appendix, p. 158.

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"Help, and set my prayer a-going!"
Then the Dervísh rais'd his hand —
From the mystic Hunting-land
Of Darkness to the Father's arms
A musky Fawn of China drew —
A Boy — who, when the shoot of Passion
In his Nature planted grew,
Took to drinking, dicing, drabbing.
From a corner of the house-top
Ill-insulting honest women,
Dagger-drawing on the husband;
And for many a city-brawl
Still before the Cadi summon'd,
Still the Father pays for all.
Day and Night the youngster's doings
Such — the city's talk and scandal;
Neither counsel, threat, entreaty,
Moved him — till the desperate Father
Once more to the Dervísh running,
Catches at his garment — crying —
"Oh my only Hope and Helper!
"One more Prayer! That God, who laid,
"Would take this trouble from my head!"
But the Saint replied — "Remember
"How that very Day I warn'd you
"Not with blind petition ALLAH
"Trouble to your own confusion;

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"Unto whom remains no more
"To pray for, save that He may pardon
"What so rashly prayed before."

" So much for the result; and for the means—
" Oh SHAH, who would not be himself a slave,
" Which SHAH least should, and of an appetite
" Among the basest of his slaves enslav'd —
" Better let Azrael find him on his throne
" Of Empire sitting childless and alone,
" Than his untainted Majesty resign
" To that seditious drink, of which one draught
" Still for another and another craves,
" Till it become a noose to draw the Crown
" From off thy brows — about thy lips a ring,
" Of which the rope is in a Woman's hand,
" To lead thyself the road of Nothing down.
" For what is *She?* A foolish, faithless thing—
" A very Káfir in rapacity;
" Robe her in all the rainbow-tinted woof
" Of Susa, shot with rays of sunny Gold;
" Deck her with jewel thick as Night with star;
" Pamper her appetite with Houri fruit
" Of Paradise, and fill her jewell'd cup
" From the green-mantled Prophet's Well of Life—
" One little twist of temper — all your cost

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" Goes all for nothing: and, as for yourself—
" Look! On your bosom she may lie for years;
" But, get you gone a moment out of sight,
" And she forgets you — worse, if, as you turn,
" Her eyes on any younger Lover light."

Once upon the Throne together
Telling one another Secrets,
Sate SULAYMAN *and* BALKÍS;[1]
The Hearts of both were turn'd to Truth,
Unsullied by Deception.
First the King of Faith SULAYMAN
Spoke — "However just and wise
"Reported, none of all the many
"Suitors to my palace thronging
"But afar I scrutinise;
"And He who comes not empty-handed
"Grows to Honour in mine Eyes."
After this, BALKÍS *a Secret*
From her hidden bosom utter'd,
Saying — "Never night or morning
"Comely Youth before me passes
"Whom I look not after, longing" —

" If this, as wise Firdúsi says, the curse
" Of better woman, what then of the worse?"

[1] Solomon and the Queen of Sheba, who, it appears, is no worse in one way than Solomon in another, unless in Oriental Eyes.

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THE SAGE his satire ended; and THE SHAH,
Determin'd on his purpose, but the means
Resigning to Supreme Intelligence,
With Magic-mighty Wisdom his own WILL
Colleagued, and wrought his own accomplishment.
For Lo! from Darkness came to Light A CHILD,
Of carnal composition unattaint;
A Perfume from the realm of Wisdom wafted;
A Rosebud blowing on the Royal stem;
The crowning Jewel of the Crown; a Star
Under whose augury triumph'd the Throne.
For whom dividing, and again in one
Whole perfect Jewel re-uniting, those
Twin Jewel-words SALÁMAT and ASMÁN,[1]
They hail'd him by the title of SALÁMÁN.
And whereas from no Mother milk he drew,
They chose for him a Nurse — her name ABSÁL —
So young, the opening roses of her breast
But just had budded to an infant's lip;
So beautiful, as from the silver line
Dividing the musk-harvest of her hair
Down to her foot that trampled crowns of Kings,
A Moon of beauty full; who thus elect
Should in the garment of her bounty fold
SALÁMÁN of auspicious augury,
Should feed him with the flowing of her breast.

[1] SALÁMAT, Security from Evil; ASMÁN, Heaven.

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And, once her eyes had open'd upon Him,
They closed to all the world beside, and fed
For ever doating on her Royal jewel
Close in his golden cradle casketed:
Opening and closing which her day's delight,
To gaze upon his heart-inflaming cheek,—
Upon the Babe whom, if she could, she would
Have cradled as the Baby of her eye.[1]
In rose and musk she wash'd him — to his lip
Press'd the pure sugar from the honeycomb;
And when, day over, she withdrew her milk,
She made, and having laid him in his bed,
Burn'd all night like a taper o'er his head.

And still as Morning came, and as he grew,
Finer than any bridal-puppet, which
To prove another's love a woman sends,[2]
She trick'd him up — with fresh Collyrium dew
Touch'd his narcissus eyes — the musky locks
Divided from his forehead — and embraced
With gold and ruby girdle his fine waist.

So for seven years she rear'd and tended him:
Nay, when his still-increasing moon of Youth
Into the further Sign of Manhood pass'd
Pursued him yet, till full fourteen his years,

[1] Literally, *Mardumak*—the *Mannikin*, or *Pupil*, of the Eye, corresponding to the Image so frequently used by our old Poets.

[2] See Appendix.

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Fourteen-day full the beauty of his face,
That rode high in a hundred thousand hearts.
For, when SALÁMÁN was but half-lance high,
Lance-like he struck a wound in every one
And shook down splendour round him like a Sun.

SOON as the Lord of Heav'n had sprung his horse
Over horizon into the blue field,
SALÁMÁN kindled with the wine of sleep,
Mounted a barb of fire for the Maidán;
He and a troop of Princes — Kings in blood,
Kings in the kingdom-troubling tribe of beauty,
All young in years and courage,[1] bat in hand
Gallop'd a-field, toss'd down the golden ball
And chased, so many crescent Moons a full;
And, all alike intent upon the Game,[2]
SALÁMÁN still would carry from them all
The prize, and shouting "Hál!" drive home the ball.

This done, SALÁMÁN bent him as a bow
To Archery — from Masters of the craft
Call'd for an unstrung bow — himself the cord
Fitted unhelpt,[3] and nimbly with his hand

1 The same Persian Word signifying Youth and Courage.

2 See Appendix.

3 Bows being so gradually stiffened, according to the age and strength of the Archer, as at last to need five Hundred-weight of pressure to

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Twanging made cry, and drew it to his ear:
Then, fixing the three-feather'd fowl, discharged:
And whether aiming at the fawn a-foot,
Or bird on wing, direct his arrow flew,
Like the true Soul that cannot but go true.

WHEN night came, that releases man from toil,
He play'd the chess of social intercourse;
Prepared his banquet-hall like Paradise,
Summon'd his Houri-faced musicians,
And, when his brain grew warm with wine, the veil
Flung off him of reserve: taking a harp,
Between its dry string and his finger quick
Struck fire: or catching up a lute, as if
A child for chastisement, would pinch its ear
To wailing that should agéd eyes make weep.
Now like the Nightingale he sang alone;
Now with another lip to lip; and now
Together blending voice and instrument;
And thus with his associates night he spent.

His Soul rejoiced in knowledge of all kind;
The fine edge of his Wit would split a hair,

bend, says an old Translation of Chardin, who describes all the process up to bringing up the string to the ear, "*as if to hang it there*" before shooting. Then the first trial was, who could shoot highest: then, the mark, &c.

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And in the noose of apprehension catch
A meaning ere articulate in word;
Close as the knitted jewel of Parwín
His jewel Verse he strung; his Rhetoric
Enlarging like the Mourners of the Bier.[1]
And when he took the nimble reed in hand
To run the errand of his Thought along
Its paper field — the character he traced,
Fine on the lip of Youth as the first hair,
Drove Penmen, as that Lovers, to despair.

His Bounty like a Sea was fathomless
That bubbled up with jewel, and flung pearl
Where'er it touch'd, but drew not back again;
It was a Heav'n that rain'd on all below
Dirhems for drops —

BUT here that inward Voice
Arrested and rebuked me — "Foolish Jámí!
"Wearing that indefatigable pen
"In celebration of an alien SHAH
"Whose Throne, not grounded in the Eternal World,
"If YESTERDAY it were, TO-DAY is not,

[1] The Pleiades and the Great Bear. This is otherwise prettily applied in the Anvár-i Soheilí — "When one grows poor, his Friends, heretofore compact as THE PLEIADES, disperse wide asunder as THE MOURNERS."

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"TO-MORROW cannot be."[1] But I replied:
"O Fount of Light! — under an alien name
"I shadow One upon whose head the Crown
"WAS and yet IS, and SHALL BE; whose Firmán
"The Kingdoms Sev'n of this World, and the Seas,
"And the Sev'n Heavens, alike are subject to.
"Good luck to him who under other Name
"Instructed us that Glory to disguise
"To which the Initiate scarce dare lift his eyes."

Sate a Lover in a Garden
All alone apostrophising
Many a flower and shrub about him,
And the lights of Heav'n above.
Nightingaling thus, a Noodle
Heard him, and, completely puzzled,
"What," quoth he, "and you a Lover,
"Raving, not about your Mistress,
"But about the stars and roses —
"What have these to do with Love?"
Answer'd he: "Oh thou that aimest
"Wide of Love, and Lovers' language
"Wholly misinterpreting;

[1] The Hero of the Story being of YÚNAN — IONIA, or GREECE generally (the Persian Geography not being very precise) — and so not of THE FAITH.

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"Sun and Moon are but my Lady's
"Self, as any Lover knows;
"Hyacinth I said, and meant her
"Hair — her cheek was in the rose —
"And I myself the wretched weed
"That in her cypress shadow grows."

AND now the cypress stature of Salámán
Had reached his top, and now to blossom full
The garden of his Beauty; and Absál,
Fairest of hers, as of his fellows he
The fairest, long'd to gather from the tree.
But, for that flower upon the lofty stem
Of Glory grew to which her hand fell short,
She now with woman's sorcery began
To conjure as she might within her reach.
The darkness of her eyes she darken'd round
With surma, to benight him in mid day,
And over them adorn'd and arch'd the bows[1]
To wound him there when lost: her musky locks
Into so many snaky ringlets curl'd
In which Temptation nestled o'er the cheek
Whose rose she kindled with vermilion dew,
And then one subtle grain of musk laid there,[2]

[1] With dark Indigo-paint, as the Archery Bow with a thin Papyrus-like Bark.

[2] A *Patch*, sc.—"*Noir comme le Musc.*" De Sacy.

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The bird of that belovéd heart to snare.
Sometimes in passing with a laugh would break
The pearl-enclosing ruby of her lips;
Or, busied in the room, as by mischance
Would let the lifted sleeve disclose awhile
The vein of silver running up within:
Or, rising as in haste, her golden anklets
Clash, at whose sudden summons to bring down
Under her silver feet the golden Crown.
Thus, by innumerable witcheries,
She went about soliciting his eyes,
Through which she knew the robber unaware
Steals in, and takes the bosom by surprise.

Burning with her love ZULAIKHÁ
Built a chamber, wall and ceiling
Blank as an untarnisht mirror,
Spotless as the heart of YÚSUF.
Then she made a cunning painter
Multiply her image round it;
Not an inch of wall or ceiling
But re-echoing her beauty.
Then amid them all in all her
Glory sate she down, and sent for
YÚSUF — *she began a tale*
Of Love — and lifted up her veil.

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Bashfully beneath her burning
Eyes he turn'd away; but turning
Wheresoever, still about him
Saw ZULAIKHÁ, *still* ZULAIKHÁ,
Still, without a veil, ZULAIKHÁ.
But a Voice as if from Canaan
Call'd him; and a Hand from Darkness
Touch'd; and ere a living Lip
Through the mirage of bewilder'd
Eyes seduced him, he recoiled,
And let the skirt of danger slip.

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PART II.

ALAS for those who having tasted once
Of that forbidden vintage of the lips
That, press'd and pressing, from each other draw
The draught that so intoxicates them both,
That, while upon the wings of Day and Night
Time rustles on, and Moons do wax and wane,
As from the very Well of Life they drink,
And, drinking, fancy they shall never drain.
But rolling Heaven from his ambush whispers,
"So in my licence is it not set down:
"Ah for the sweet societies I make
"At Morning, and before the Nightfall break;
"Ah for the bliss that coming Night fills up,
"And Morn looks in to find an empty Cup!"

Once in Baghdád a poor Arab,
After weary days of fasting,
Into the Khalífah's banquet-
Chamber, where, aloft in State
HARÚN *the Great at supper sate,*
Pushed and pushing with the throng,
Got before a perfume breathing
Pasty, like the lip of SHÍRÍN
Luscious, or the Poet's song.

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Soon as seen, the famisht clown
Seizes up and swallows down.
Then his mouth undaunted wiping—
"Oh Khalífah, hear me swear,
"While I breathe the dust of Baghdád,
"Ne'er at any other Table
"Than at Thine to sup or dine."
Grimly laugh'd HARÚN, *and answer'd:*
"Fool! who think'st to arbitrate
"What is in the hands of Fate—
"Take, and thrust him from the Gate!"

WHILE a full Year was counted by the Moon,
SALÁMÁN and ABSÁL rejoiced together,
And neither SHAH nor SAGE his face beheld.
They question'd those about him, and from them
Heard something: then himself to presence summon'd,
And all the truth was told. Then SAGE and SHAH
Struck out with hand and foot in his redress.
And first with REASON, which is also best;
REASON that rights the wanderer; that completes
The imperfect—REASON that resolves the knot
Of either world, and sees beyond the Veil.
For REASON is the fountain from of old
From which the Prophets drew, and none beside:
Who boasts of other Inspiration, lies—
There are no other Prophets than THE WISE.

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AND first THE SHAH:—"SALÁMÁN, Oh my Soul,
"Light of the eyes of my Prosperity,
"And making bloom the court of Hope with rose;
"Year after year, SALÁMÁN, like a bud
"That cannot blow, my own blood I devour'd,
"Till, by the seasonable breath of God,
"At last I blossom'd into thee, my Son;
"Oh, do not wound me with a dagger thorn;
"Let not the full-blown rose of Royalty
"Be left to wither in a hand unclean.
"For what thy proper pastime? Bat in hand
"To mount and manage RAKHSH[1] along the Field;
"Not, with no weapon but a wanton curl
"Idly reposing on a silver breast.
"Go, fly thine arrow at the antelope
"And lion — let me not My lion see
"Slain by the arrow eyes of a ghazál.
"Go, challenge ZÁL or RUSTAM to the Field,
"And smite the warriors' neck; not flying them,
"Beneath a woman's foot submit thine own.
"O wipe the woman's henna from thy hand,
"Withdraw thee from the minion[2] who from thee
"Dominion draws, and draws me with thee down;
"Years have I held my head aloft, and all
"For Thee — Oh shame if thou prepare my Fall!"

1 "LIGHTNING." The name of RUSTAM'S famous Horse in the SHÁH-NÁMAH.

2 "SHÁH," and "SHÁHID" (A Mistress).

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When before SHIRÚYEH'S *dagger*
KAI KHUSRAU,[1] *his Father, fell,*
He declared this Parable —
"Wretch! — There was a branch that waxing
"Wanton o'er the root he drank from,
"At a draught the living water
"Drain'd wherewith himself to crown;
"Died the root — and with him died
"The branch — and barren was brought down!"

THE SHAH ceased counsel, and THE SAGE began.
"O last new vintage of the Vine of Life
"Planted in Paradise; Oh Master-stroke,
"And all-concluding flourish of the Pen
"KUN FA-YAKÚN;[2] Thyself prime Archetype,
"And ultimate Accomplishment of MAN!
"The Almighty hand, that out of common earth
"Thy mortal outward to the perfect form
"Of Beauty moulded, in the fleeting dust
"Inscrib'd HIMSELF, and in thy bosom set

1 KHUSRAU PARVÍZ (Chosroe The Victorious), Son of NOSHÍRAVAN The Great; slain, after Thirty Years of prosperous Reign, by his Son SHIRÚYEH, who, according to some, was in love with his Father's mistress SHÍRÍN. See further on one of the most dramatic Tragedies in Persian history.

2 "BE! AND IT IS."—The famous Word of Creation stolen from Genesis by the Kurán.

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"A mirror to reflect HIMSELF in Thee.
"Let not that dust by rebel passion blown
"Obliterate that character: nor let
"That Mirror, sullied by the breath impure,
"Or form of carnal beauty fore-possest,
"Be made incapable of the Divine.
"Supreme is thine Original degree,
"Thy Star upon the top of Heaven; but Lust
"Will bring it down, down even to the Dust!"

Quoth a Muezzín to the crested
Cock — "Oh Prophet of the Morning,
"Never Prophet like to you
"Prophesied of Dawn, nor Muezzín
"With so shrill a voice of warning
"Woke the sleeper to confession
"Crying, 'LÁ ALLÁH ILLÁ 'LLAH,
"MUHAMMAD RASÚLUHU.'[1]
"One, methinks, so rarely gifted
"Should have prophesied and sung
"In Heav'n, the Bird of Heav'n among,
"Not with these poor hens about him,
"Raking in a heap of dung."
"And," replied the Cock, "in Heaven
"Once I was; but by my foolish

1 "There is no God but God; Muhammad is his Prophet."

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"Lust to this uncleanly living
"With my sorry mates about me
"Thus am fallen. Otherwise,
"I were prophesying Dawn
"Before the gates of Paradise."[1]

OF all the Lover's sorrows, next to that
Of Love by Love Forbidden, is the voice
Of Friendship turning harsh in Love's reproof,
And overmuch of Counsel—whereby Love
Grows stubborn, and recoiling unsuppressed
Within, devours the heart within the breast.

SALÁMÁN heard; his Soul came to his lips;
Reproaches struck not ABSÁL out of him,
But drove Confusion in; bitter became
The drinking of the sweet draught of Delight,
And wan'd the splendour of his Moon of Beauty.
His breath was Indignation, and his heart
Bled from the arrow, and his anguish grew.
How bear it?—By the hand of Hatred dealt,
Easy to meet—and deal with, blow for blow;
But from Love's hand which one must not requite,

[1] Jámí, as, may be, other Saintly Doctors, kept soberly to one Wife. But wherefore, under the Law of Muhammad, should the Cock be selected (as I suppose he is) for a "*Caution*," because of his indulgence in Polygamy, however unusual among Birds?

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And cannot yield to—what resource but Flight?
Resolv'd on which, he victuall'd and equipp'd
A Camel, and one night he led it forth,
And mounted—he with ABSÁL at his side,
Like sweet twin almonds in a single shell.
And Love least murmurs at the narrow space
That draws him close and closer in embrace.

When the Moon of Canaan YÚSUF
In the prison of Egypt darken'd,
Nightly from her spacious Palace-
Chamber, and its rich array,
Stole ZULAIKHÁ *like a fantom*
To the dark and narrow dungeon
Where her buried treasure lay.
Then to those about her wond'ring—
"Were my Palace," she replied,
"Wider than Horizon wide,
"It were narrower than an Ant's eye,
"Were my Treasure not inside:
"And an Ant's eye, if but there
"My lover, Heaven's horizon were."

SIX days SALÁMÁN on the Camel rode,
And then the hissing arrows of reproof
Were fallen far behind; and on the Seventh

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He halted on the Seashore; on the shore
Of a great Sea that reaching like a floor
Of rolling Firmament below the Sky's
From KÁF to KÁF, to GÁU and MÁHÍ[1] down
Descended, and its Stars were living eyes.
The Face of it was as it were a range
Of moving Mountains; or a countless host
Of Camels trooping tumultuously up,
Host over host, and foaming at the lip.
Within, innumerable glittering things
Sharp as cut Jewels, to the sharpest eye
Scarce visible, hither and thither slipping,
As silver scissors slice a blue brocade;
But should the Dragon coil'd in the abyss[2]
Emerge to light, his starry counter-sign
Would shrink into the depth of Heav'n aghast.

SALÁMÁN eyed the moving wilderness
On which he thought, once launcht, no foot nor eye

1 Bull and Fish — the lowest Substantial Base of Earth. "He first made the Mountains; then cleared the Face of the Earth from Sea; then fixed it fast on GÁU; Gáu on Máhí; and Máhí on Air; and Air on what? on NOTHING; Nothing on Nothing, all is Nothing — Enough." Attár; quoted in De Sacy's Pendnamah, xxxv.

2 The Sidereal Dragon, whose Head, according to the Pauránic (or poetic) astronomers of the East, devoured the Sun and Moon in Eclipse. "But *we* know," said Ramachandra to Sir W. Jones, "that the supposed Head and Tail of the Dragon mean only the *Nodes*, or points formed by intersections of the Ecliptic and the Moon's Orbit." Sir W. Jones' Works, vol. iv., p. 74.

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Should ever follow; forthwith he devis'd
Of sundry scented woods along the shore
A little shallop like a Quarter-moon,
Wherein, Absál and He like Sun and Moon
Enter'd as into some Celestial Sign;
That, figured like a bow, but arrow-like
In flight, was feather'd with a little sail,
And, pitcht upon the water like a duck,
So with her bosom sped to her Desire.

When they had sailed their vessel for a Moon,
And marr'd their beauty with the wind o' the Sea,
Suddenly in mid sea reveal'd itself
An Isle, beyond imagination fair;
An Isle that all was Garden; not a Flower,
Nor Bird of plumage like the flower, but there;
Some like the Flower, and others like the Leaf;
Some, as the Pheasant and the Dove adorn'd
With crown and collar, over whom, alone,
The jewell'd Peacock like a Sultan shone;
While the Musicians, and among them Chief
The Nightingale, sang hidden in the trees
Which, arm in arm, from fingers quivering
With any breath of air, fruit of all kind
Down scatter'd in profusion to their feet,
Where fountains of sweet water ran between,
And Sun and shadow chequer-chased the green.

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Here Iram-garden seem'd in secresy
Blowing the rosebud of his Revelation;[1]
Or Paradise, forgetful of the dawn
Of Audit, lifted from her face the veil.

SALÁMÁN saw the Isle, and thought no more
Of Further — there with ABSÁL he sate down,
ABSÁL and He together side by side
Together like the Lily and the Rose,
Together like the Soul and Body, one.
Under its trees in one another's arms
They slept — they drank its fountains hand in hand —
Paraded with the Peacock — raced the Partridge —
Chased the green Parrot for his stolen fruit,
Or sang divisions with the Nightingale.
There was the Rose without a thorn, and there
The Treasure and no Serpent[2] to beware —
Oh think of such a Mistress at your side
In such a Solitude, and none to chide!

Said to WÁMIK *one who never*
Knew the Lover's passion — "Why
"Solitary thus and silent
"Solitary places haunting,

1 Note in Appendix.

2 The supposed guardian of buried treasure.

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"Like a Dreamer, like a Spectre,
"Like a thing about to die?"
WÁMIK *answer'd*—*"Meditating*
"Flight with Azrá[1] *to the Desert:*
"There by so remote a Fountain
"That, whichever way one travell'd,
"League on league, one yet should never
"See the face of Man; for ever
"There to gaze on my Belovéd;
"Gaze, till Gazing out of Gazing
"Grew to Being Her I gaze on,
" SHE *and* I *no more, but in One*
"Undivided Being blended.
"All that is by Nature twain
"Fears, or suffers by, the pain
"Of Separation: Love is only
"Perfect when itself transcends
"Itself, and one with that it loves,
"In undivided Being blends."

WHEN by and by the SHAH was made aware
Of that heart-breaking Flight, his royal robe
He chang'd for ashes, and his Throne for dust,
And wept awhile in darkness and alone.

[1] Wámik and Azrá (Lover and Virgin) two typical Lovers.

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Then rose; and, taking counsel from the SAGE,
Pursuit set everywhere afoot: but none
Could trace the footstep of the flying Deer.
Then from his secret Art the Sage-Vizyr
A Magic Mirror made; a Mirror like
The bosom of All-wise Intelligence
Reflecting in its mystic compass all
Within the sev'n-fold volume of the World
Involv'd; and, looking in that Mirror's face,
The SHAH beheld the face of his Desire.
Beheld those Lovers like that earliest pair
Of Lovers, in this other Paradise
So far from human eyes in the mid sea,
And yet within the magic glass so near
As with a finger one might touch them, isled.
THE SHAH beheld them; and compassion touch'd
His eyes and anger died upon his lips;
And arm'd with Righteous Judgment as he was,
Yet, seeing those two Lovers with one lip
Drinking that cup of Happiness and Tears[1]
In which Farewell had never yet been flung,[2]
He paused for their Repentance to recall
The lifted arm that was to shatter all.

[1] Κρατῆρα μακρὸν ἡδονῆς καὶ δακρύων
Κερνῶντες ἐξέπινον ἄχρις ε, μέθης.

[2] A pebble flung into a Cup being a signal for a company to break up.

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The Lords of Wrath have perish'd by the blow
Themselves had aimed at others long ago.
Draw not in haste the sword, which Fate, may be,
Will sheathe, hereafter to be drawn on Thee.

FARHÁD, *who the shapeless mountain*
Into human likeness moulded,
Under SHÍRÍN'S *eyes as slavish*
Potters' earth himself became.

Then the secret fire of jealous
Frenzy, catching and devouring
KAI KHUSRAU, *broke into flame.*

With that ancient Hag of Darkness
Plotting, at the midnight Banquet
FARHÁD'S *golden cup he poison'd,*
And in SHÍRÍN'S *eyes alone*
Reign'd — But Fate that Fate revenges,
Arms SHIRÚYEH *with the dagger*
That at once from SHÍRÍN *tore,*
And hurl'd him lifeless from his throne.[1]

1 One story is that Khusrau had promised that if Farhád cut through a Mountain, and brought a Stream through, Shírín should be his. Farhád was on the point of achieving his work, when Khusrau sent an old Woman (here, perhaps, purposely confounded with Fate) to tell him Shírín was dead; whereon Farhád threw himself headlong from the Rock. The Sculpture at Beysitún (or Besitún), where Rawlinson has deciphered Darius and Xerxes, was traditionally called Farhád's.

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BUT as the days went on, and still THE SHAH
Beheld his Son how in the Woman lost,
And still the Crown that should adorn his head,
And still the Throne that waited for his foot,
Both trampled under by a base desire,
Of which the Soul was still unsatisfied —
Then from the sorrow of THE SHAH fell Fire;
To Gracelessness ungracious he became,
And, quite to shatter that rebellious lust,
Upon SALÁMÁN all his WILL, with all[1]
His SAGE-VIZYR'S Might-magic arm'd, discharged.
And Lo! SALÁMÁN to his Mistress turn'd,
But could not reach her — look'd and look'd again,
And palpitated tow'rd her — but in vain!
Oh Misery! As to the Bankrupt's eyes
The Gold he may not finger! or the Well
To him who sees a-thirst, and cannot reach.
Or Heav'n above reveal'd to those in Hell!
Yet when SALÁMÁN'S anguish was extreme,
The door of Mercy open'd and he saw
That Arm he knew to be his Father's reacht
To lift him from the pit in which he lay:
Timidly tow'rd his Father's eyes his own
    He lifted, pardon-pleading, crime-confest,
And drew once more to that forsaken Throne,
    As the stray bird one day will find her nest.

[1] He Mesmerises him! — See also further on this Power of the WILL.

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One was asking of a Teacher,
"How, a Father his reputed
"Son, for his should recognise?"
Said the Master, "By the stripling,
"As he grows to manhood, growing
"Like to his reputed Father,
"Good or Evil, Fool or Wise.

"Lo the disregarded Darnel
"With itself adorns the Wheat-field,
"And for all the vernal season
"Satisfies the farmer's eye;
"But the hour of harvest coming,
"And the thrasher by and by,
"Then a barren ear shall answer,
"'Darnel, and no Wheat, am I.'"

YET Ah for that poor Lover! "Next the curse
"Of Love by Love forbidden, nothing worse
"Than Friendship turn'd in Love's reproof unkind,
"And Love from Love divorcing"—Thus I said:
Alas, a worse, and worse, is yet behind—
Love's back-blow of Revenge for having fled!

SALÁMÁN bow'd his forehead to the dust
Before his Father; to his Father's hand
Fast—but yet fast, and faster to his own

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Clung one, who by no tempest of reproof
Or wrath might be dissever'd from the stem
She grew to: till, between Remorse and Love,
He came to loathe his Life and long for Death.
And, as from him *She* would not be divorc'd,
With Her he fled again: he fled—but now
To no such Island centred in the sea
As lull'd them into Paradise before;
But to the Solitude of Desolation,
The Wilderness of Death. And as, before,
Of sundry scented woods along the shore
A shallop he devised to carry them
Over the waters whither foot nor eye
Should ever follow them, he thought—so now
Of sere wood strewn about the plain of Death,
A raft to bear them through the wave of Fire
Into Annihilation, he devis'd,
Gather'd, and built; and, firing with a Torch,
Into the central flame ABSÁL and He
Sprung hand in hand exulting. But the SAGE
In secret all had order'd; and the Flame,
Directed by his self-fulfilling WILL,
Devouring Her to ashes, left untouch'd
SALÁMÁN—all the baser metal burn'd,
And to itself the authentic Gold return'd.

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PART III.

FROM the Beginning such has been the Fate
Of Man, whose very clay was soak'd in tears.
For when at first of common Earth they took,
And moulded to the stature of the Soul,
For Forty days, full Forty days, the cloud
Of Heav'n wept over him from head to foot:
And when the Forty days had passed to Night,
The Sunshine of one solitary day
Look'd out of Heav'n to dry the weeping clay.[1]
And though that sunshine in the long arrear
    Of darkness on the breathless image rose,
    Yet, with the Living, every wise man knows
Such consummation scarcely shall be here!

SALÁMÁN fired the pile; and in the flame
That, passing him, consumed ABSÁL like straw,
Died his Divided Self, his Individual
Surviv'd, and, like a living Soul from which
The Body falls, strange, naked, and alone.
Then rose his cry to Heaven — his eyelashes
Wept blood — his sighs stood like a smoke in Heaven,
And Morning rent her garment at his anguish.

[1] Some such Legend is quoted by De Sacy and D'Herbelot from some commentaries on the Kurán.

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And when Night came, that drew the pen across
The written woes of Day for all but him,
Crouch'd in a lonely corner of the house,
He seem'd to feel about him in the dark
For one who was not, and whom no fond word
Could summon from the Void in which she lay.

And so the Wise One found him where he sate
Bow'd down alone in darkness; and once more
Made the long-silent voice of Reason sound
In the deserted Palace of his Soul;
Until SALÁMÁN lifted up his head
To bow beneath the Master; sweet it seemed,
Sweeping the chaff and litter from his own,
To be the very dust of Wisdom's door,
Slave of the Firmán of the Lord of Life,
Who pour'd the wine of Wisdom in his cup,
Who laid the dew of Peace upon his lips;
Yea, wrought by Miracle in his behalf.
For when old Love return'd to Memory,
And broke in passion from his lips, THE SAGE,
Under whose waxing WILL Existence rose
From Nothing, and relaxing, waned again,
Raising a Fantom Image of ABSÁL,
Set it awhile before SALÁMÁN'S eyes,
Till, having sow'd the seed of comfort there,
It went again down to Annihilation.

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But ever, as the Fantom pass'd away,
THE SAGE would tell of a Celestial Love;
"ZUHRAH,"[1] he said, "ZUHRAH, compared with whom
"That brightest star that bears her name in Heav'n
"Was but a winking taper; and Absál,
"Queen-star of Beauties in this world below,
"But her distorted image in the stream
"Of fleeting Matter; and all Eloquence,
"And Soul-enchaining harmonies of Song,
"A far-off echo of that Harp in Heav'n
"Which Dervísh-dances to her harmony."

SALÁMÁN listen'd, and inclin'd — again
Entreated, inclination ever grew;
Until THE SAGE beholding in his Soul
The SPIRIT[2] quicken, so effectually
With ZUHRAH wrought, that she reveal'd herself
In her pure lustre to SALÁMÁN'S Soul,
And blotting ABSÁL'S Image from his breast,
There reign'd instead. Celestial Beauty seen,
He left the Earthly; and, once come to know
Eternal Love, the Mortal he let go.

THE Crown of Empire how supreme a lot!
The Sultan's Throne how lofty! Yea, but not

1 "ZUHRAH." The Planetary and Celestial Venus.

2 "*Ma'ná.*" The Mystical pass-word of the Súfís, to express the transcendental New Birth of the Soul.

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For All — None but the Heaven-ward foot may dare
To mount — The head that touches Heaven to wear!

When the Belov'd of Royal augury
Was rescued from the bondage of ABSÁL,
Then he arose, and shaking off the dust
Of that lost travel, girded up his heart,
And look'd with undefiléd robe to Heaven.
Then was his Head worthy to wear the Crown,
His Foot to mount the Throne. And then THE SHAH
From all the quarters of his World-wide realm
Summon'd all those who under Him the ring
Of Empire wore, King, Counsellor, Amír;
Of whom not one but to SALÁMÁN did
Obeisance, and lifted up his neck
To yoke it under His supremacy.
Then THE SHAH crown'd him with the Golden Crown,
And set the Golden Throne beneath his feet,
And over all the heads of the Assembly,
And in the ears of all, his Jewel-word
With the Diamond of Wisdom cut, and said:—

"My Son,[1] the Kingdom of The World is not
"Eternal, nor the sum of right desire;

[1] One sees Jámí taking advantage of his Allegorical Shah to read a lesson to the Living — whose ears Advice, unlike Praise, scarce ever reached unless obliquely and by Fable. The Warning (and doubtless with good reason) is principally aimed at the Minister.

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"Make thou the Law reveal'd of God thy Law,
"The voice of Intellect Divine within
"Interpreter; and considering TO-DAY
"TO-MORROW'S Seed-field, ere That come to bear,
"Sow with the Harvest of Eternity.
"And, as all Work, and, most of all, the Work
"That Kings are born to, wisely should be wrought,
"Where doubtful of thine own sufficiency,
"Ever, as I have done, consult the Wise.
"Turn not thy face away from the Old ways,
"That were the canon of the Kings of Old;
"Nor cloud with Tyranny the glass of Justice:
"By Mercy rather to right Order turn
"Confusion, and Disloyalty to Love.
"In thy provision for the Realm's estate,
"And for the Honour that becomes a King,
"Drain not thy People's purse—the Tyranny
"Which Thee enriches at thy Subject's cost,
"Awhile shall make thee strong; but in the end
"Shall bow thy neck beneath thy People's hate,
"And lead thee with the Robber down to Hell.
"Thou art a Shepherd, and thy Flock the People,
"To help and save, not ravage and destroy;
"For which is for the other, Flock or Shepherd?
"And join with thee True men to keep the Flock—
"Dogs, if you will—but trusty—head in leash,
"Whose teeth are for the Wolf, not for the Lamb,

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"And least of all the Wolf's accomplices.
"For Shahs must have Vizyrs—but be they Wise
"And Trusty—knowing well the Realm's estate—
"Knowing how far to Shah and Subject bound
"On either hand—nor by extortion, nor
"By usury wrung from the People's purse,
"Feeding their Master, and themselves (with whom
"Enough is apt enough to make rebel)
"To such a surfeit feeding as feeds Hell.
"Proper in soul and body be they—pitiful
"To Poverty—hospitable to the Saint—
"Their sweet Access a salve to wounded Hearts;
"Their Wrath a sword against Iniquity,
"But at thy bidding only to be drawn;
"Whose Ministers they are, to bring thee in
"Report of Good or Evil through the Realm:
"Which to confirm with thine immediate Eye,
"And least of all, remember—least of all,
"Suffering Accuser also to be Judge,
"By surest steps up-builds Prosperity."

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MEANING OF THE STORY.

UNDER the leaf of many a Fable lies
The Truth for those who look for it; of this
If thou wouldst look behind and find the Fruit,
(To which the Wiser hand hath found his way)
Have thy desire — No Tale of ME and THEE,
Though I and THOU be its Interpreters.[1]
What signifies THE SHAH? and what THE SAGE?
And what SALÁMÁN not of Woman born?
Who was ABSÁL who drew him to Desire?
And what the KINGDOM that awaited him
When he had drawn his Garment from her hand?
What means THAT SEA? And what that FIERY PILE?
And what that Heavenly ZUHRAH who at last
Clear'd ABSÁL from the Mirror of his Soul?
Listen to me, and you shall understand
The Word that Lover wrote along the sand.[2]

THE incomparable Creator, when this World
He did create, created first of all
The FIRST INTELLIGENCE[3] — First of a Chain

1 The Story is of *Generals*, though enacted by *Particulars*.

2 See page 114.

3 "These Ten Intelligences are only another Form of the Gnostic Dæmones. The Gnostics held that Matter and Spirit could have no Intercourse — they were, as it were, *incommensurate*. How then, granting this premise, was Creation possible? Their answer was a kind of

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Of Ten Intelligences, of which the Last
Sole Agent is in this our Universe,
ACTIVE INTELLIGENCE so call'd; The One
Distributer of Evil and of Good,
Of Joy and Sorrow. Himself apart from MATTER,
In Essence and in Energy—He yet
Hath fashion'd all that is—Material Form,
And Spiritual, all from HIM—by HIM
Directed all, and in his Bounty drown'd.
Therefore is He that Firmán-issuing SHAH
To whom the World was subject. But because
What He distributes to the Universe
Another and a Higher Power supplies,
Therefore all those who comprehend aright,
That Higher in THE SAGE will recognise.

gradual Elimination. God, the 'Actus Purus,' created an Æon; this Æon created a Second; and so on, until the Tenth Æon was sufficiently Material (as the Ten were in a continually descending Series) to affect Matter, and so cause the Creation by giving to Matter and the Spiritual *Form*.

"Similarly we have in Sufiism these Ten Intelligences in a corresponding Series, and for the same End.

"There are Ten Intelligences, and Nine Heavenly Spheres, of which the Ninth is the Uppermost Heaven, appropriated to the First Intelligence; the Eighth, that of the Zodiac, to the Second; the Seventh, Saturn, to the Third; the Sixth, Jupiter, to the Fourth; the Fifth, Mars, to the Fifth; the Fourth, The Sun, to the Sixth; the Third, Venus, to the Seventh; the Second, Mercury, to the Eighth; the First, the Moon, to the Ninth; and THE EARTH is the peculiar Sphere of the Tenth, or lowest Intelligence, called THE ACTIVE." E. B. C.—*v.* Appendix.

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HIS the PRIME SPIRIT that, spontaneously
Projected by the TENTH INTELLIGENCE,
Was from no Womb of MATTER reproduced
A special Essence called THE SOUL OF MAN;
A Child of Heaven, in raiment unbeshamed
Of Sensual taint, and so SALÁMÁN named.

And who ABSÁL? — The Sense-adoring Body,
Slave to the Blood and Sense — through whom THE SOUL,
Although the Body's very Life it be,
Doth yet imbibe the knowledge and delight
Of things of SENSE; and these, in such a bond
United as GOD only can divide,
As Lovers in this tale are signified.

And what the Flood on which they sail'd, with those
Fantastic creatures peopled; and that Isle
In which their Paradise awhile they made,
And thought, for ever? — That false Paradise,
Amid the fluctuating Waters found
Of Sensual passion, in whose bosom lies
A world of Being from the light of God
Deep as in unsubsiding Deluge drown'd.

And why was it that ABSÁL in that Isle
So soon deceived in her Delight, and He
Fell short of his Desire? — that was to show

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How soon the Senses of their Passion tire,
And in a surfeit of themselves expire.

And what the turning of SALÁMÁN'S Heart
Back to the SHAH, and to the throne of Might
And Glory yearning? — What but the return
Of the lost SOUL to his true Parentage,
And back from Carnal error looking up
Repentant to his Intellectual Right.

And when the Man between his living shame
Distracted, and the Love that would not die,
Fled once again — what meant that second Flight
Into the Desert, and that Pile of Fire
On which he fain his Passion with Himself
Would immolate? — That was the Discipline
To which the living Man himself devotes,
Till all the Sensual dross be scorcht away,
And, to its pure integrity return'd,
His Soul alone survives. But forasmuch
As from a darling Passion so divorc'd
The wound will open and will bleed anew,
Therefore THE SAGE would ever and anon
Raise up and set before Salámán's eyes
That Fantom of the past; but evermore
Revealing one Diviner, till his Soul
She fill'd and blotted out the Mortal Love.

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For what is ZUHRAH? — What but that Divine
Original, of which the Soul of Man
Darkly possest, by that fierce Discipline
At last he disengages from the Dust,
And flinging off the baser rags of Sense,
And all in Intellectual Light arrayed,
As Conqueror and King he mounts the Throne,
And wears the Crown of Human Glory — Whence
Throne over Throne surmounting, he shall reign
One with the LAST and FIRST INTELLIGENCE.

This is the meaning of this Mystery,
Which to know wholly ponder in thy Heart,
Till all its ancient Secret be enlarged.
Enough — The written Summary I close,
And set my Seal —

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APPENDIX.

"*To thy Harim Dividuality*
"*No entrance finds*," *&c.* (p. 110.)

This Súfí Identification with Deity (further illustrated in the Story of Salámán's first flight) is shadowed in a Parable of Jeláluddín, of which here is an outline. "One knocked at the Beloved's Door; and a Voice asked from within, 'Who is there?' and he answered, 'It is I.' Then the Voice said, 'This House will not hold Me and Thee.' And the Door was not opened. Then went the Lover into the Desert, and fasted and prayed in Solitude. And after a Year he returned, and knocked again at the Door. And again the Voice asked, 'Who is there?' and he said, 'It is Thyself!'—and the Door was opened to him."

"*O darling of the soul of Iflátún*
"*To whom with all his school Aristo bows.*" (p. 117.)

Some Traveller in the East—Professor Eastwick, I think—tells us that in endeavouring to explain to an Eastern Cook the nature of an *Irish Stew*, the man said he knew well enough about "*Aristo.*" "*Iflátún*" might almost as well have been taken for "*Volauvent.*"

"*Like Noah's, puffed with Insolence and Pride*," *&c.*
(p. 118.)

In the Kurán God engages to save Noah and his Family,—meaning all who believed in the warning. One of Noah's Sons (Canaan or Ham, some think) would not believe. "And the Ark swam with them between the waves like Mountains, and Noah called up to his Son, who was separated from him,

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saying, 'Embark with us, my son, and stay not with the Unbelievers.' He answered, 'I will get on a Mountain which will secure me from the Water.' Noah replied, 'There is no security this Day from the Decree of God, except for him on whom He shall have mercy.' And a Wave passed between them, and he became one of those who were drowned. And it was said, 'Oh Earth, swallow up thy waters, and Thou, oh Heaven, withhold thy rain!' And immediately the Water abated, and the Decree was fulfilled, and the Ark rested on the Mountain Al-Judi, and it was said, 'Away with the ungodly People!' — Noah called upon his Lord, and said, 'Oh Lord, verily my Son is of my Family, and thy Promise is True; for Thou art of those who exercise judgment.' God answered, 'Oh Noah, verily he is not of thy Family; this intercession of thine for him is not a righteous work.'" — *Sale's Kurán*, vol. ii. p. 21.

"*Finer than any Bridal-puppet, which*
"*To prove another's Love a Woman sends,*" *&c.* (p. 123.)

In Atkinson's version of the "Kitábi Kulsum Náneh," we find among other Ceremonials and Proprieties of which the Book treats, that when a woman wished to ascertain another's Love, she sent a Doll on a Tray with flowers and sweetmeats, and judged how far her affection was reciprocated by the Doll's being returned to her drest in a Robe of Honour, or in Black. The same Book also tells of *two* Dolls — Bride and Bridegroom, I suppose — being used on such occasions; the test of Affection being whether the one sent were returned with or without its Fellow.

"*Intent upon the Game.*" (p. 124.)

Chugan, for centuries the Royal Game of Persia, and adopted (Ouseley thinks) under varying modifications of name and practice by other nations, was played by Horsemen, who, suitably habited, and armed with semicircular-headed Bats

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or Sticks, strove to drive a Ball through a Goal of upright Pillars. (See Plate.) We may call it "Horse-hockey," as heretofore played by young Englishmen in the Maidán of Calcutta, and other Indian cities, I believe, and now in England itself under the name of Polo.

The plate above referred to is accurately copied from an Engraving in Sir William's Book, which, he says (and those who care to look into the Bodleian for it may see), is "accurately copied from a very beautiful Persian MS., containing the works of Háfiz, transcribed in the year 956 of the Hejirah, 1549 of Christ; the MS. is in my own Collection. This Delineation exhibits the Horsemen contending for the Ball; their short jackets seem peculiarly adapted to the Sport; we see the MÍL, or Goals; servants attend on foot, holding CHÚGÁNS in readiness for other Persons who may join in the Amusement, or to supply the place of any that may be broken. A young Prince — as his PARR, or Feather, would indicate — receives on his Entrance into the MEIDAN, or Place of Exercise, a CHÚGÁN from the hands of a bearded Man very plainly dressed; yet (as an intelligent Painter at Ispahan assured me, and as appears from other Miniatures in the same Book) this Bearded Figure is meant to represent Háfiz himself," &c.

The Persian legend at the Top Corner is the Verse from Háfiz which the Drawing illustrates:

Shahsúvára khúsh bemeidán ámedy gúy bezann.

THE MUEZZÍN'S CRY. (p. 135.)

I am informed by a distinguished Arabic Scholar that the proper Cry of the Muezzín is, with some slight local variations, such as he heard it at Cairo and Damascus:

Allah Akbar, Allah Akbar;
Allah Akbar, Allah Akbar;
Ishhad lá allah illá 'llah;

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Ishhad lá allah illá 'llah;
Ishhad lá allah illá 'llah;
Ishhad Muhammad rasúluhu;
Ishhad Muhammad rasúluhu;
Ishhad Muhammad rasúluhu;
Hayá 'alá 's-salát, Hayá 'alá 's-salát,
Inna 's-salát khair min an-naum.

"God is great" *(four times)*; "Confess that there is no God but God" *(three times)*; "Confess that Muhammad is the prophet of God" *(three times)*; "Come to Prayer, Come to Prayer, for Prayer is better than Sleep."

THE GARDEN OF IRAM. (p. 140.)

"*Here Iram-Garden seem'd in Secresy*
"*Blowing the Rose-bud of his Revelation.*"

"Mahomet," says Sir W. Jones, "in the Chapter of The Morning, towards the end of his Alcoran, mentions a Garden called 'Irem,' which is no less celebrated by the Asiatic Poets than that of the Hesperides by the Greeks. It was planted, as the Commentators say, by a king named Shedád,"— deep in the Sands of Arabia Felix,—"and was once seen by an Arabian who wandered far into the Desert in search of a lost Camel."

THE TEN INTELLIGENCES. (p. 153.)

A curious parallel to this doctrine is quoted by Mr. Morley (Critical Miscellanies, Series II., p. 318), from so anti-gnostic a Doctor as Paley, in Ch. III. of his Natural Theology:

"As we have said, therefore, God prescribes limits to his power, that he may let in the exercise, and thereby exhibit demonstrations, of his wisdom. For then — *i. e.*, such laws and limitations being laid down, — it is as though some Being

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should have fixed certain rules; and, if we may so speak, provided certain materials; and, afterwards, have committed to some other Being, out of these materials, and in subordination to these rules, the task of drawing forth a Creation; a supposition which evidently leaves room, and induces indeed a necessity, for contrivance. Nay, there may be many such Agents, and many ranks of these. We do not advance this as a doctrine either of philosophy or religion; but we say that the subject may be safely represented under this view; because the Deity, acting himself by general laws, will have the same consequence upon our reasoning, as if he had prescribed these laws to another."

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AGAMEMNON

A TRAGEDY, TAKEN FROM ÆSCHYLUS.

[London : Bernard Quaritch, 15 Piccadilly, 1876.]

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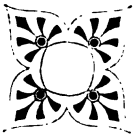

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PREFACE.

[*This Version — or Per-version — of Æschylus was originally printed to be given away among Friends, who either knew nothing of the Original, or would be disposed to excuse the liberties taken with it by an unworthy hand.*

Such as it is, however, others, whom I do not know, have asked for copies when I had no more copies to give. So Mr. Quaritch ventures on publishing it on his own account, at the risk of facing much less indulgent critics.

I can add little more to the Apology prefixed to the private Edition.] [1]

I SUPPOSE that a literal version of this play, if possible, would scarce be intelligible. Even were the dialogue always clear, the lyric Choruses, which make up so large a part, are so dark and abrupt in themselves, and therefore so much the more mangled and tormented by copyist and commentator, that the most conscientious translator must not only jump at a meaning, but must bridge over a chasm; especially if

[1] The first paragraph of the first impression was as follows:

"I do not like to put this version — or *per*-version — of Æschylus into the few friendly hands it is destined for, without some apology to him as well as to them. Perhaps the best apology, so far as they are concerned, would be my simple assurance that this is the very last *lèse-majesté* I ever shall — or can — commit of the kind."

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he determine to complete the antiphony of Strophe and Antistrophe in English verse.

Thus, encumbered with forms which sometimes, I think, hang heavy on Æschylus himself;[1] struggling with indistinct meanings, obscure allusions, and even with *puns* which some have tried to reproduce in English; this grand play, which to the scholar and the poet, lives, breathes, and moves in the dead language, has hitherto seemed to me to drag and stifle under conscientious translation into the living; that is to say, to have lost that which I think the drama can least afford to lose all the world over. And so it was that, hopeless of succeeding where as good versifiers, and better scholars, seem to me to have failed, I came first to break the bounds of Greek Tragedy; then to swerve from the Master's footsteps; and so, one license drawing on another to make all of a piece, arrived at the present anomalous conclusion. If it has succeeded in shaping itself into a distinct, consistent, and animated Whole, through which the reader can follow without halting,[2] and not without accelerating

[1] For instance, the long antiphonal dialogue of the Chorus debating what to do — or whether do anything — after hearing their master twice cry out (in pure Iambics also) that he is murdered.

[2] "I wish the reader who knows Beethoven would supply — or supplant — my earlier lyric Choruses from one of his many works, which seem to breathe Æschylus in their language, as Michael Angelo, perhaps, in another. For Cassandra's ejaculations we must resort, I doubt, to a later German music." Note from first edition.]

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interest from beginning to end, he will perhaps excuse my acknowledged transgressions, unless as well or better satisfied by some more faithful Interpreter, or by one more entitled than myself to make free with the Original.

But to re-create the Tragedy, body and soul, into English, and make the Poet free of the language which reigns over that half of the world never dreamt of in his philosophy, must be reserved — especially the Lyric part — *for* some Poet, worthy of that name and of congenial Genius with the Greek. Would that every one such would devote himself to one such work! whether by Translation, Paraphrase, or Metaphrase, to use Dryden's definition, whose Alexander's Feast, and some fragments of whose Plays, indicate that he, perhaps, might have rendered such a service to Æschylus and to us. Or, to go further back in our own Drama, one thinks what Marlowe might have done; himself a translator from the Greek; something akin to Æschylus in his genius; still more in his grandiose, and sometimes *authadostomous* verse; of which some lines relating to this very play fall so little short of Greek, that I shall but shame my own by quoting them beforehand;

> "Is this the face that launched a thousand ships,
> And burnt the topless towers of Ilium?
> Sweet Helen, make me immortal with a kiss!"

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

AGAMEMNON, *King of Argos.*

CLYTEMNESTRA, *his Queen.*

ÆGISTHUS, *his Cousin.*

CASSANDRA, *Daughter of King* PRIAM.

HERALD,

CHORUS *of Ancient Councillors.*

The scene is at ARGOS.

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AGAMEMNON.

[AGAMEMNON'S *Palace: a Warder on the Battlements.*]

WARDER.

[Once more, once more, and once again once more]
I crave the Gods' compassion, and release
From this inexorable watch, that now
For one whole year, close as a couching dog,
On Agamemnon's housetop I have kept,
Contemplating the muster of the stars,
And those transplendent Dynasties of Heav'n[1]
That, as alternately they rise and fall,
Draw Warmth and Winter over mortal man.
Thus, and thus long, I say, at the behest
Of the man-minded Woman who here rules,
Here have I watch'd till yonder mountain-top

[1] The commentators generally understand these λαμπρους δυνάστας to mean Sun and Moon. Blomfield, I believe, admits they may be the Constellations by which the seasons were anciently marked, as in the case of the Pleiades further on in the Play. The Moon, I suppose, had no part to play in such a computation; and, as for the Sun, the beacon-fire surely implies a night-watch.

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Shall kindle with a signal-light from Troy.
And watch'd in vain, coucht on the barren stone,
Night after night, night after night, alone,
Ev'n by a wandering dream unvisited,
To which the terror of my post denies
The customary passage of closed eyes,
From which, when haply nodding, I would scare
Forbidden sleep, or charm long night away
With some old ballad of the good old times,
The foolish song falls presently to tears,
Remembering the glories of this House,
Where all is not as all was wont to be,—
No, nor as should — Alas, these royal walls,
Had they but tongue (as ears and eyes, men say)
Would tell strange stories!—But, for fear they should,
Mine shall be mute as they are. Only this—
And this no treason surely — might I but,
But once more might I, see my lord again
Safe home! But once more look upon his face!
But once more take his hand in mine! —
Hilloa!
The words scarce from my lips. — Have the Gods heard?
Or am I dreaming wide awake? as wide
Awake I am — The Light! The Light! The Light
Long lookt for, long despair'd of, on the Height!
Oh more to me than all the stars of night!

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More than the Morning-star! — more than the Sun
Who breaks my nightly watch, this rising one
Which tells me that my year-long night is done!
When, shaking off the collar of my watch,
I first to Clytemnestra shall report
Such news as, if indeed a lucky cast
For her and Argos, sure a Main to me!
But grant the Gods, to all! A master-cast,
More than compensating all losses past;
And lighting up our altars with a fire
Of Victory that never shall expire!

[*Exit Warder. Daylight gradually dawns, and enter slowly Chorus.*

CHORUS.

I.

Another rising of the sun
. That rolls another year away
Sees us through the portal dun
Dividing night and day
Like to phantoms from the crypt
Of Morpheus or of Hades slipt,
Through the sleeping city creeping,
Murmuring an ancient song
Of unvindicated wrong,
Ten year told as ten year long.
Since to revenge the great abuse

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To Themis done by Priam's son,
The Brother-Princes that, co-heir
Of Atreus, share his royal chair.
And from the authentic hand of Zeus
His delegated sceptre bear,
Startled Greece with such a cry
For Vengeance as a plunder'd pair
Of Eagles over their aerial lair
Screaming, to whirlpool lash the waves of air.

II.

The Robber, blinded in his own conceit,
Must needs think Retribution deaf and blind.
Fool! not to know what tongue was in the wind,
When Tellus shudder'd under flying feet,
When stricken Ocean under alien wings;
Was there no Phœbus to denounce the flight
From Heav'n? Nor those ten thousand Eyes of Night?
And, were no other eye nor ear of man
Or God awake, yet universal Pan,
For ever watching at the heart of things.
And Zeus, the Warden of domestic Right,
And the perennial sanctity of Kings,
Let loose the Fury who, though late
Retarded in the leash of Fate,
Once loos'd, after the Sinner springs;

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Over Ocean's heights and hollows,
Into cave and forest follows,
  Into fastest guarded town,
Close on the Sinner's heel insists,
And, turn or baffle as he lists,
  Dogs him inexorably down.

III.

Therefore to revenge the debt
  To violated Justice due,
Armèd Hellas hand in hand
  The iron toils of Ares drew
Over water, over land,
Over such a tract of years;
Draught of blood abroad, of tears
  At home, and unexhausted yet:
All the manhood Greece could muster,
  And her hollow ships enclose;
All that Troy from her capacious
  Bosom pouring forth oppose;
By the ships, beneath the wall,
  And about the sandy plain,
Armour-glancing files advancing,
  Fighting, flying, slaying, slain:
And among them, and above them,
Crested Heroes, twain by twain,

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Lance to lance, and thrust to thrust,
Front erect, and, in a moment,
One or other roll'd in dust.
Till the better blood of Argos
Soaking in the Trojan sand,
In her silent half dispeopled
Cities, more than half unmann'd,
Little more of man to meet
Than the helpless child, or hoary
Spectre of his second childhood,
Tottering on triple feet,
Like the idle waifs and strays
Blown together from the ways
Up and down the windy street.

IV.

But thus it is; All bides the destin'd Hour;
And Man, albeit with Justice at his side,
Fights in the dark against a secret Power
Not to be conquer'd — and how pacified?

V.

For, before the Navy flush'd
Wing from shore, or lifted oar
To foam the purple brush'd;
While about the altar hush'd

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Throng'd the ranks of Greece thick-fold,
Ancient Chalcas in the bleeding
Volume of the Future reading
Evil things foresaw, foretold:
That, to revenge some old disgrace
Befall'n her sylvan train,
Some dumb familiar of the Chace
By Menelaus slain,
The Goddess Artemis would vex
The fleet of Greece with storms and checks:
That Troy should not be reached at all;
Or — as the Gods themselves divide
In Heav'n to either mortal side —
If ever reach'd, should never fall —
Unless at such a loss and cost
As counterpoises Won and Lost.

VI.

The Elder of the Royal Twain
Listen'd in silence, daring not arraign
Ill omen, or rebuke the raven lips:
Then taking up the tangled skein
Of Fate, he pointed to the ships;
He sprang aboard: he gave the sign;
And blazing in his golden arms ahead,
Drew the long Navy in a glittering line
After him like a meteor o'er the main.

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VII.

So from Argos forth: and so
O'er the rolling waters they,
Till in the roaring To-and-fro
Of rock-lockt Aulis brought to stay:
There the Goddess had them fast:
With a bitter northern blast
Blew ahead and block'd the way:
Day by day delay; to ship
And tackle damage and decay;
Day by day to Prince and People
Indignation and dismay.
"All the while that in the ribb'd
"Bosom of their vessels cribb'd,
"Tower-crowned Troy above the waters
"Yonder, quaffing from the horn
"Of Plenty, laughing them to scorn"—
So would one to other say;
And man and chief in rage and grief
Fretted and consumed away.

VIII.

Then to Sacrifice anew:
And again within the bleeding
Volume of the Future reading,
Once again the summoned Seer
Evil, Evil, still fore-drew.

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Day by day, delay, decay
To ship and tackle, chief and crew:
And but one way — one only way to appease
The Goddess, and the wind of wrath subdue;
One way of cure so worse than the disease,
As, but to hear propound,
The Princes struck their sceptres to the ground.

IX.

After a death-deep pause,
The Lord of man and armament his voice
Lifted into the silence — "Terrible choice!
"To base imprisonment of wind and flood
"Whether consign and sacrifice the band
"Of heroes gathered in my name and cause;
"Or thence redeem them by a daughter's blood —
"A daughter's blood shed by a father's hand;
"Shed by a father's hand, and to atone
"The guilt of One — who, could the God endure
"Propitiation by the Life impure,
"Should wash out her transgression with her own."

X.

But, breaking on that iron multitude,
The Father's cry no kindred echo woke:
And in the sullen silence that ensued
An unrelenting iron answer spoke.

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XI.

At last his neck to that unnatural yoke
He bowed: his hand to that unnatural stroke:
With growing purpose, obstinate as the wind
That block'd his fleet, so block'd his better mind,
To all the Father's heart within him blind—
For thus it fares with men; the seed
Of Evil, sown by seeming Need,
Grows, self-infatuation-nurst,
From evil Thought to evil Deed,
Incomprehensible at first,
And to the end of Life accurst.

XII.

And thus, the blood of that one innocent
Weigh'd light against one great accomplishment,
At last—at last—in the meridian blaze
Of Day, with all the Gods in Heaven agaze,
And armèd Greece below—he came to dare—
After due preparation, pomp, and prayer,
He came—the wretched father—came to dare—
Himself—with sacrificial knife in hand,—
Before the sacrificial altar stand,
To which—her sweet lips, sweetly wont to sing
Before him in the banquet-chamber, gagg'd,
Lest one ill word should mar the impious thing;

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Her saffron scarf about her fluttering,
  Dumb as an all-but-speaking picture, dragg'd
Through the remorseless soldiery —
                But soft! —
  While I tell the more than oft-
Told Story, best in silence found,
  Incense-breathing fires aloft
Up into the rising fire,
Into which the stars expire,
  Of Morning mingle; and a sound
As of Rumour at the heel
  Of some great tiding gathers ground;
And from portals that disclose
Before a fragrant air that blows
Them open, what great matter, Sirs,
Thus early Clytemnestra stirs,
Hither through the palace gate
Torch in hand, and step-elate,
Advancing, with the kindled Eyes
As of triumphant Sacrifice?

CLYTEMNESTRA: CHORUS.

Oh, Clytemnestra, my obeisance
Salutes your coming footstep, as her right
Who rightly occupies the fellow-chair
Of that now ten years widow'd of its Lord.
But — be it at your pleasure ask'd, as answered —

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What great occasion, almost ere Night's self
Rekindles into Morning from the Sun,
Has woke your Altar-fire to Sacrifice?

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Oh, never yet did Night —
Night of all Good the Mother, as men say,
Conceive a fairer issue than To-day!
Prepare your ear, Old man, for tidings such
As youthful hope would scarce anticipate.

CHORUS.

I have prepared them for such news as such
Preamble argues.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

What if you be told —
Oh mighty sum in one small figure cast! —
That ten-year-toil'd-for Troy is ours at last?

CHORUS.

"If told!" — Once more! — the word escap'd our ears,
With many a baffled rumour heretofore
Slipt down the wind of wasted Expectation.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Once more then; and with unconditional
Assurance having hit the mark indeed

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That Rumour aimed at —Troy, with all the towers
Our burning vengeance leaves aloft, is ours.
Now speak I plainly ?

CHORUS.

Oh ! to make the tears,
That waited to bear witness in the eye,
Start, to convict our incredulity !

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Oh blest conviction that enriches you
That lose the cause with all the victory.

CHORUS.

Ev'n so. But how yourself convinced before ?

CLYTEMNESTRA.

By no less sure a witness than the God.

CHORUS.

What, in a dream ?

CLYTEMNESTRA.

I am not one to trust
The vacillating witnesses of Sleep.

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CHORUS.

Aye — but as surely undeluded by
The waking Will, that what we strongly *would*
Imaginates ?

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Aye, like a doting girl.

CHORUS.

Oh, Clytemnestra, pardon mere Old Age
That, after so long starving upon Hope,
But slowly brooks his own Accomplishment.
The Ten-year war is done then ! Troy is taken !
The Gods have told you, and the Gods tell true —
But — how ? and when ?

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Ev'n with the very birth
Of the good Night which mothers this best Day.

CHORUS.

To-day ! To-night ! but of Night's work in Troy
Who should inform the scarcely open'd ear
Of Morn in Argos ?

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Hephaistos, the lame God,
And spriteliest of mortal messengers ;

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Who, springing from the bed of burning Troy,
Hither, by fore-devis'd Intelligence
Agreed upon between my Lord and me,
Posted from dedicated Height to Height
The reach of land and sea that lies between.
And, first to catch him and begin the game,
Did Ida fire her forest-pine, and, waving,
Handed him on to the Hermæan steep
Of Lemnos; Lemnos to the summit of
Zeus-consecrated Athos lifted; whence,
As by the giant taken, so despatcht,
The Torch of Conquest, traversing the wide
Ægæan with a sunbeam-stretching stride,
Struck up the drowsy watchers on Makistos;
Who, flashing back the challenge, flash'd it on
To those who watch'd on the Messapian height.
With whose quick-kindling heather heap'd and fired
The meteor-bearded messenger refresht,
Clearing Asopus at a bound, struck fire
From old Kithæron; and, so little tired
As waxing even wanton with the sport,
Over the sleeping water of Gorgopis
Sprung to the Rock of Corinth; thence to the cliffs
Which stare down the Saronic Gulf, that now
Began to shiver in the creeping Dawn;
Whence, for a moment on the neighbouring top
Of Arachnæum lighting, one last bound

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Brought him to Agamemnon's battlements.
By such gigantic strides in such a Race
Where First and Last alike are Conquerors,
Posted the travelling Fire, whose Father-light
Ida conceived of burning Troy To-night.

CHORUS.

Woman, your words man-metal ring, and strike
Ev'n from the tuneless fibre of Old Age
Such martial unison as from the lips
Shall break into full Pæan by and by.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Aye, think—think—think, old man, and in your soul
As if 't were mirror'd in your outward eye.
Imagine what wild work a-doing there —
In Troy — to-night — to-day — this moment — how
Harmoniously, as in one vessel meet
Esil and Oil, meet Triumph and Despair,
Sluiced by the sword along the reeking street,
On which the Gods look down from burning air.
Slain, slaying — dying, dead — about the dead
Fighting to die themselves — maidens and wives
Lockt by the locks, with their barbarian young,
And torn away to slavery and shame
By hands all reeking with their Champion's blood.

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Until, with execution weary, we
Fling down our slaughter-satiated swords,
To gorge ourselves on the unfinisht feasts
Of poor old Priam and his sons; and then,
Roll'd on rich couches never spread for us,
Ev'n now our sleep-besotted foreheads turn
Up to the very Sun that rises here.
Such is the lawful game of those who win
Upon so just a quarrel — so long fought:
Provided always that, with jealous care,
Retaliation wreaking upon those
Who our insulted Gods upon them drew,
We push not Riot to *their* Altar-foot;
Remembering, on whichever mortal side
Engaged, the Gods are Gods in heav'n and earth,
And not to be insulted unaveng'd.
This let us take to heart, and keep in sight;
Lest, having run victoriously thus far,
And turn'd the very pillar of our race,
Before we reach the long'd-for goal of Home
Nemesis overtake, or trip us up;
Some ere safe shipp'd: or, launcht upon the foam,
Ere touch'd the threshold of their native shore;
Yea, or that reach'd, the threshold of the door
Of their own home; from whatsoever corner
The jealous Power is ever on the watch
To compass arrogant Prosperity.

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These are a woman's words; for men to take,
Or disregarded drop them, as they will;
Enough for me, if having won the stake,
I pray the Gods with us to keep it still.

[*Exit* CLYTEMNESTRA.]

CHORUS.

Oh, sacred Night,
From whose unfathomable breast
Creative Order formed and saw
Chaos emerging into Law:
And now, committed with Eternal Right,
Who didst with star-entangled net invest
So close the guilty City as she slept,
That when the deadly fisher came to draw,
Not one of all the guilty fry through crept.

II.

Oh, Nemesis,
Night's daughter! in whose bosoming abyss
Secretly sitting by the Sinner's sleeve,
Thou didst with self-confusion counterweave
His plot; and when the fool his arrow sped,
Thine after-shot didst only not dismiss
Till certain not to miss the guilty head.

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III.

Some think the Godhead, couching at his ease
Deep in the purple Heav'ns, serenely sees
Insult the altar of Eternal Right.
Fools ! for though Fortune seems to misrequite,
And Retribution for awhile forget ;
Sooner or later she reclaims the debt
With usury that triples the amount
Of Nemesis with running Time's account.

IV.

For soon or late sardonic Fate
With Man against himself conspires ;
Puts on the mask of his desires :
Up the steps of Time elate
Leads him blinded with his pride,
And gathering as he goes along
The fuel of his suicide :
Until having topt the pyre
Which Destiny permits no higher,
Ambition sets himself on fire ;
In conflagration like the crime
Conspicuous through the world and time
Down amidst his brazen walls
The accumulated Idol falls
To shapeless ashes ; Demigod
Under the vulgar hoof down-trod

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Whose neck he trod on; not an eye
To weep his fall, nor lip to sigh
For him a prayer; or, if there were,
No God to listen, or reply.

V.

And, as the son his father's guilt may rue;
And, by retort of justice, what the son
Has sinn'd, to ruin on the father run;
So may the many help to pay the due
Of guilt, remotely implicate with one.
And as the tree 'neath which a felon cowers,
With all its branch is blasted by the bolt
Of Justice launch'd from Heav'n at *his* revolt;
Thus with old Priam, with his Royal line,
Kindred and people; yea, the very towers
They crouch'd in, built by masonry divine.

VI.

Like a dream through sleep she glided
Through the silent city gate,
By a guilty Hermes guided
On the feather'd feet of Theft;
Leaving between those she left
And those she fled to, lighted Discord,
Unextinguishable Hate;

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Leaving him whom least she should,
Menelaus brave and good,
Scarce believing in the mutter'd
Rumour, in the worse than utter'd
  Omen of the wailing maidens,
Of the shaken hoary head:
Of deserted board and bed.
  For the phantom of the lost one
Haunts him in the wonted places;
Hall and Chamber, which he paces
Hither, Thither, listening, looking,
  Phantom-like himself alone;
Till he comes to loathe the faces
Of the marble mute Colossi,
  Godlike Forms, and half-divine,
  Founders of the Royal line,
Who with all unalter'd Quiet
  Witness all and make no sign.
But the silence of the chambers,
  And the shaken hoary head,
And the voices of the mourning
Women, and of ocean wailing,
Over which with unavailing
Arms he reaches, as to hail
The phantom of a flying sail—
  All but answer, Fled! fled! fled!
  False! dishonour'd! worse than dead!

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VII.

At last the sun goes down along the bay,
And with him drags detested Day.
He sleeps; and, dream-like as she fled, beside
His pillow, Dream indeed, behold! his Bride
Once more in more than bridal beauty stands;
But, ever as he reaches forth his hands,
Slips from them back into the viewless deep,
On those soft silent wings that walk the ways of sleep.

VIII.

Not beside thee in the chamber,
Menelaus, any more;
But with him she fled with, pillow'd
On the summer softly-billow'd
Ocean, into dimple wreathing
Underneath a breeze of amber
Air that, as from Eros breathing,
Fill'd the sail and flew before;
Floating on the summer seas
Like some sweet Effigies
Of Eirene's self, or sweeter
Aphrodite, sweeter still:
With the Shepherd, from whose luckless
Hand upon the Phrygian hill,
Of the three Immortals, She

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The fatal prize of Beauty bore,
Floating with him o'er the foam
She rose from, to the shepherd's home
On the Ionian shore.

IX.

Down from the City to the water-side
Old Priam, with his princely retinue,
By many a wondering Phrygian follow'd, drew
To welcome and bear in the Goddess-bride
Whom some propitious wind of Fortune blew
From whence they knew not o'er the waters wide
Among the Trojan people to abide
A pledge of Love and Joy for ever — Yes;
As one who drawing from the leopardess
Her suckling cub, and, fascinated by
The little Savage of the lustrous eye,
Bears home, for all to fondle and caress,
And be the very darling of the house
It makes a den of blood of, by and by.

X.

For the wind, that amber blew,
Tempest in its bosom drew;
Soon began to hiss and roar;
And the sweet Effigies

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That amber breeze and summer seas
Had wafted to the Ionian shore,
By swift metamorphosis
Turn'd into some hideous, hated,
Fury of Revenge, and fated
Hierophant of Nemesis;
Who, growing with the day and hour,
Grasp'd the wall, and topp'd the tower,
And, when the time came, by its throat
The victim City seized, and smote.

XI.

But now to be resolv'd, whether indeed
Those fires of Night spoke truly, or mistold
To cheat a doting woman; for, Behold,
Advancing from the shore with solemn speed,
A Herald from the Fleet, his footsteps roll'd
In dust, Haste's thirsty consort, but his brow
Check-shadow'd with the nodding Olive-bough;
Who shall interpret us the speechless sign
Of the fork'd tongue that preys upon the pine.

HERALD: CHORUS.

Oh, Fatherland of Argos, back to whom
After ten years do I indeed return
Under the dawn of this auspicious day!
Of all the parted anchors of lost Hope

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That this, depended least on, yet should hold;
Amid so many men to me so dear
About me dying, yet myself exempt
Return to live what yet of life remains
Among my own; among my own at last
To share the blest communion of the Dead!
Oh, welcome, welcome, welcome once again
My own dear Country and the light she draws
From the benignant Heav'ns; and all the Gods
Who guard her; Zeus Protector first of all;
And Phœbus, by this all-restoring dawn
Who heals the wounds his arrows dealt so fast
Beside Scamander; and not last nor least
Among the Powers engaged upon our side,
Hermes, the Herald's Patron, and his Pride;
Who, having brought me safely through the war,
Now brings me back to tell the victory
Into my own belovèd country's ear;
Who, all the more by us, the more away,
Beloved, will greet with Welcome no less dear
This remnant of the unremorseful spear.
And, oh, you Temples, Palaces, and throned
Colossi, that affront the rising sun,
If ever yet, your marble foreheads now
Bathe in the splendour of returning Day
To welcome back your so long absent Lord;
Who by Zeus' self directed to the spot

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Of Vengeance, and the special instrument
Of Retribution put into his hands,
Has undermined, uprooted, and destroy'd,
Till scarce one stone upon another stands,
The famous Citadel, that, deeply cast
For crime, has all the forfeit paid at last.

CHORUS.

Oh hail and welcome, Herald of good news!
Welcome and hail! and doubt not thy return
As dear to us as thee.

HERALD.

To me so dear,
After so long despaired of, that, for fear
Life's after-draught the present should belie,
One might implore the Gods ev'n now to die!

CHORUS.

Oh, your soul hunger'd after home!

HERALD.

So sore,
That sudden satisfaction of once more
Return weeps out its surfeit at my eyes.

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CHORUS.

And our's, you see, contagiously, no less
The same long grief, and sudden joy, confess.

HERALD.

What! Argos for her missing children yearned
As they for her, then?

CHORUS.

Aye; perhaps and more,
Already pining with an inward sore.

HERALD.

How so?

CHORUS.

Nay, Silence, that has best endured
The pain, may best dismiss the memory.

HERALD.

Ev'n so. For who, unless the God himself,
Expects to live his life without a flaw?
Why, once begin to open that account,
Might not *we* tell for ten good years to come
Of all we suffer'd in the ten gone by?
Not the mere course and casualty of war,
Alarum, March, Battle, and such hard knocks

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As foe with foe expects to give and take;
But all the complement of miseries
That go to swell a long campaign's account.
Cramm'd close aboard the ships, hard bed, hard board:
Or worse, perhaps, while foraging ashore
In winter time; when, if not from the walls,
Pelted from Heav'n by Day, to couch by Night
Between the falling dews and rising damps
That elf'd the locks, and set the body fast
With cramp and ague; or, to mend the matter,
Good mother Ida from her winter top
Flinging us down a coverlet of snow.
Or worst, perhaps, in Summer, toiling in
The bloody harvest-field of torrid sand,
When not an air stirr'd the fierce Asian noon,
And ev'n the sea sleep-sicken'd in his bed.
But why lament the Past, as past it is?
If idle for the Dead who feel no more,
Idler for us to whom this blissful Dawn
Shines doubly bright against the stormy Past;
Who, after such predicament and toil,
Boast, once more standing on our mother soil,
That Zeus, who sent us to revenge the crime
Upon the guilty people, now recalls
To hang their trophies on our temple walls
For monumental heir-looms to all time.

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CHORUS.

Oh, but Old age, however slow to learn,
Not slow to learn, nor after you repeat,
Lesson so welcome, Herald of the Fleet!
But here is Clytemnestra; be you first
To bless her ears, as mine, with news so sweet.

CLYTEMNESTRA: HERALD: CHORUS.

I sang my Song of Triumph ere he came,
Alone I sang it while the City slept,
And these wise Senators, with winking eyes,
Look'd grave, and weigh'd mistrustfully my word,
As the light coinage of a woman's brain.
And so they went their way. But not the less
From those false fires I lit my altar up,
And, woman-wise, held on my song, until
The City taking up the note from me,
Scarce knowing why, about that altar flock'd,
Where, like the Priest of Victory, I stood,
Torch-handed, drenching in triumphant wine
The flame that from the smouldering incense rose.
Now what more needs? This Herald of the Day
Adds but another witness to the Night;
And I will hear no more from other lips,
Till from my husband Agamemnon all,
Whom with all honour I prepare to meet.

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Oh, to a loyal woman what so sweet
As once more wide the gate of welcome fling
To the lov'd Husband whom the Gods once more
After long travail home triumphant bring;
Where he shall find her, as he left before,
Fixt like a trusty watchdog at the door,
Tractable him-ward, but inveterate
Against the doubtful stranger at the gate;
And not a seal within the house but still
Inviolate, under a woman's trust
Incapable of taint as gold of rust.

[*Exit* CLYTEMNESTRA.

HERALD: CHORUS.

A boast not misbeseeming a true woman.

CHORUS.

For then no boast at all. But she says well;
And Time interprets all. Enough for us
To praise the Gods for Agamemnon's safe,
And more than safe return. And Menelaus,
The other half of Argos—What of him?

HERALD.

Those that I most would gladden with good news,
And on a day like this—with fair but false
I dare not.

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CHORUS.

What, must fair then needs be false?

HERALD.

Old man, the Gods grant somewhat, and withhold
As seems them good: a time there is for Praise,
A time for Supplication: nor is it well
To twit the celebration of their largess,
Reminding them of something they withhold.

CHORUS.

Yet till we know how much withheld or granted,
We know not how the balance to adjust
Of Supplication or of Praise.

HERALD.

Alas,
The Herald who returns with downcast eyes,
And leafless brow prophetic of Reverse,
Let him at once—at once let him, I say,
Lay the whole burden of Ill-tidings down
In the mid-market place. But why should one
Returning with the garland on his brow
Be stopt to name the single missing leaf
Of which the Gods have stinted us!

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CHORUS.

Alas,
The putting of a fearful question by
Is but to ill conjecture worse reply!
You bring not back then—do not leave behind—
What Menelaus was?

HERALD.

The Gods forbid!
Safe shipp'd with all the host.

CHORUS.

Well, but—how then?
Surely no tempest—

HERALD.

Ay! by that one word
Hitting the centre of a boundless sorrow!

CHORUS.

Well, but if peradventure from the fleet
Parted—not lost?

HERALD.

None but the eye of Day,
Now woke, knows all the havoc of the Night.
For Night it was; all safe aboard—sail set,

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And oars all beating home; when suddenly,
As if those old antagonists had sworn
New strife between themselves for our destruction,
The sea, that tamely let us mount his back,
Began to roar and plunge under a lash
Of tempest from the thundering heavens so fierce
As, falling on our fluttering navy, some
Scatter'd, or whirl'd away like flakes of foam:
Or, huddling wave on wave, so ship on ship
Like fighting eagles on each other fell,
And beak, and wing, and claws, entangled, tore
To pieces one another, or dragg'd down.
So when at last the tardy-rising Sun
Survey'd, and show'd, the havoc Night had done,
We, whom some God—or Fortune's self, I think—
Seizing the helm, had steer'd as man could not,
Beheld the waste Ægæan wilderness
Strown with the shatter'd forest of the fleet,
Trunk, branch, and foliage; and yet worse, I ween,
The flower of Argos floating dead between.
Then we, scarce trusting in our own escape,
And saving such as yet had life to save,
Along the heaving wilderness of wave
Went ruminating, who of those we miss'd
Might yet survive, who lost: the saved no doubt,
As sadly speculating after us.
Of whom, if Menelaus—and the Sun,

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(A prayer which all the Gods in Heav'n fulfil!)
Behold him on the water breathing still;
Doubt not that Zeus, under whose special showers
And suns the royal growth of Atreus towers,
Will not let perish stem, and branch, and fruit,
By loss of one corroborating root.

CHORUS.

Oh, Helen, Helen, Helen! oh, fair name
And fatal, of the fatal-fairest dame
That ever blest or blinded human eyes!
Of mortal women Queen beyond compare,
As she whom the foam lifted to the skies
Is Queen of all who breathe immortal air!
Whoever, and from whatsoever wells
Of Divination, drew the syllables
By which we name thee; who shall ever dare
In after time the fatal name to wear,
Or would, to be so fatal, be so fair!
Whose dowry was a Husband's shame;
Whose nuptial torch was Troy in flame;
Whose bridal Chorus, groans and cries;
Whose banquet, brave men's obsequies;
Whose Hymenæal retinue,
The wingèd dogs of War that flew
Over lands and over seas,
Following the tainted breeze,

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Till, Scamander reed among,
Their fiery breath and bloody tongue
The fatal quarry found and slew;
And, having done the work to which
The God himself halloo'd them, back
Return a maim'd and scatter'd pack.

II.

And he for whose especial cause
  Zeus his wingèd instrument
With the lightning in his claws
  From the throne of thunder sent:
He for whom the sword was drawn:
Mountain ashes fell'd and sawn;
  And the armèd host of Hellas
Cramm'd within them, to discharge
On the shore to bleed at large;
He, in mid accomplishment
Of Justice, from his glory rent!
What ten years had hardly won,
In a single night undone;
And on earth what saved and gain'd,
By the raven sea distrain'd.

III.

Such is the sorrow of this royal house;
  But none in all the City but forlorn

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Under its own peculiar sorrow bows.
For the stern God who, deaf to human love,
  Grudges the least abridgment of the tale
Of human blood once pledg'd to him, above
The centre of the murder-dealing crowd
  Suspends in air his sanguinary scale;
And for the blooming Hero gone a-field
  Homeward remits a beggarly return
Of empty helmet, fallen sword and shield,
  And some light ashes in a little urn.

IV.

Then wild and high goes up the cry
To heav'n, "So true! so brave! so fair!
"The young colt of the flowing hair
"And flaming eye, and now — look there!
"Ashes and arms!" or, "Left behind
"Unburied, in the sun and wind
"To wither, or become the feast
"Of bird obscene, or unclean beast;
"The good, the brave, without a grave —
"All to redeem *her* from the shame
"To which she sold herself and name!"
For such insinuation in the dark
About the City travels like a spark;
  Till the pent tempest into lightning breaks,
And takes the topmost pinnacle for mark.

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V.

But avaunt all evil omen!
  Perish many, so the State
  They die for live inviolate;
Which, were all her mortal leafage
  In the blast of Ares scatter'd,
  So herself at heart unshatter'd,
In due season she retrieves
All her wasted wealth of leaves,
And age on age shall spread and rise
To cover earth and breathe the skies.
While the rival at her side
Who the wrath of Heav'n defied,
By the lashing blast, or flashing
Bolt of Heav'n comes thunder-crashing,
Top and lop, and trunk and bough,
Down, for ever down. And now,
He to whom the Zeus of Vengeance
  Did commit the bolt of Fate —
Agamemnon — how shall I
With a Pæan not too high
For mortal glory, to provoke
From the Gods a counter-stroke,
Nor below desert so lofty,
  Suitably felicitate?
Such as chasten'd Age for due
May give, and Manhood take for true.

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For, as many men comply
From founts no deeper than the eye
With other's sorrows; many more,
With a Welcome from the lips,
That far the halting heart outstrips,
Fortune's Idol fall before.
Son of Atreus, I premise,
When at first the means and manhood
Of the cities thou didst stake
For a wanton woman's sake,
I might grudge the sacrifice;
But, the warfare once begun,
Hardly fought and hardly won,
Now from Glory's overflowing
Horn of Welcome all her glowing
Honours, and with uninvidious
Hand, before your advent throwing,
I salute, and bid thee welcome,
Son of Atreus, Agamemnon,
Zeus' revenging Right-hand, Lord
Of taken Troy and righted Greece:
Bid thee from the roving throne
Of War the reeking steed release;
Leave the laurel'd ship to ride
Anchor'd in her country's side,
And resume the royal helm
Of thy long-abandon'd realm:

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What about the State or Throne
Of good or evil since has grown,
Alter, cancel, or complete;
And to well or evil-doer,
Even-handed Justice mete.

Enter AGAMEMNON *in his chariot*, CASSANDRA *following in another.*

AGAMEMNON.

First, as first due, my Country I salute,
And all her tutelary Gods; all those
Who, having sent me forth, now bring me back,
After full retribution wrought on those
Who retribution owed us, and the Gods
In full consistory determined; each,
With scarce a swerving eye to Mercy's side,
Dropping his vote into the urn of blood.
Caught and consuming in whose fiery wrath,
The stately City, from her panting ashes
Into the face of the revolted heavens
Gusts of expiring opulence puffs up.[1]
For which, I say, the Gods alone be thank'd;
By whose connivance round about the wall
We drew the belt of Ares, and laid bare

[1] Those who know the Greek will scarce accuse me of over-alliteration in this line, which runs in the original thus,

Spodos propempei pionas ploutou pnoas.

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The flank of Ilium to the Lion-horse,[1]
Who sprung by night over the city wall,
And foaled his iron progeny within,
About the setting of the Pleiades.[2]
Thus much by way of prelude to the Gods.
For you, oh white-hair'd senators of Argos,
Your measur'd Welcome I receive for just;
Aware on what a tickle base of fortune
The monument of human Glory stands;
And, for humane congratulation, knowing
How, smile as may the mask, the man behind
Frets at the fortune that degrades his own.
This, having heard of from the wise, myself,
From long experience in the ways of men,
Can vouch for — what a shadow of a shade
Is human loyalty; and, as a proof,
Of all the Host that filled the Grecian ship,
And pour'd at large along the field of Troy,
One only Chief — and he, too, like yourself,
At first with little stomach for the cause —
The wise Odysseus — once in harness, he
With all his might pull'd in the yoke with me,

1 Dr. Donaldson tells us in his Varronianus (says Paley) that the Lion was the symbol of the Atreidæ; and Pausanias writes that part of the ancient walls of Mycenæ was yet standing in his day, and Lions on the gate. Wordsworth's Athens says the Lion was often set up to commemorate a victory.

2 "About the setting of the Pleiades," is about the end of Autumn.

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Through envy, obloquy, and opposition:
And in Odysseus' honour, live or dead—
For yet we know not which—shall this be said.
Of which enough. For other things of moment
To which you point, or human or divine,
We shall forthwith consider and adjudge
In seasonable council; what is well,
Or in our absence well deserving, well
Establish and requite; what not, redress
With salutary caution; or, if need,
With the sharp edge of Justice; and to health
Restore, and right, our ailing Commonwealth.
Now, first of all, by my own altar-hearth
To thank the Gods for my return, and pray
That Victory, which thus far by my side
Has flown with us, with us may still abide.

Enter CLYTEMNESTRA *from the Palace.*

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Oh Men of Argos, count it not a shame
If a fond wife, and one whom riper years
From Youth's becoming bashfulness excuse,
Dares own her love before the face of men;
Nor leaving it for others to enhance,
Simply declares the wretched widowhood
Which these ten years she has endured, since first

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Her husband Agamemnon went to Troy.
'T is no light matter, let me tell you, Sirs,
A woman left in charge of house and home—
And when that house and home a Kingdom—and
She left alone to rule it—and ten years!
Beside dissent and discontent at home,
Storm'd from abroad with contrary reports,
Now fair, now foul; but still as time wore on
Growing more desperate; as dangerous
Unto the widow'd kingdom as herself.
Why, had my husband there but half the wounds
Fame stabbed him with, he were before me now,
Not the whole man we see him, but a body
Gash'd into network; aye, or had he died
But half as often as Report gave out,
He would have needed thrice the cloak of earth
To cover him, that triple Geryon
Lies buried under in the world below.
Thus, back and forward baffled, and at last
So desperate—that, if I be here alive
To tell the tale, no thanks to me for that,
Whose hands had twisted round my neck the noose
Which others loosen'd—my Orestes too
In whose expanding manhood day by day
My Husband I perused—and, by the way,
Whom wonder not, my Lord, not seeing here;
My simple mother-love, and jealousy

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Of civic treason — ever as you know,
Most apt to kindle when the lord away —
Having bestow'd him, out of danger's reach,
With Strophius of Phocis, wholly yours
Bound by the generous usages of war,
That make the once-won foe so fast a friend.
Thus, widow'd of my son as of his sire,
No wonder if I wept — not drops, but showers,
The ten years' night through which I watch'd in vain
The star that was to bring him back to me;
Or, if I slept, a sleep so thin as scared
Even at the slight incursion of the gnat;
And yet more thick with visionary terrors
Than thrice the waking while had occupied.
Well, I have borne all this: all this have borne,
Without a grudge against the wanderer
Whose now return makes more than rich amends
For all ungrateful absence — Agamemnon,
My Lord and Husband; Lord of Argos; Troy's
Confounder; Mainstay of the realm of Greece;
And Master-column of the house of Atreus —
Oh wonder not if I accumulate
All honour and endearment on his head!
If to his country, how much more to me,
Welcome, as land to sailors long at sea,
Or water in the desert; whose return
Is fire to the forsaken winter-hearth;

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Whose presence, like the rooted Household Tree
That, winter-dead so long, anew puts forth
To shield us from the Dogstar, what time Zeus
Wrings the tart vintage into blissful juice.
Down from the chariot thou standest in,
Crown'd with the flaming towers of Troy, descend,
And to this palace, rich indeed with thee,
But beggar-poor without, return! And ye,
My women, carpet all the way before,
From the triumphal carriage to the door,
With all the gold and purple in the chest
Stor'd these ten years; and to what purpose stor'd,
Unless to strow the footsteps of their Lord
Returning to his unexpected rest!

AGAMEMNON.

Daughter of Leda, Mistress of my house,
Beware lest loving Welcome of your Lord,
Measuring itself by his protracted absence,
Exceed the bound of rightful compliment,
And better left to other lips than yours.
Address me not, address me not, I say
With dust-adoring adulation, meeter
For some barbarian Despot from his slave;
Nor with invidious Purple strew my way,
Fit only for the footstep of a God
Lighting from Heav'n to earth. Let whoso will

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Trample their glories underfoot, not I.
Woman, I charge you, honour me no more
Than as the man I am; if honour-worth,
Needing no other trapping but the fame
Of the good deed I clothe myself withal;
And knowing that, of all their gifts to man,
No greater gift than Self-sobriety
The Gods vouchsafe him in the race of life:
Which, after thus far running, if I reach
The goal in peace, it shall be well for me.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Why, how think you old Priam would have walk'd
Had he return'd to Troy your conqueror,
As you to Hellas his?

AGAMEMNON.

What then? Perhaps
Voluptuary Asiatic-like,
On gold and purple.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Well, and grudging this,
When all that out before your footstep flows
Ebbs back into the treasury again;
Think how much more, had Fate the tables turn'd,
Irrevocably from those coffers gone,

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For those barbarian feet to walk upon,
To buy your ransom back?

AGAMEMNON.

Enough, enough!
I know my reason.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

What! the jealous God?
Or, peradventure, yet more envious Man?

AGAMEMNON.

And *that* of no small moment.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

No; the one
Sure proof of having won what others would.

AGAMEMNON.

No matter — Strife but ill becomes a woman.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

And frank submission to her simple wish
How well becomes the Soldier in his strength?

AGAMEMNON.

And I must then submit?

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CLYTEMNESTRA.

Aye, Agamemnon,
Deny me not this first Desire on this
First Morning of your long-desired Return.

AGAMEMNON.

But not till I have put these sandals off,
That, slave-like, too officiously would pander
Between the purple and my dainty feet.
For fear, for fear indeed, some Jealous eye
From heav'n above, or earth below, should strike
The Man who walks the earth Immortal-like.
So much for that. For this same royal maid,
Cassandra, daughter of King Priamus,
And whom, as flower of all the spoil of Troy,
The host of Hellas dedicates to me;
Entreat her gently; knowing well that none
But submit hardly to a foreign yoke;
And those of Royal blood most hardly broke.
That if I sin thus trampling underfoot
A woof in which the Heav'ns themselves are dyed,
The jealous God may less resent his crime,
Who mingles human mercy with his pride.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

The Sea there is, and shall the sea be dried?
Fount inexhaustibler of purple grain

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Than all the wardrobes of the world could drain;
And Earth there is, whose dusky closets hide
The precious metal wherewith not in vain
The Gods themselves this Royal house provide;
For what occasion worthier, or more meet,
Than now to carpet the victorious feet
Of Him who, thus far having done their will,
Shall now their last About-to-be fulfil?

[AGAMEMNON *descends from his chariot, and goes with* CLYTEMNESTRA *into the house,* CASSANDRA *remaining.*]

CHORUS.

About the nations runs a saw,
That Over-good ill-fortune breeds;
And true that, by the mortal law,
Fortune her spoilt children feeds
To surfeit, such as sows the seeds
Of Insolence, that, as it grows,
The flower of Self-repentance blows.
And true that Virtue often leaves
The marble walls and roofs of kings,
And underneath the poor man's eaves
On smoky rafter folds her wings.

II.

Thus the famous city, flown
With insolence, and overgrown,

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Is humbled: all her splendour blown
To smoke: her glory laid in dust;
Who shall say by doom unjust?
But should He to whom the wrong
Was done, and Zeus himself made strong
To do the vengeance He decreed —
At last returning with the meed
He wrought for — should the jealous Eye
That blights full-blown prosperity
Pursue him — then indeed, indeed,
Man should hoot and scare aloof
Good-fortune lighting on the roof;
Yea, even Virtue's self forsake
If Glory follow'd in the wake;
Seeing bravest, best, and wisest
But the playthings of a day,
Which a shadow can trip over,
And a breath can puff away.

CLYTEMNESTRA *(re-entering)*.

Yet for a moment let me look on her —
This, then, is Priam's daughter —
Cassandra, and a Prophetess, whom Zeus
Has giv'n into my hands to minister
Among my slaves. Didst thou prophesy that?
Well — some more famous have so fall'n before —

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Ev'n Herakles, the son of Zeus, they say
Was sold, and bow'd his shoulder to the yoke.

CHORUS.

And, if needs must a captive, better far
Of some old house that affluent Time himself
Has taught the measure of prosperity,
Than drunk with sudden superfluity.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Ev'n so. You hear? Therefore at once descend
From that triumphal chariot — And yet
She keeps her station still, her laurel on,
Disdaining to make answer.

CHORUS.

Nay, perhaps,
Like some stray swallow blown across the seas,
Interpreting no twitter but her own.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

But, if barbarian, still interpreting
The universal language of the hand.

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CHORUS.

Which yet again she does not seem to see,
Staring before her with wide-open eyes
As in a trance.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Aye, aye, a prophetess —
Wench of Apollo once, and now — the King's!
A time will come for her. See you to it:
A greater business now is on my hands:
For lo! the fire of Sacrifice is lit,
And the grand victim by the altar stands.
[*Exit* CLYTEMNESTRA.

CHORUS *(continuing)*.

Still a mutter'd and half-blind
Superstition haunts mankind,
That, by some divine decree
Yet by mortal undivin'd,
Mortal Fortune must not over-
Leap the bound he cannot see;
For that even wisest labour
Lofty-building, builds to fall,
Evermore a jealous neighbour
Undermining floor and wall.
So that on the smoothest water

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Sailing, in a cloudless sky,
The wary merchant overboard
Flings something of his precious hoard
To pacify the jealous eye,
That will not suffer man to swell
Over human measure. Well,
As the Gods have order'd we
Must take — I know not — let it be.
But, by rule of retribution,
Hidden, too, from human eyes,
Fortune in her revolution,
If she fall, shall fall to rise:
And the hand of Zeus dispenses
Even measure in the main:
One short harvest recompenses
With a glut of golden grain;
So but men in patience wait
Fortune's counter-revolution
Axled on eternal Fate;
And the Sisters three that twine,
Cut not short the vital line;
For indeed the purple seed
Of life once shed —

CASSANDRA.

Phœbus Apollo!

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CHORUS.

Hark!

The lips at last unlocking.

CASSANDRA.

Phœbus! Phœbus!

CHORUS.

Well, what of Phœbus, maiden? though a name
'T is but disparagement to call upon
In misery.

CASSANDRA.

Apollo! Apollo! Again!
Oh, the burning arrow through the brain!
Phœbus Apollo! Apollo!

CHORUS.

Seemingly
Possess'd indeed — whether by —

CASSANDRA.

Phœbus! Phœbus!
Thorough trampled ashes, blood, and fiery rain,
Over water seething, and behind the breathing

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Warhorse in the darkness — till you rose again,
Took the helm — took the rein —

CHORUS.

As one that half asleep at dawn recalls
A night of Horror!

CASSANDRA.

Hither, whither, Phœbus? And with whom,
Leading me, lighting me —

CHORUS.

I can answer that —

CASSANDRA.

Down to what slaughter-house!
Foh! the smell of carnage through the door
Scares me from it — drags me tow'rd it —
Phœbus! Apollo! Apollo!

CHORUS.

One of the dismal prophet-pack, it seems,
That hunt the trail of blood. But here at fault —
This is no den of slaughter, but the house
Of Agamemnon.

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CASSANDRA.

Down upon the towers
Phantoms of two mangled Children hover—and a famish'd man,
At an empty table glaring, seizes and devours!

CHORUS.

Thyestes and his children! Strange enough
For any maiden from abroad to know,
Or, knowing —

CASSANDRA.

And look! in the chamber below
The terrible Woman, listening, watching,
Under a mask, preparing the blow
In the fold of her robe —

CHORUS.

Nay, but again at fault:
For in the tragic story of this House —
Unless, indeed, the fatal Helen —
No woman —

CASSANDRA.

No Woman — Tisiphone! Daughter
Of Tartarus — love-grinning Woman above,

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Dragon-tail'd under—honey-tongued, Harpy-claw'd,
Into the glittering meshes of slaughter
She wheedles, entices, him into the poisonous
Fold of the serpent —

CHORUS.

Peace, mad woman, peace!
Whose stony lips once open vomit out
Such uncouth horrors.

CASSANDRA.

I tell you the lioness
Slaughters the Lion asleep; and lifting
Her blood-dripping fangs buried deep in his mane,
Glaring about her insatiable, bellowing,
Bounds hither—Phœbus, Apollo, Apollo, Apollo!
Whither have you led me, under night alive with fire,
Through the trampled ashes of the city of my sire,
From my slaughtered kinsmen, fallen throne, insulted shrine,
Slave-like to be butcher'd, the daughter of a Royal line!

CHORUS.

And so returning, like a nightingale
Returning to the passionate note of woe
By which the silence first was broken!

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CASSANDRA.

Oh,
A nightingale, a nightingale, indeed,
That, as she "Itys! Itys! Itys!" so
I "Helen! Helen! Helen!" having sung
Amid my people, now to those who flung
And trampled on the nest, and slew the young,
Keep crying "Blood! blood! blood!" and none will heed!
Now what for me is this prophetic weed,
And what for me is this immortal crown,
Who like a wild swan from Scamander's reed
Chaunting her death-song float Cocytus-down?
There let the fatal Leaves to perish lie!
To perish, or enrich some other brow
With that all-fatal gift of Prophecy
They palpitated under Him who now,
Checking his flaming chariot in mid sky,
With divine irony sees disadorn
The wretch his love has made the people's scorn,
The raving quean, the mountebank, the scold,
Who, wrapt up in the ruin she foretold
With those who would not listen, now descends
To that dark kingdom where his empire ends.

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CHORUS.

Strange that Apollo should the laurel wreath
Of Prophecy he crown'd your head withal
Himself disgrace. But something have we heard
Of some divine revenge for slighted love.

CASSANDRA.

Aye — and as if in malice to attest
With one expiring beam of Second-sight
Wherewith his victim he has curs'd and blest,
Ere quencht for ever in descending night;
As from behind a veil no longer peeps
The Bride of Truth, nor from their hidden deeps
Darkle the waves of Prophecy, but run
Clear from the very fountain of the Sun.
Ye call'd — and rightly call'd me — bloodhound; ye
That like old lagging dogs in self-despite
Must follow up the scent with me; with me,
Who having smelt the blood about this house
Already spilt, now bark of more to be.
For, though you hear them not, the infernal Choir
Whose dread antiphony forswears the lyre,
Who now are chaunting of that grim carouse
Of blood with which the children fed their Sire,
Shall never from their dreadful chorus stop
Till all be counter-pledg'd to the last drop.

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CHORUS.

Hinting at what indeed has long been done,
And widely spoken, no Apollo needs;
And for what else you aim at — still in dark
And mystic language —

CASSANDRA.

Nay, then, in the speech,
She that reproved me was so glib to teach —
Before yon Sun a hand's-breadth in the skies
He moves in shall have moved, those age-sick eyes
Shall open wide on Agamemnon slain
Before your very feet. Now, speak I plain?

CHORUS.

Blasphemer, hush!

CASSANDRA.

Aye, hush the mouth you may,
But not the murder.

CHORUS.

Murder! But the Gods —

CASSANDRA.

The Gods!
Who now abet the bloody work within!

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CHORUS.

Woman! —The Gods! — Abet with whom?—

CASSANDRA.

With Her,
Who brandishing aloft the axe of doom,
That just has laid one victim at her feet,
Looks round her for that other, without whom
The banquet of revenge were incomplete.
Yet ere I fall will I prelude the strain
Of Triumph, that in full I shall repeat
When, looking from the twilight Underland,
I welcome Her as she descends amain,
Gash'd like myself, but by a dearer hand.
For that old murder'd Lion with me slain,
Rolling an awful eyeball through the gloom
He stalks about of Hades up to Day,
Shall rouse the whelp of exile far away,
His only authentic offspring, ere the grim
Wolf crept between his Lioness and him;
Who, with one stroke of Retribution, her
Who did the deed, and her adulterer,
Shall drive to hell; and then, himself pursued
By the wing'd Furies of his Mother's blood,
Shall drag about the yoke of Madness, till
Releas'd, when Nemesis has gorg'd her fill,

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By that same God, in whose prophetic ray
Viewing To-morrow mirror'd as To-day,
And that this House of Atreus the same wine
Themselves must drink they brew'd for me and mine:
I close my lips for ever with one prayer,
That the dark Warder of the World below
Would ope the portal at a single blow.

CHORUS.

And the raving voice, that rose
  Out of silence into speech
  Out-ascending human reach,
Back to silence foams and blows,
  Leaving all my bosom heaving —
Wrath and raving all, one knows;
Prophet-seeming, but if ever
  Of the Prophet-God possest,
  By the Prophet's self confest
God-abandon'd — woman's shrill
Anguish into tempest rising
Louder as less listen'd.
  Still —
Spite of Reason, spite of Will,
What unwelcome, what unholy,
Vapour of prognostic, slowly
Rising from the central soul's

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Recesses, all in darkness rolls?
What! shall Age's torpid ashes
Kindle at the random spark
Of a raving maiden?— Hark!
What was that behind the wall?
A heavy blow — a groan — a fall —
Some one crying — Listen further —
Hark again then, crying "Murder!"
Some one — who then? Agamemnon?
Agamemnon?— Hark again!
Murder! murder! murder! murder!
Help within there! Help without there!
Break the doors in!—

CLYTEMNESTRA.

(Appearing from within, where lies AGAMEMNON *dead.)*[1]

Spare your pain.
Look! I who but just now before you all
Boasted of loyal wedlock unashamed,
Now unashamed dare boast the contrary.
Why, how else should one compass the defeat
Of him who underhand contrives one's own,
Unless by such a snare of circumstance
As, once enmesht, he never should break through?

[1] Herman says, "Tractis tabulatis" — the scene *drawing* — "conspicitur Clytemnestra in conclavi stans ad corpus Agamemnonis."

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The blow now struck was not the random blow
Of sudden passion, but with slow device
Prepared, and levell'd with the hand of time.
I say it who devised it; I who did;
And now stand here to face the consequence.
Aye, in a deadlier web than of that loom
In whose blood-purple he divined his doom,
And fear'd to walk upon, but walk'd at last,
Entangling him inextricably fast,
I smote him, and he bellow'd; and again
I smote, and with a groan his knees gave way;
And, as he fell before me, with a third
And last libation from the deadly mace
I pledg'd the crowning draught to Hades due,
That subterranean Saviour — of the Dead![1]
At which he spouted up the Ghost in such
A burst of purple as, bespatter'd with,
No less did I rejoice than the green ear
Rejoices in the largess of the skies
That fleeting Iris follows as it flies.

CHORUS.

Oh woman, woman, woman!
By what accursèd root or weed
Of Earth, or Sea, or Hell, inflamed,

1 At certain Ceremonies, the Third and crowning Libation was to *Zeus* Sotĕr; and thus ironically to Pluto.

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Dar'st stand before us unashamed
And, daring do, dare glory in the deed!

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Oh, I that dream'd the fall of Troy, as you
Belike of Troy's destroyer. Dream or not,
Here lies your King — my Husband — Agamemnon,
Slain by this right hand's righteous handicraft.
Like you, or like it not, alike to me;
To me alike whether or not you share
In making due libation over this
Great Sacrifice — if ever due, from him
Who, having charg'd so deep a bowl of blood,
Himself is forced to drink it to the dregs.

CHORUS.

Woman, what blood but that of Troy, which Zeus
Foredoom'd for expiation by his hand
For whom the penalty was pledg'd? And now,
Over his murder'd body, Thou
Talk of libation! — Thou! Thou! Thou!
But mark! Not thine of sacred wine
Over his head, but ours on thine
Of curse and groan, and torn-up stone,
To slay or storm thee from the gate,
The City's curse, the People's hate,
Execrate, exterminate —

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CLYTEMNESTRA.

Aye, aye, to me how lightly you adjudge
Exile or death, and never had a word
Of counter-condemnation for Him there;
Who, when the field throve with the proper flock
For Sacrifice, forsooth let be the beast,
And with his own hand his own innocent
Blood, and the darling passion of my womb—
Her slew — to lull a peevish wind of Thrace.
And him who curs'd the city with that crime
You hail with acclamation; but on me,
Who only do the work you should have done,
You turn the axe of condemnation. Well;
Threaten you me, I take the challenge up;
Here stand we face to face; win Thou the game,
And take the stake you aim at; but if I—
Then, by the Godhead that for me decides,
Another lesson you shall learn, though late.

CHORUS.

Man-mettled evermore, and now
Manslaughter-madden'd! Shameless brow!
But do you think us deaf and blind
  Not to know, and long ago,
What Passion under all the prate
Of holy justice made thee hate
Where Love was due, and love where —

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CLYTEMNESTRA.

Nay, then, hear!
By this dead Husband, and the reconciled
Avenging Fury of my slaughter'd child,
I swear I will not reign the slave of fear
While he that holds me, as I hold him, dear,
Kindles his fire upon this hearth: my fast
Shield for the time to come, as of the past.
Yonder lies he that in the honey'd arms
Of his Chryseides under Troy walls
Dishonour'd mine: and this last laurell'd wench,
This prophet-messmate of the rower's bench,
Thus far in triumph his, with him along
Shall go, together chaunting one death-song
To Hades — fitting garnish for the feast
Which Fate's avenging hand through mine has drest.

CHORUS.

Woe, woe, woe, woe!
That death as sudden as the blow
That laid Thee low would me lay low
Where low thou liest, my sovereign Lord!
Who ten years long to Trojan sword
Devoted, and to storm aboard,
In one ill woman's cause accurst,
Liest slain before thy palace door
By one accursedest and worst!

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CLYTEMNESTRA.

Call not on Death, old man, that, call'd or no,
Comes quick; nor spend your ebbing breath on me,
Nor Helena: who but as arrows be
Shot by the hidden hand behind the bow.

CHORUS.

Alas, alas! The Curse I know
That round the House of Atreus clings,
About the roof, about the walls,
Shrouds it with his sable wings;
And still as each new victim falls,
And gorg'd with kingly gore,
Down on the bleeding carcase flings,
And croaks for "More, more, more!"

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Aye, now, indeed, you harp on likelier strings.
Not I, nor Helen, but that terrible
Alastor of old Tantalus in Hell;
Who, one sole actor in the scene begun
By him, and carried down from sire to son,
The mask of Victim and Avenger shifts:
And, for a last catastrophe, that grim
Guest of the abominable banquet lifts
His head from Hell, and in my person cries

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For one full-grown sufficient sacrifice,
Requital of the feast prepared for him
Of his own flesh and blood— And there it lies.

CHORUS.

Oh, Agamemnon! Oh, my Lord!
Who, after ten years toil'd;
After barbarian lance and sword
Encounter'd, fought, and foil'd;
Returning with the just award
Of Glory, thus inglorious by
Thine own domestic Altar die,
Fast in the spider meshes coil'd
Of Treason most abhorr'd!

CLYTEMNESTRA.

And by what retribution more complete,
Than, having in the meshes of deceit
Enticed my child, and slain her like a fawn
Upon the altar; to that altar drawn
Himself, like an unconscious beast, full-fed
With Conquest, and the garland on his head,
Is slain; and now, gone down among the Ghost,
Of taken Troy indeed may make the most,
But not *one* unrequited murder boast.

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CHORUS.

Oh, Agamemnon, dead, dead, dead, dead, dead!
What hand, what pious hand shall wash the wound
Through which the sacred spirit ebb'd and fled!
With reverend care compose, and to the ground
Commit the mangled form of Majesty,
And pour the due libation o'er the mound!

CLYTEMNESTRA.

This hand, that struck the guilty life away,
The guiltless carcase in the dust shall lay
With due solemnities: and if with no
Mock tears, or howling counterfeit of woe,
On this side earth; perhaps the innocent thing,
Whom with paternal love he sent before,
Meeting him by the melancholy shore,
Her arms about him with a kiss shall fling,
And lead him to his shadowy throne below.

CHORUS.

Alas! alas! the fatal rent
Which through the House of Atreus went,
Gapes again; a purple rain
Sweats the marble floor, and falls
From the tottering roof and walls,
The Dæmon heaving under; gone

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The master-prop they rested on:
And the storm once more awake
Of Nemesis; of Nemesis
Whose fury who shall slake!

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Ev'n I; who by this last grand victim hope
The Pyramid of Vengeance so to cope,
That—and methinks I hear him in the deep
Beneath us growling tow'rd his rest—the stern
Alastor to some other roof may turn,
Leaving us here at last in peace to keep
What of life's harvest yet remains to reap.

CHORUS.

Thou to talk of reaping Peace
Who sowest Murder! Woman, cease!
And, despite that iron face—
Iron as the bloody mace
Thou bearest—boasting as if Vengeance
Centred in that hand alone;
Know that, Fury pledg'd to Fury,
Vengeance owes himself the debts
He makes, and while he serves thee, whets
His knife upon another stone,
Against thyself, and him with thee

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Colleaguing, as you boast to be,
The tools of Fate. But Fate is Zeus;
Zeus — who for awhile permitting
Sin to prosper in his name,
Shall vindicate his own abuse;
And having brought his secret thought
To light, shall break and fling to shame
The baser tools with which he wrought.

ÆGISTHUS: CLYTEMNESTRA: CHORUS.

All hail, thou daybreak of my just revenge!
In which, as waking from injurious sleep,
Methinks I recognise the Gods enthroned
In the bright conclave of eternal Justice,
Revindicate the wrongs of man to man!
For see *this* man — so dear to me now dead —
Caught in the very meshes of the snare
By which his father Atreus netted mine.
For that same Atreus surely, was it not?
Who, when the question came of, Whose the throne?
From Argos out his younger brother drove,
My sire — Thyestes — drove him like a wolf,
Keeping his cubs — save one — to better purpose.
For when at last the home-heartbroken man
Crept humbly back again, craving no more
Of his own country than to walk its soil

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In liberty, and of her fruits as much
As not to starve withal — the savage King,
With damnable alacrity of hate,
And reconciliation of revenge,
Bade him, all smiles, to supper — such a supper,
Where the prime dainty was — my brother's flesh,
So maim'd and clipt of human likelihood,
That the unsuspecting Father, light of heart,
And quick of appetite, at once fell to,
And ate — ate — what, with savage irony
As soon as eaten, told — the wretched man
Disgorging with a shriek, down to the ground
The table with its curst utensil dashed,
And, grinding into pieces with his heel,
Cried, loud enough for Heav'n and Hell to hear,
"Thus perish all the race of Pleisthenes!"
And now behold! the son of that same Atreus
By me the son of that Thyestes slain
Whom the kind brother, sparing from the cook,
Had with his victim pack'd to banishment;
Where Nemesis — (so sinners from some nook,
Whence least they think assailable, assailed) —
Rear'd me from infancy till fully grown,
To claim in full my father's bloody due.
Aye, I it was — none other — far away
Who spun the thread, which gathering day by day,
Mesh after mesh, inch upon inch, at last

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Reach'd him, and wound about him, as he lay,
And in the supper of his smoking Troy
Devour'd his own destruction — scarce condign
Return for that his Father forc'd on mine.

CHORUS.

Ægisthus, only creatures of base breed
Insult the fallen; fall'n too, as you boast,
By one who plann'd but dared not do the deed.
This is your hour of triumph. But take heed;
The blood of Atreus is not all outrun
With this slain King, but flowing in a son,
Who saved by such an exile as your own
For such a counter-retribution —

ÆGISTHUS.

Oh,
You then, the nether benchers of the realm,
Dare open tongue on those who rule the helm?
Take heed yourselves; for, old and dull of wit,
And harden'd as your mouth against the bit,
Be wise in time; kick not against the spurs;
Remembering Princes are shrewd taskmasters.

CHORUS.

Beware thyself, bewaring me;
Remembering that, too sharply stirred,

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The spurrer need beware the spurred;
As thou of me; whose single word
Shall rouse the City — yea, the very
Stones you walk upon, in thunder
Gathering o'er your head, to bury
Thee and thine Adult'ress under!

ÆGISTHUS.

Raven, that with croaking jaws
Unorphean, undivine,
After you no City draws;
And if any vengeance, mine
Upon your wither'd shoulders —

CHORUS.

Thine!
Who daring not to strike the blow
Thy worse than woman-craft design'd,
To worse than woman —

ÆGISTHUS.

Soldiers, ho!

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Softly, good Ægisthus, softly; let the sword that has
so deep

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Drunk of righteous Retribution now within the scabbard sleep!
And if Nemesis be sated with the blood already spilt,
Even so let us, nor carry lawful Justice into Guilt.
Sheath your sword; dismiss your spears; and you, old men, your howling cease,
And, ere ill blood come to running, each unto his home in peace,
Recognising what is done for done indeed, as done it is,
And husbanding your scanty breath to pray that nothing more amiss.
Farewell. Meanwhile, you and I, Ægisthus, shall deliberate,
When the storm is blowing over, how to settle House and State.

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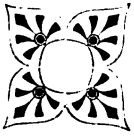

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EUPHRANOR.

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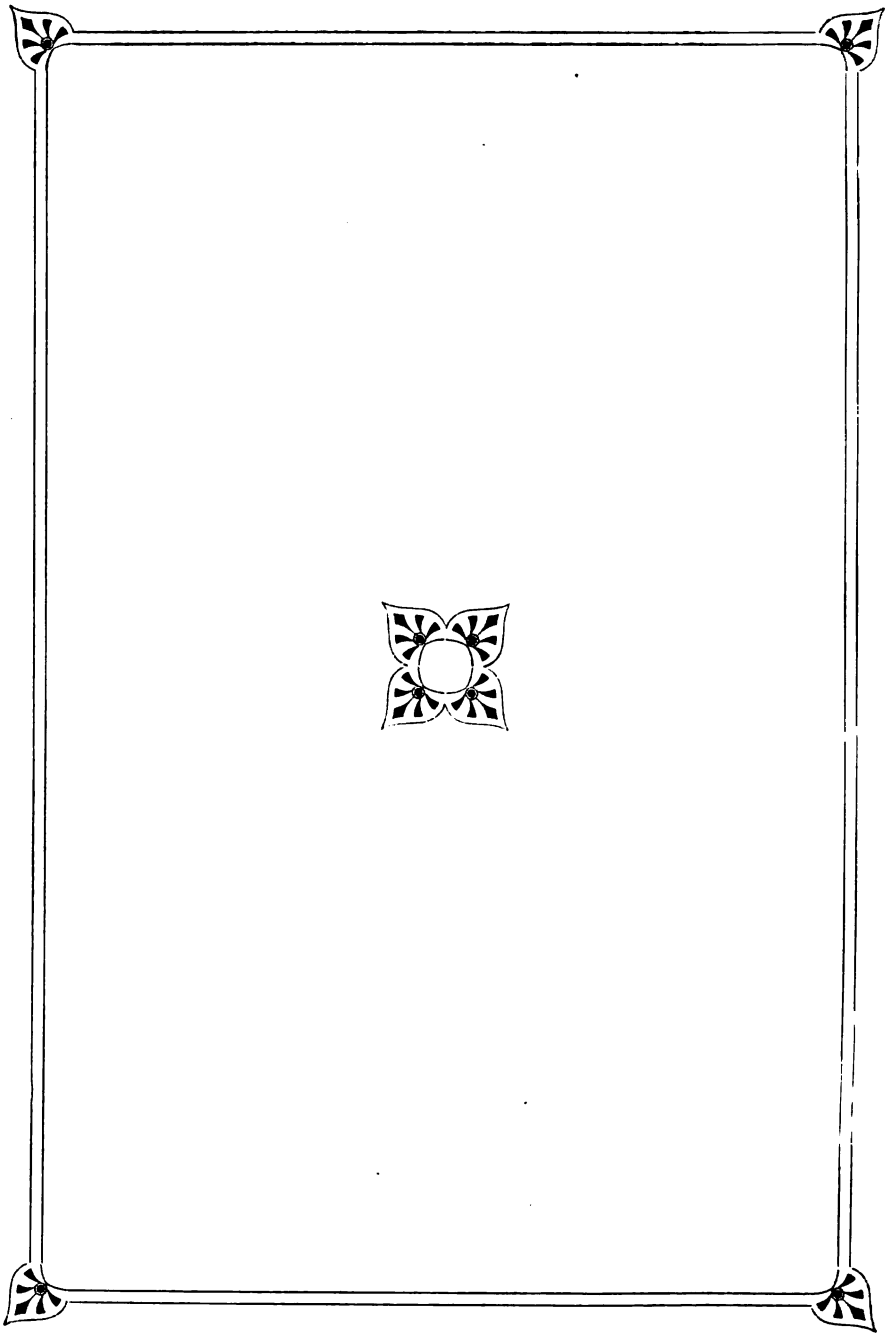

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EUPHRANOR,

A MAY-DAY CONVERSATION AT CAMBRIDGE.

"'TIS FORTY YEARS SINCE."

[*Written in the forties (see reference to Wordsworth's age on p. 311); first published in 1851; again in 1854; now reprinted from the undated private impression (of 1871?) made by Billing and Son at Guildford.*]

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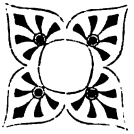

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EUPHRANOR.

DURING the time of my pretending to practise Medicine at Cambridge, I was aroused, one fine forenoon of May, by the sound of some one coming up my staircase, two or three steps at a time it seemed to me; then, directly after, a smart rapping at the door; and, before I could say "Come in," Euphranor had opened it, and, striding up to me, seized my arm with his usual eagerness, and told me I must go out with him—"It was such a day—sun shining—breeze blowing—hedges and trees in full leaf.—He had been to Chesterton, (he said,) and pull'd back with a man who now left him in the lurch; and I must take his place." I told him what a poor hand at the oar I was, and, such walnut-shells as these Cambridge boats were, I was sure a strong fellow like him must rejoice in getting a whole Eight-oar to himself once in a while. He laughed, and said, "The pace, the pace was the thing—However, that was all nothing, but—in short, I must go with him, whether for a row, or a walk in the fields, or a game of Billiards at Chesterton—whatever I liked—only go I must." After a little more banter, about some possible Patients, I got up; closed some very weary medical

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Treatise I was reading; on with coat and hat; and in three minutes we had run downstairs, out into the open air; where both of us calling out together "What a day!" it was, we struck out briskly for the old Wooden Bridge, where Euphranor said his boat was lying.

"By-the-by," said I, as we went along, "it would be a charity to knock up poor Lexilogus, and carry him along with us."

Not much of a charity, Euphranor thought—Lexilogus would so much rather be left with his books. Which I declared was the very reason he should be taken from them; and Euphranor, who was quite good-humour'd, and wish'd Lexilogus all well (for we were all three Yorkshiremen, whose families lived no great distance asunder), easily consented. So, without more ado, we turn'd into Trinity Great gate, and round by the right up a staircase to the attic where Lexilogus kept.

The door was *sported*, as they say, but I knew he must be within; so, using the privilege of an old friend, I shouted to him through the letter-slit. Presently we heard the sound of books falling, and soon after Lexilogus' thin, pale, and spectacled face appear'd at the half-open'd door. He was always glad to see me, I believe, howsoever I disturb'd him; and he smiled as he laid his hand in mine, rather than return'd its pressure: working hard, as he was, poor fellow, for a Fellowship that should repay all the expense of sending him to College.

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The tea-things were still on the table, and I asked him (though I knew well enough) if he were so fashionable as only just to have breakfasted?

"Oh—long ago—directly after morning Chapel."

I then told him he must put his books away, and come out on the river with Euphranor and myself.

"He could not possibly," he thought;—"not so early, at least—preparing for some Examination, or course of Lectures——"

"Come, come, my good fellow," said Euphranor, "that is the very reason, says the Doctor; and he will have his way. So make haste."

I then told him (what I then suddenly remember'd) that, beside other reasons, his old Aunt, a Cambridge tradesman's widow whom I attended, and whom Lexilogus help'd to support out of his own little savings, wanted to see him on some business. He should go with us to Chesterton, where she lodged; visit her while Euphranor and I play'd a game or two of Billiards at the Inn; and afterwards (for I knew how little of an oars-man he was) we would all three take a good stretch into the Fields together.

He supposed "we should be back in good time"; about which I would make no condition; and he then resign'd himself to Destiny. While he was busy changing and brushing his clothes, Euphranor, who had walk'd somewhat impatiently about the room, looking now at the books, and now through the window at some white pigeons wheeling about in the clear sky, went up

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to the mantelpiece and call'd out, "What a fine new pair of screens Lexilogus has got! the present, doubtless, of some fair Lady."

Lexilogus said they were a present from his sister on his birthday; and coming up to me, brush in hand, asked if I recognised the views represented on them?

"Quite well, quite well," I said—"the old Church—the Yew tree—the Parsonage—one cannot mistake them."

"And were they not beautifully done?"

And I answer'd without hesitation, "they were;" for I knew the girl who had painted them, and that (whatever they might be in point of Art) a still finer spirit had guided her hand.

At last, after a little hesitation as to whether he should wear cap and gown, (which I decided he should, for this time only, *not*,) Lexilogus was ready; and calling out on the staircase to some invisible Bed-maker, that his books should not be meddled with, we ran downstairs, crossed the Great Court—through the Screens, as they are call'd, perpetually travers'd by Gyp, Cook, Bed-maker, and redolent of perpetual Dinner;—and so, through the cloisters of Neville's Court, out upon the open green before the Library. The sun shone broad on the new-shaven expanse of grass, while holiday-seeming people saunter'd along the River-side, and under the trees, now flourishing in freshest green—the Chestnut especially in full fan, and leaning down his white cones over the sluggish current, which seem'd

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indeed fitter for the slow merchandise of coal, than to wash the walls and flow through the groves of Academe.

We now consider'd that we had miss'd our proper point of embarkation; but this was easily set right at a slight expense of College propriety. Euphranor calling out to some one who had his boat in charge along with others by the wooden bridge, we descended the grassy slope, stepp'd in, with due caution on the part of Lexilogus and myself, and settled the order of our voyage. Euphranor and I were to pull, and Lexilogus (as I at first proposed) to steer. But seeing he was somewhat shy of meddling in the matter, I agreed to take all the blame of my own awkwardness on myself.

"And just take care of this, will you, Lexilogus?" said Euphranor, handing him a book which fell out of the pocket of the coat he was taking off.

"Oh, books, books!" I exclaimed. "I thought we were to steer clear of them, at any rate. Now we shall have Lexilogus reading all the way, instead of looking about him, and inhaling the fresh air unalloy'd. What is it — Greek, Algebra, German, or what?"

"None of these, however," Euphranor said, "but only Digby's Godefridus"; and then asking me whether I was ready, and I calling out, "Ay, ay, Sir," our oars plash'd in the water. Safe through the main arch of Trinity bridge, we shot past the Library, I exerting myself so strenuously (as bad rowers are apt to do), that I almost drove the boat upon a very unobtrusive angle of the College buildings. This danger past, however, we got

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on better; Euphranor often looking behind him to anticipate our way, and counteracting with his experienced oar the many misdirections of mine. Amid all this, he had leisure to ask me if I knew those same Digby books?

"Some of them," I told him—"the 'Broad Stone of Honour,' for one; indeed I had the first Protestant edition of it, now very rare."

"But not so good as the enlarged Catholic," said Euphranor, "of which this Godefridus is part."

"Perhaps not," I replied; "but then, on the other hand, *not* so Catholic; which you and Lexilogus will agree with me is much in its favour."

Which I said slyly, because of Euphranor's being rather taken with the Oxford doctrine just then coming into vogue.

"You cannot forgive him that," said he.

"Nay, nay," said I, "one can forgive a true man anything."

And then Euphranor ask'd me, "Did I not remember Digby himself at College? — perhaps know him?"

"Not *that*," I answer'd, but remember'd him very well. "A grand, swarthy Fellow, who might have stept out of the canvas of some knightly portrait in his Father's hall — perhaps the living image of one sleeping under some cross-legg'd Effigies in the Church."

"And, Hare says, really the Knight at heart that he represented in his Books."

"At least," I answered, "he pull'd a very good stroke on this river, where I am now labouring so awkwardly."

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In which and other such talk, interrupted by the little accidents of our voyage, we had threaded our way through the closely-packt barges at Magdalen; through the Locks; and so for a pull of three or four miles down the river and back again to the Ferry; where we surrender'd our boat, and footed it over the fields to Chesterton, at whose Church we came just as its quiet chimes were preluding Twelve o'clock. Close by was the humble house whither Lexilogus was bound. I look'd in for a moment at the old lady, and left him with her, privately desiring him to join us as soon as he could at the Three Tuns Inn, which I preferr'd to any younger rival, because of the many pleasant hours I had spent there in my own College days, some twenty years ago.

When Euphranor and I got there, we found all the tables occupied; but one, as usual, would be at our service before long. Meanwhile, ordering some light ale after us, we went into the Bowling-green, with its Lilac bushes now in full bloom and full odour; and there we found, sitting alone upon a bench, Lycion, with a cigar in his mouth, and rolling the bowls about lazily with his foot.

"What! Lycion! and all alone!" I call'd out.

He nodded to us both — waiting, he said, till some men had finish'd a pool of billiards upstairs — a great bore — for it was only just begun! and one of the fellows "a man I particularly detest."

"Come and console yourself with some ale, then," said I. "Are you ever foolish enough to go pulling on the river, as we have been doing?"

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"Not very often in hot weather; he did not see the use," he said, "of perspiring to no purpose."

"Just so," replied I, "though Euphranor has not turn'd a hair, you see, owing to the good condition he is in. But here comes our liquor; and 'Sweet is Pleasure after Pain,' at any rate."

We then sat down in one of those little arbours cut into the Lilac bushes round the Bowling-green; and while Euphranor and I were quaffing each a glass of Home-brew'd, Lycion took up the volume of Digby, which Euphranor had laid on the table.

"Ah, Lycion," said Euphranor, putting down his glass, "there is one would have put you up to a longer and stronger pull than we have had to-day."

"Chivalry ——" said Lycion, glancing carelessly over the leaves; "Don't you remember,"—addressing me—"what an absurd thing that Eglinton Tournament was? What a complete failure! There was the Queen of Beauty on her throne—Lady Seymour—who alone of all the whole affair was *not* a sham—and the Heralds, and the Knights in full Armour on their horses—they had been practising for months, I believe—but unluckily, at the very moment of Onset, the rain began, and the Knights threw down their lances, and put up their umbrellas."

I laugh'd, and said I remembered something like it had occurr'd, though not to that umbrella-point, which I thought was a theatrical, or Louis Philippe Burlesque on the affair. And I asked Euphranor "what he had to say in defence of the Tournament"?

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"Nothing at all," he replied. "It *was* a silly thing, and fit to be laughed at for the very reason that it *was* a sham, as Lycion says. As Digby himself tells us," he went on, taking the Book, and rapidly turning over the leaves—"Here it is"—and he read: "'The error that leads men to doubt of this first proposition'—that is, you know, that Chivalry is not a thing past, but, like all things of Beauty, eternal—'the error that leads men to doubt of this first proposition consists of their supposing that Tournaments, steel Panoply, and Coat arms, and Aristocratic institutions, are essential to Chivalry; whereas, these are, in fact, only accidental attendants upon it, subject to the influence of Time, which changes all such things.'"

"I suppose," said Lycion, "your man — whatever his name is — would carry us back to the days of King Arthur, and the Seven Champions, whenever they were — that one used to read about when a Child? I thought Don Quixote had put an end to all that long ago."

"Well, *he*, at any rate," said Euphranor, "did not depend on fine Accoutrement for his Chivalry."

"Nay," said I, "but did he *not* believe in his rusty armour — perhaps even the paste-board Visor he fitted to it — as impregnable as the Cause ——"

"And some old Barber's bason as the Helmet of Mambrino," interposed Lycion ——

"And his poor Rocinante not to be surpass'd by the Bavieca of the Cid; believed in all this, I say, as really

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as in the Windmills and Wine-skins being the Giants and Sorcerers he was to annihilate?"

"To be sure he did," said Lycion; "but Euphranor's Round-table men — many of them great rascals, I believe — knew a real Dragon, or Giant — when they met him — better than Don Quixote."

"Perhaps, however," said I, who saw Euphranor's colour rising, "he and Digby would tell us that all such Giants and Dragons may be taken for Symbols of certain Forms of Evil which his Knights went about to encounter and exterminate."

"Of course," said Euphranor, with an indignant snort, "every Child knows that: then as now to be met with and put down in whatsoever shapes they appear as long as Tyranny and Oppression exist."

"Till finally extinguisht, as they crop up, by Euphranor and his Successors," said Lycion.

"Does not Carlyle somewhere talk to us of a 'Chivalry of Labour'?" said I; "that henceforward not '*Arms* and the Man,' but '*Tools* and the Man,' are to furnish the Epic of the world."

"Oh, well," said Lycion, "if the 'Table-Round' turn into a Tailor's Board — 'Charge, Chester, charge!' say I — only not exorbitantly for the Coat you provide for us — which indeed, like true Knights, I believe you should provide for us gratis."

"Yes, my dear fellow," said I, laughing, "but then *You* must not sit idle, smoking your cigar, in the midst of it; but, as your Ancestors led on mail'd troops at

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Agincourt, so must you put yourself, shears in hand, at the head of this Host, and become what Carlyle calls 'a Captain of Industry,' a Master-tailor, leading on a host of Journeymen to fresh fields and conquests new."

"Besides," said Euphranor, who did not like Carlyle, nor relish this sudden descent of his hobby, "surely Chivalry will never want a good Cause to maintain, whether private or public. As Tennyson says, King Arthur, who was carried away wounded to the island valley of Avilion, returns to us in the shape of a 'modern Gentleman'; and, the greater his Power and opportunity, the more demanded of him."

"Which you must bear in mind, Lycion," said I, "if ever you come to legislate for us in your Father's Borough."

"Or out of it, also," said Euphranor, "with something other than the Doctor's Shears at your side; as in case of any National call to Arms."

To this Lycion, however, only turn'd his cigar in his mouth by way of reply, and look'd somewhat superciliously at his Antagonist. And I, who had been looking into the leaves of the Book that Euphranor had left open, said:

"Here we are, as usual, discussing without having yet agreed on the terms we are using. Euphranor has told us, on the word of his Hero, what Chivalry is *not:* let him read us what it *is* that we are talking about."

I then handed him the Book to read to us, while Lycion, lying down on the grass, with his hat over his

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eyes, composed himself to inattention. And Euphranor read:

"'Chivalry is only a name for that general Spirit or state of mind which disposes men to Generous and Heroic actions; and keeps them conversant with all that is Beautiful and Sublime in the Intellectual and Moral world. It will be found that, in the absence of conservative principles, this Spirit more generally prevails in Youth than in the later periods of men's life: and, as the Heroic is always the earliest age in the history of nations, so Youth, the first period of life, may be considered as the Heroic or Chivalrous age of each separate Man; and there are few so unhappy as to have grown up without having experienced its influence, and having derived the advantage of being able to enrich their imagination, and to soothe their hours of sorrow, with its romantic recollections. The Anglo-Saxons distinguished the period between Childhood and Manhood by the term 'Cnihthad,' Knighthood: a term which still continued to indicate the connexion between Youth and Chivalry, when Knights were styled 'Children,' as in the historic song beginning

"Childe Rowlande to the dark tower came,"—

an excellent expression, no doubt;—for every Boy and Youth is, in his mind and sentiment, a Knight, and essentially a Son of Chivalry. Nature is fine in him. Nothing but the circumstances of a singular and most degrading system of Education can ever totally destroy

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the action of this general law. Therefore, so long as there has been, or shall be, a succession of sweet Springs in Man's Intellectual World; as long as there have been, or shall be, Young men to grow up to maturity; and until all Youthful life shall be dead, and its source withered up for ever; so long must there have been, and must there continue to be, the spirit of noble Chivalry. To understand therefore this first and, as it were, natural Chivalry, we have only to observe the features of the Youthful age, of which examples surround us. For, as Demipho says of young men:

> "Ecce autem similia omnia: omnes congruunt:
> Unum cognoris, omnes noris."

Mark the courage of him who is green and fresh in the Old world. Amyntas beheld and dreaded the insolence of the Persians; but not so Alexander, the son of Amyntas, ἅτε νέος τε ἐὼν καὶ κακῶν ἀπαθὴς (says Herodotus) οὐδαμῶς ἔτι κατέχειν ὁιός τε ἦν. When Jason had related to his companions the conditions imposed by the King, the first impression was that of horror and despondency; till Peleus rose up boldly, and said,

> Ὥρη μητιάασθαι ὅ χ' ἕξομεν· οὐ μὲν ἔολπα
> Βουλῆς εἶναι ὄνειαρ, ὅσον τ' ἐπὶ κάρτεϊ χειρῶν.

'If Jason be unwilling to attempt it, I and the rest will undertake the enterprise; for what more can we suffer than death?' And then instantly rose up Telamon and Idas, and the sons of Tyndarus, and Œnides, although

> ——οὐ δέ περ ὄσσον ἐπανθιόωντας ἰούλους
> Ἀντέλλων.

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But Argus, the Nestor of the party, restrained their impetuous valour.'"

"Scarce the Down upon their lips, you see," (said I,) "Freshmen;—so that you, Euphranor, who are now Bachelor of Arts, and whose upper lip at least begins to show the stubble of repeated harvests, are, alas, fast declining from that golden prime of Knighthood, while Lycion here, whose shavings might almost be counted ——"

Here Lycion, who had endured the reading with an occasional yawn, said he wish'd "those fellows upstairs would finish their pool."

"And see again," continued I, taking the book from Euphranor's hands—"after telling us that Chivalry is mainly but another name for Youth, Digby proceeds to define more particularly what *that* is—'It is a remark of Lord Bacon, that "for the Moral part, Youth will have the pre-eminence, as Age hath for the Politic;" and this has always been the opinion which is allied to that other belief, that the Heroic (the Homeric age) was the most Virtuous age of Greece. When Demosthenes was desirous of expressing any great and generous sentiment, he uses the term νεανικὸν φρόνημα'—and by the way," added I, looking up parenthetically from the book, "the Persians, I am told, employ the same word for Youth and Courage—'and it is the saying of Plautus when surprise is evinced at the Benevolence of an old man, "Benignitas hujus ut Adolescentuli est." There is no difference, says the Philosopher, between Youthful Age and Youth-

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ful Character; and what this is cannot be better evinced than in the very words of Aristotle: "The Young are ardent in Desire, and what they do is from Affection; they are tractable and delicate; they earnestly desire and are easily appeased; their wishes are intense, without comprehending much, as the thirst and hunger of the weary; they are passionate and hasty, and liable to be surprised by anger; for being ambitious of Honour, they cannot endure to be despised, but are indignant when they suffer injustice: they love Honour, but still more Victory; for Youth desires superiority, and victory is superiority, and both of these they love more than Riches; for as to these, of all things, they care for them the least. They are not of corrupt manners, but are Innocent, from not having beheld much wickedness; and they are credulous, from having been seldom deceived; and Sanguine in hope, for, like persons who are drunk with wine, they are inflamed by nature, and from their having had but little experience of Fortune. And they live by Hope, for Hope is of the future, but Memory is of the past, and to Youth the Future is everything, the Past but little; they hope all things, and remember nothing: and it is easy to deceive them, for the reasons which have been given; for they are willing to hope, and are full of Courage, being passionate and hasty, of which tempers it is the nature of one not to fear, and of the other to inspire confidence; and thus are easily put to Shame, for they have no resources to set aside the precepts which they have learned: and

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they have lofty souls, for they have never been disgraced or brought low; and they are unacquainted with Necessity; they prefer Honour to Advantage, Virtue to Expediency; for they live by Affection rather than by Reason, and Reason is concerned with Expediency, but Affection with Honour: and they are warm friends and hearty companions, more than other men, because they delight in Fellowship, and judge of nothing by Utility, and therefore not their friends; and they chiefly err in doing all things over much, for they keep no medium. They love much, and they dislike much, and so in everything, and this arises from their idea that they know everything. And their faults consist more in Insolence than in actual wrong; and they are full of Mercy, because they regard all men as good, and more virtuous than they are; for they measure others by their own Innocence; so that they suppose every man suffers wrongfully."' So that Lycion, you see," said I, looking up from the book, and tapping on the top of his hat, "is, in virtue of his eighteen Summers only, a Knight of Nature's own dubbing—yes, and here we have a list of the very qualities which constitute him one of the Order. And all the time he is pretending to be careless, indolent, and worldly, he is really bursting with suppressed Energy, Generosity, and Devotion."

"I did not try to understand your English any more than your Greek," said Lycion; "but if I can't help being the very fine Fellow whom I think you were

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reading about, why, I want to know what is the use of writing books about it for my edification."

"O yes, my dear fellow," said I, "it is like giving you an Inventory of your goods, which else you lose, or even fling away, in your march to Manhood—which you are so eager to reach. Only to repent when gotten there; for I see Digby goes on—'What is termed *Entering the World*'—which Manhood of course must do—'assuming its Principles and Maxims'—which usually follows—'is nothing else but departing into those regions to which the souls of the Homeric Heroes went sorrowing—

'ὀν πότμον γοόωσα, λιποῦσ' ἀνδροτῆτα καὶ ἥβην.'"

"Ah, you remember," said Euphranor, "how Lamb's friend, looking upon the Eton Boys in their Cricket-field, sighed 'to think of so many fine Lads so soon turning into frivolous Members of Parliament!'"

"But why 'frivolous'?" said Lycion.

"Ay, why 'frivolous'?" echoed I, "when entering on the Field where, Euphranor tells us, their Knightly service may be call'd into action."

"Perhaps," said Euphranor, "entering before sufficiently equipp'd for that part of their calling."

"Well," said Lycion, "the Laws of England determine otherwise, and that is enough for me, and, I suppose, for her, whatever your ancient or modern pedants say to the contrary."

"You mean," said I, "in settling Twenty-one as the

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Age of 'Discretion,' sufficient to manage, not your own affairs only, but those of the Nation also?"

The hat nodded.

"Not yet, perhaps, accepted for a Parliamentary Knight complete," said I, "so much as Squire to some more experienced, if not more valiant, Leader. Only providing that Neoptolemus do not fall into the hands of a too politic Ulysses, and under him lose that generous Moral, whose Inventory is otherwise apt to get lost among the benches of St. Stephen's — in spite of preliminary Prayer."

"Aristotle's Master, I think," added Euphranor, with some mock gravity, "would not allow any to become Judges in his Republic till near to middle life, lest acquaintance with Wrong should harden them into a distrust of Humanity: and acquaintance with Diplomacy is said to be little less dangerous."

"Though, by-the-way," interposed I, "was not Plato's Master accused of perplexing those simple Affections and Impulses of Youth by his Dialectic, and making premature Sophists of the Etonians of Athens?"

"By Aristophanes, you mean," said Euphranor, with no mock gravity now; "whose gross caricature help'd Anytus and Co. to that Accusation which ended in the murder of the best and wisest Man of all Antiquity."

"Well, perhaps," said I, "he had been sufficiently punish'd by that termagant Wife of his — whom, by-the-way, he may have taught to argue with him instead of to obey. Just as that Son of poor old Strepsiades, in

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what you call the Aristophanic Caricature, is taught to rebel against parental authority, instead of doing as he was bidden; as he would himself have the Horses to do that he was spending so much of his Father's money upon: and as we would have our own Horses, Dogs, and Children,—and young Knights."

"You have got your Heroes into fine company, Euphranor," said Lycion, who, while seeming inattentive to all that went against him, was quick enough to catch at any turn in his favour.

"Why, let me see," said I, taking up the book again, and running my eye over the passage—"yes,—'*Ardent of desire*,'—'*Tractable*,'—some of them at least—'*Without comprehending much*'—'*Ambitious*'—'*Despisers of Riches*'—'*Warm friends and hearty companions*'—really very characteristic of the better breed of Dogs and Horses. And why not? The Horse, you know, has given his very name to Chivalry, because of his association in the Heroic Enterprises of Men,—*El mas Hidalgo Bruto*, Calderon calls him. He was sometimes buried, I think, along with our heroic Ancestors—just as some favourite wife was buried along with her husband in the East. So the Muse sings of those who believe their faithful Dog will accompany them to the World of Spirits — as even some wise and good Christian men have thought it not impossible he may, not only because of his Moral, but ——."

"Well," said Euphranor, "we need not trouble ourselves about carrying the question quite so far."

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"Oh, do not drop your poor kinsman just when you are going into good Company," said Lycion.

"By-the-way, Lycion," said I, "has not your Parliament a 'Whipper-in' of its more dilatory members—or of those often of the younger ones, I think, who may be diverting themselves with some stray scent elsewhere?"

To this he only replied with a long whiff from his Cigar; but Euphranor said:

"Well, come, Lycion, let us take the Doctor at his word, and turn it against himself. For if you and I, in virtue of our Youth, are so inspired with all this Moral that he talks of—why, we—or, rather, you—*are* wanted in Parliament, not only to follow like Dog and Horse, as he pretends, but also to take the lead; so as the Generous counsel, the νεανικὸν φρόνημα, of Youth, may vivify and ennoble the cold Politic of Age."

"Well, I remember hearing of a young Senator," said I, "who in my younger days was celebrated for his faculty of Cock-crowing by way of waking up his more drowsy Seniors, I suppose, about the small hours of the morning—or, perhaps, in token of Victory over an unexpected Minority."

"No, no," said Euphranor, laughing, "I mean seriously; as in the passage we read from Digby, Amyntas, the Man of Policy, was wrong, and his son Alexander right."

But oddly enough, as I remember'd the story in Herodotus, by a device which smack'd more of Policy

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than Generosity. "But in the other case, Argus, I suppose, was not so wrong in restraining the impetuosity of his Youthful Crew, who,— is it not credibly thought?—would have fail'd, but for Medea's unexpected magical assistance?"

Euphranor was not clear about this.

"Besides," said I, "does not this very νεανικὸν φρόνημα of yours result from that νεανικὸν condition — ἔθος, do you call it? — of Body, in which Youth as assuredly profits as in the Moral, and which assuredly flows, as from a Fountain of 'Jouvence that rises and runs in the open' Field rather than in the Hall of St. Stephen's, where indeed it is rather likely to get clogg'd, if not altogether dried up? As, for instance, *Animal Spirit, Animal Courage, Sanguine Temper*, and so forth — all which, by the way, says Aristotle, inflame Youth not at all like Reasonable people, but '*like persons drunk with wine*' — all which, for better or worse, is fermented by Cricket from good Roast Beef into pure Blood, Muscle— and Moral."

"Chivalry refined into patent Essence of Beef!" said Euphranor, only half-amused.

"I hope you like the taste of it," said Lycion, under his hat.

"Well, at any rate," said I, laughing, "those young Argonauts needed a good stock of it to work a much heavier craft than we have been pulling to-day, when the wind fail'd them. And yet, with all their animal Inebriation — whencesoever derived — so tractable in

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their Moral as to submit at once to their Politic Leader — Argus, was it not?"

"'The Nestor of the Party,' Digby calls him," said Euphranor, "good, old, garrulous, Nestor, whom, somehow, I think one feels to feel more at home with than any of the Homeric Heroes.

"Aye, *he* was entitled to crow in the Grecian Parliament, fine 'Old Cock' as he was, about the gallant exploits of his Youth, being at threescore so active in Body as in Spirit, that Agamemnon declares, I think, that Troy would soon come down had he but a few more such Generals. Ah yes, Euphranor! could one by so full Apprenticeship of Youth become so thoroughly season'd with its Spirit, that all the Reason of Manhood, and Politic of Age, and Experience of the World, should serve not to freeze, but to direct, the genial Current of the Soul, so that —

> 'Ev'n while the vital Heat retreats below,
> Ev'n while the hoary head is lost in Snow,
> The *Life* is in the leaf, and still between
> The fits of falling Snow appears the streaky Green'—

that Boy's Heart within the Man's never ceasing to throb and tremble, even to remotest Age — then indeed your Senate would need no other Youth than its Elders to vivify their counsel, or could admit the Young without danger of corrupting them by ignoble Policy.

"Well, come," said Euphranor gaily, after my rather sententious peroration, "Lycion need not be condemn'd

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to enter Parliament — or even 'The World' — unless he pleases, for some twenty years to come, if he will follow Pythagoras, who, you know, Doctor, devotes the first forty years of his Man's allotted Eighty to Childhood and Youth; a dispensation which you and I at least shall not quarrel with."

"No, nor anyone else, I should suppose," said I. "Think, my dear Lycion, what a privilege for you to have yet more than twenty good years' expatiation in the Elysian Cricket-field of Youth before pent up in that Close Borough of your Father's! And Euphranor, whom we thought fast slipping out of his Prime as his Youth attained a beard, is in fact only just entering upon it. And, most wonderful of all, I, who not only have myself enter'd the World, but made my bread by bringing others into it these fifteen years, have myself only just ceased to be a Boy!"

What reply Lycion might have deign'd to all this, I know not; for just now one of his friends looked out again from the Billiard-room window, and called out to him, "the coast was clear." On which Lycion getting up, and muttering something about its being a pity we did not go back to Trap-ball, and I retorting that we could carry it forward into Life with us, he carelessly nodded to us both, and with an "*Au Revoir*" lounged with his Cigar into the house.

Then Euphranor and I took each a draught of the good liquor which Lycion had declined to share with us; and, on setting down his tumbler, he said:

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"Ah! you should have heard our friend Skythrops commenting on that Inventory of Youth, as you call it, which he happen'd to open upon in my rooms the other day."

"Perhaps the book is rather apt to open there of its own accord," said I. "Well — and what did old Skythrops say?"

"Oh, you may anticipate — 'the same old Heathen talk,' he said — 'very well for a Pagan to write, and a Papist to quote —' and, according to you, Doctor, for Horse and Dog to participate in, and for Bullock to supply."

"But I had been mainly bantering Lycion," I said; "as Euphranor also, I supposed with his Pythagorean disposition of Life. Lycion would not much have cared had I derived them from the angels. As for that Animal condition to which I had partly referr'd them, we Doctors were of old notorious on that score, not choosing your Moralist and Philosopher to carry off all the fee. But 'The Cobbler to his Last' — or, the Tailor to his Goose, if I might be call'd in, as only I profess'd, to accommodate the outer Man with what Sterne calls his Jerkin, leaving its Lining to your Philosopher and Divine."

"Sterne!" ejaculated Euphranor; "just like him — Soul and Body all of a piece."

"Nay, nay," said I, laughing; "your Lining is often of a finer material, you know."

"And often of a coarser, as in Sterne's own case, I believe."

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"Well, then, I would turn Mason, or Bricklayer," I said; "and confine myself to the House of Clay, in which, as the Poets tell us, the Soul is Tenant—'The Body's Guest'—as Sir Walter Raleigh calls him; would that do?"

"Better, at any rate, than Jerkin and Lining."

But here the same difficulty presented itself. For, however essentially distinct, the Tenant from his Lodging, his Health, as we of the material Faculty believed, in some measure depended on the salubrity of the House, in which he is not merely a Guest, but a Prisoner, and from which I knew Euphranor thought he was forbidden to escape by any violent self-extrication. Dryden indeed tells us of—

> "A fiery Soul that, working out its way,
> Fretted the pigmy Body to decay,
> And o'er-informed the Tenement of Clay."—

"But *that* was the Soul of an Achitophel," Euphranor argued, "whose collapse, whether beginning from within or without, was of less than little moment to the world. But the truly grand Soul possesses himself in peace, or, if he suffer from self-neglect, or over-exertion in striving after the good of others—why, that same Dryden—or Waller, it may be—says that such an one becomes, not weaker, but stronger, by that Bodily decay, whether of Infirmity, or of Old Age, which lets in new light through the chinks of dilapidation—if not, as my loftier Wordsworth has it, some rays of that Original

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Glory which he brought with him to be darken'd in the Body at Birth."

"But then," I said, "if your crazy Cottage won't fall to pieces at once, but, after the manner of creaking gates, go creaking — or, as the Sailors say of their boats, 'complaining' on — making the Tenant, and most likely all his Neighbours, complain also, and perpetually calling on the Tenant for repairs, and this when he wants to be about other more important Business of his own? To think how much time — and patience — a Divine Soul has to waste over some little bit of Cheese, perhaps, that, owing to bad drainage, will stick in the stomach of an otherwise Seraphic Doctor."

Euphranor laughed a little; and I went on: "Better surely, for all sakes, to build up for her — as far as we may — for we cannot yet ensure the foundation — a spacious, airy, and wholesome Tenement becoming so Divine a Tenant, of so strong a foundation and masonry as to resist the wear and tear of Elements without, and herself within. Yes; and a *handsome* house withal — unless indeed you think the handsome Soul will fashion that about herself from within — like a shell — which, so far as her Top-storey, where she is supposed chiefly to reside, I think may be the case."

"Ah," said Euphranor, "one of the most beautiful of all human Souls, as I think, could scarce accomplish that."

"Socrates?" said I. "No; but did not he profess that his Soul was naturally an ugly soul to begin with? So, by the time he had beautified her within, it was too

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late to re-front her Outside, which had case-hardened, I suppose. But did not he accompany Alcibiades, not only because of his Spiritual, but also of his Physical Beauty, in which, as in the Phidian statues, the Divine Original of Man was supposed to reflect Himself, and which has been accepted as such by Christian Art, and indeed by all Peoples who are furthest removed from that of the Beast?"

"Even of Dog and Horse?" said Euphranor, smiling.

"Even my sturdy old Philosopher Montaigne — who, by the way, declares that he rates 'La Beauté à deux doigts de la Bonté . . . non seulement aux hommes qui me servent, mais aux bêtes aussi'—quotes Aristotle, saying that we owe a sort of Homage to those who resemble the Statues of the Gods as to the Statues themselves. And thus Socrates may have felt about Alcibiades, who, in those earlier and better days when Socrates knew him, might almost be taken as a counterpart of the Picture of Youth, with all its Virtues and defects, which Aristotle has drawn for us."

"Or, what do you say, Doctor, to Aristotle's own Pupil, Alexander, who turned out a yet more astonishing Phenomenon? — I wonder, Doctor, what you, with all your theories, would have done had such an 'Enfant terrible' as either of them been put into your hands."

"Well, at any rate, I should have the advantage of first laying hold of him on coming into the World, which was not the case with Aristotle, or with the Doctors of his time, was it?"

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Euphranor thought not.

"However, I know not yet whether I have ever had an Infant Hero of any kind to deal with; none, certainly, who gave any indication of any such 'clouds of glory' as your Wordsworth tells of, even when just arrived from their several homes — in Alexander's case, of a somewhat sulphureous nature, according to Skythrops, I doubt. No, nor of any young Wordsworth neither under our diviner auspices."

"Nay, but," said Euphranor, "he tells us that 'our Birth is but a Sleep and a forgetting' of something which must take some waking-time to develop."

"But which, if I remember aright, is to begin to darken 'with shades of the Prison-house,' as Wordsworth calls it, that begin to close about 'the growing Boy.' But I am too much of a Philistine, as you Germans have it, to comprehend the Transcendental. All I know is, that I have not yet detected any signs of the 'Heaven that lies about our Infancy,' nor for some while after — no, not even peeping through those windows through which the Soul is said more immediately to look, but as yet with no more speculation in them than those of the poor whelp of the Dog we talked of — in spite of a nine days' start of him."

"Nevertheless," said Euphranor, "I have heard tell of another Poet's saying that he knew of no human outlook so solemn as that from an Infant's Eyes; and how it was from those of his own he learn'd that those of the Divine Child in Raffaelle's Sistine Madonna were

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not over-charged with expression, as he had previously thought they might be."

"I think," said I, "you must have heard of that from me, who certainly did hear something like it from the Poet himself, who used to let fall — not lay down — the word that settled the question, æsthetic or other, which others hammer'd after in vain. Yes; that was on occasion, I think, of his having watch'd his Child one morning '*worshipping the Sunbeam on the Bed-post*'— I suppose the worship of Wonder, such as I have heard grown-up Children tell of at first sight of the Alps, or Niagara; or such stay-at-home Islanders as ourselves at first sight of the Sea, from such a height as Flamborough Head."

"Some farther-seeing Wonder than dog or kitten is conscious of, at any rate," said Euphranor.

"Ah, who knows? I have seen both of them watching that very Sunbeam too—the Kitten perhaps playing with it, to be sure. If but the Philosopher or Poet could live in the Child's or kitten's Brain for a while! The Bed-post Sun-worship, however, was of a Child of several months—and Raffaelle's—a full year old, would you say?"

"Nay, you know about such matters better than I," said Euphranor, laughing.

"Well, however it may be with young Wordsworth, Raffaelle's child certainly *was* 'drawing Clouds of Glory' from *His* Home, and we may suppose him conscious of it—yes, and of his Mission to dispense that glory to the World. And I remember how the same Poet also

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noticed the Attitude of the Child, which might otherwise seem somewhat too magisterial for his age."

Euphranor knew the Picture by Engraving only; but he observed how the Divine Mother's eyes also were dilated, not as with Human Mother's Love, but as with awe and Wonder at the Infant she was presenting to the World, as if silently saying, "Behold your King!"

"Why," said I, "do not some of you believe the 'Clouds of Glory' to have been drawn directly from herself?"

"Nonsense, nonsense, Doctor—you know better, as did Raffaelle also, I believe, in spite of the Pope."

"Well, well," said I, "your Wordsworth Boy has also his Divine Mission to fulfil in confessing that of Raffaelle's. But, however it may be with that Mother and Child, does not one—of your Germans, I think—say that, with us mortals, it is from the Mother's eyes that Religion dawns into the Child's Soul?—the Religion of Love, at first, I suppose, in gratitude for the flowing breast and feeding hand below."

"Perhaps—in some degree," said Euphranor. "As you were saying of that Sun-worshipper, one cannot fathom how far the Child may see into the Mother's eyes any more than all that is to be read in them."

"To be developed between them thereafter, I suppose," said I, "when the Mother's lips interpret the Revelation of her Eyes, and lead up from her Love to the perception of some Invisible Parent of all."

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"Ah," said Euphranor, "how well I remember learning to repeat after her, every morning and night, 'Our Father which art in Heaven.'"

"In your little white Surplice, like Sir Joshua's little Samuel — on whom the Light is dawning direct from Heaven, I think—from Him to whom you were half-articulately praying to 'make me a dood Boy' to them. And, by-and-by, Watts and Jane Taylor's, of the Star Daisy in the grass, and the Stars in Heaven,

> 'For ever singing as they shine,
> The Hand that made us is Divine.'"

"Ah," said Euphranor, "and beautiful some of those early things of Watts and Jane Taylor are. They run in my head still."

"As why should they not?" said I, "you being yet in your Childhood, you know. Why, I, who have left it some way behind me, but, to be sure, constantly reminded of them in the nurseries I am so often call'd into from which they are not yet banisht by more æsthetic verse. As also, I must say, of some yet more early, and profane, such as 'Rock-a-bye Baby on the Tree-top,' with that catastrophe which never fail'd to 'bring the House down' along with the Bough which is,—Mother's Arms. Then there was 'Little Bopeep whose stray flock came back to her of themselves, carrying their tails behind them'—and 'Little Boy Blue' who was less fortunate. Ah, what a pretty little picture he makes 'under the haycock'—like one of your Greek

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Idylls, I think, and quite 'suitable to this present Month of May,' as old Izaak says. Let me hear if you remember it, Sir."

And Euphranor, like a good boy, repeated the verses.*

"And then," said I, "the echoes of those old London Bells whose Ancestors once recall'd Whittington back to be their Lord Mayor: and now communicating from their several Steeples as to how the account with St. Clement's was to be paid—which, by-the-by, I remember being thus summarily settled by an old College Friend of mine—

'Confound you all!
Said the Great Bell of Paul';

only, I am afraid, with something more—Athanasian than 'Confound'—though he was not then a Dignitary of the Church. Then that Tragedy of 'Cock Robin'—the Fly that saw it with that little Eye of his—and the Owl with his spade and '*Showl*'—proper old word that too—and the Bull who the Bell could pull—and—but I doubt whether you will approve of the Rook reading the Burial Service, nor do I like bringing the Lark, only for a rhyme's sake, down from Heaven, to make the responses. And all this illustrated by appropriate

* "Little Boy Blue, come blow your horn;
The Cow's in the meadow, the Sheep in the corn.
Is this the way you mind your Sheep,
Under the haycock fast asleep?"

"The '*meadow*,'" said I, by way of annotation, "being, you know, of grass reserved for meadowing, or mowing."

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'Gays,'—as they call them in Suffolk—and recited, if not entoned, according to the different Characters."

"Plato's 'Music of Education,' I suppose," said Euphranor.

"Yes," said I, warming with my subject; "and then, beside the True Histories of Dog and Horse whose example is to be followed, Fables that treat of others, Lions, Eagles, Asses, Foxes, Cocks, and other feather'd or four-footed Creatures, who, as in Cock Robin's case, talk as well as act, but with a Moral—more or less commendable—provided *the* Moral be dropt. Then as your punning friend Plato, you told me, says that *Thaumas*—Wonder—is Father of Iris, who directly communicates between Heaven and Earth—as in the case of that Bedpost-kissing Apollo—you, being a pious man, doubtless had your Giants, Genii, Enchanters, Fairies, Ogres, Witches, Ghosts——"

But Euphranor was decidedly against admitting any Ghost into the Nursery, and even Witches, remembering little Lamb's childish terror at Her of Endor.

"Oh, but," said I, "*She* was a real Witch, you know, though represented by Stackhouse; who need not figure among the Musicians, to be sure. You, however, as Lycion says, have your Giants and Dragons to play with—by way of Symbol, if you please—and you must not grudge your younger Brethren in Arms that redoubtable JACK who slew the Giants whom you are to slay over again, and who, for that very purpose, climb'd up a Bean-stalk some way at least to Heaven—an

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Allegory that, as Sir Thomas Browne says, 'admits of a wide solution.'"

"Ah," said my companion, "I remember how you used to climb up the Poplar in our garden by way of Bean-stalk, looking out upon us now and then, till lost among the branches. You could not do that now, Doctor."

"No more than I could up Jack's own Bean-stalk. I was a thin slip of a Knight then, not long turned of Twenty, I suppose — almost more like a Giant than a Jack to the rest of you—but children do not mind such disproportions. No—I could better play one of the three Bears growling for his mess of porridge now. But, in default of my transcendental illustration of Jack, he and his like are well represented in such Effigies as your friend Plato never dream'd of in his philosophy, though Phidias and Praxiteles may have sketcht for their Children what now is multiplied by Engraving into every Nursery."

"Not to mention Printing, to read about what is represented," said Euphranor.

"I do not know what to say about *that*," said I. "Does not your Philosopher repudiate any but Oral instruction?"

"Notwithstanding all which, I am afraid we must learn to read," said Euphranor, "in these degenerate days."

"Well, if needs must," said I, "you may learn in the most musical way of all. Do you not remember the practice of our Forefathers?

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'To Master John, the Chamber-maid
A Horn-book gives of Ginger-bread;
And, that the Child may learn the better,
As he can name, he eats the Letter.'"

"Oh, how I used to wish," said Euphranor, "there had been any such royal road to Grammar which one had to stumble over some years after."

"Well," said I, "but there is now, I believe, a Comic Grammar — as well as a Comic History of Rome — and of England."

"Say no more of all that, pray, Doctor. The old 'Propria quæ maribus' was better Music, uncouth as it was, and almost as puzzling as an Oracle. I am sure it is only now — when I try — that I understand the meaning of the rule I then repeated mechanically — like a Parrot, you would say."

"Sufficiently intelligible, however," said I, "to be mechanically applied in distinguishing the different parts of Speech, and how related to one another; how a verb governs an accusative, and an adjective agrees with a noun; to all which you are guided by certain terminations of *us, a, um*, and *do, das, dat*, and so on; till you are able to put the scattered words together, aud so ford through a sentence. And the old uncouth Music, as you call it, nevertheless served to fix those rules in the memory."

"But all that is changed now!" said Euphranor; "Nominative and Accusative are turned into Subjective, Objective, and what not."

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"Darkening the unintelligible to Boys," said I, "whatever it may afterwards to men. 'Floreat Etona!' say I, with her old Lily, and 'Propria quæ maribus,' always providing there be not too much of it — even could it be construed, like the Alphabet, into Ginger-bread."

"Well," said Euphranor, "I think you took pretty good care that we should not suffer an indigestion of the latter, when you were among us at home, Doctor. What with mounting that Bean-stalk yourself, and clearing us out of the Schoolroom into the Garden, wet or dry, regardless of Aunt's screaming from the window for us to come in, when a Cloud was coming up in the Sky ——"

"Or a little dew lying on the Grass."

"Why, I believe you would have a Child's shoes made with holes in them on purpose to let in water, as Locke recommends," said Euphranor, laughing.

"I wouldn't keep him within for having none, whole shoes, or whole clothes — no, nor *any* — only the Police would interfere."

"But the Child catches cold."

"Put him to bed and dose him."

"But he dies."

"Then, as a sensible woman said, 'is provided for.' Your own Plato, I think, says it is better the weakly ones should die at once; and the Spartans, I think, kill'd them off."

"Come, come, Doctor," said Euphranor. "I really think you gave us colds on purpose to be called in to cure them."

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"No, no; that was before I was a Doctor, you know. But I doubt that I was the Lord of Mis-rule sometimes, though, by the way, I am certain that I sometimes recommended a remedy, not when you were sick, but when you were sorry — without a cause — I mean, obstinate, or self-willed against the little Discipline you had to submit to."

Euphranor looked comically at me.

"Yes," said I, "you know — a slap on that part where the Rod is to be applied in after years — and which I had, not long before, suffered myself."

"*That* is almost out of date now, along with other Spartan severities even in Criminal cases," said Euphranor.

"Yes, and the more the pity in both cases. How much better in the Child's than being shut up, or additionally tasked — revenging a temporary wrong with a lasting injury. And, as for your public Criminal — my wonder is that even modern squeamishness does not see that a public application of the Rod or Lash on the bare back in the Marketplace would be more likely to daunt the Culprit, and all Beholders, from future Misdemeanour than months of imprisonment, well boarded, lodged, and cared for, at the Country's cost."

"Nevertheless," said Euphranor, "I do not remember your Advice being taken in our case, much as I, for one, may have deserved it."

"No," said I; "your Father was gone, you know, and your Mother too tender-hearted — indulgent, I might say."

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"Which, with all your Spartan discipline, I know you think the better extreme," said Euphranor.

"Oh, far the better!" said I — "letting the *Truth* come to the surface — the ugliest Truth better than the fairest Falsehood which Fear naturally brings with it, and all the better for determining outwardly, as we Doctors say, than repressed to rankle within. Why, even without fear of spank or Rod, you remember how your Wordsworth's little Harry was taught the practice of Lying, who, simply being teased with well-meaning questions as to *why* he liked one place better than another, caught at a Weather-cock for a reason *why*. Your mother was wiser than that. I dare say she did not bother you about the meaning of the Catechism she taught you, provided you generally understood that you were to keep your hands from picking and stealing, and your tongue from evil-speaking, lying, and slandering. She did not insist, as Skythrops would have had you, on your owning yourselves Children of the Devil."

"No, no!"

"I should not even wonder if, staunch Churchwoman as she was, she did not condemn you to go more than once of a Sunday to Church — perhaps not to be shut up for two hours' morning Service in a Pew, without being allowed to go to sleep there; nor tease you about Text and Sermon afterward. For, if she had, you would not, I believe, have been the determined Churchman you are."

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"Ah, I remember so well," said Euphranor, "her telling a stricter neighbour of ours that, for all she saw, the Child generally grew up with clean opposite inclinations and ways of thinking, from the Parent."

"Yes," said I, "that is the way from Parent to Child, and from Generation to Generation; and so the World goes round."

"And we — Brothers and Sister, I mean" — said Euphranor, "now catch ourselves constantly saying how right she was in the few things we ever thought her mistaken about her. God bless her!"

He took a long pull at his glass, and was silent some little while — she had died a few years ago — and then he said:

"However, even she began in time to find 'the Boys too much for her,' as she said — for which you, Doctor, as you say, are partly accountable; besides, we should have our livelihood to earn, unlike your born Heroes; and must begin to work sooner rather than later. Our Friend Skythrop's *ipse* had already warned her of our innate, and steadily growing, Depravity, and, when I was seven or eight years old, came to propose taking me under his wing, at what he called his 'Seminary for young Gentlemen.'"

"I see him," said I, "coming up the shrubbery walk in a white tie, and with a face of determined asperity — the edge of the Axe now turned *toward* the Criminal. Aye, I was gone away to Edinburgh by that time;

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indeed I think he waited till I was well out of the way. Well, what did he say?"

"Oh, he explained his scheme, whatever it was——"

"And — oh, I can tell you — some eight or ten hours a day of Grammar and Arithmetic, Globes, History, and as Dickens says, 'General Christianity'; and, by way of Recreation, two hours' daily walk with himself and his sallow Pupils, two and two along the Highroad, improved with a running commentary by Skythrops — with perhaps a little gymnastic gallows in his gravel Play-ground, without room or time for any generous exercise. Your Mother, I hope, gave him a biscuit and a glass of Sherry, and, with all due thanks, let him go back the way he came."

"His Plan does not please you, Doctor?"

"And if it did — and it only wanted reversing — *he* would not. No Boy with any Blood in his veins can profit from a Teacher trying to graft from dead wood upon the living sapling. Even the poor Women's '*Preparatory Establishments*' for 'Young Gentlemen' are better; however narrow their notions and routine, they do not at heart dislike a little of the Devil in the other sex, however intolerant of him in their own."

"Well, we were committed to neither," said Euphranor, "but to a nice young Fellow who came to be Curate in the Parish, and who taught us at home, little but well — among other things — a little Cricket."

"Bravo!" said I.

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"Then Uncle James, you know, hearing that I was rather of a studious turn — 'serious,' he called it — took it into his head that one of his Brother's family should be a Parson, and so undertook to pay my way at Westminster, which he thought an aristocratic School, and handy for him in the City. In which, perhaps, you do not disagree with him, Doctor?"

"No," said I; "though not bred up at any of them myself, I must confess I love the great ancient, Royal, aye, and aristocratic Foundations — Eton with her 'Henry's holy Shade' — why, Gray's verses were enough to endear it to me — and under the walls of his Royal Castle, all reflected in the water of old Father Thames, as he glides down the valley; and Winchester with her William of Wykeham entomb'd in the Cathedral he built beside his School ——"

"And *West*minster, if you please, Doctor, under the Shadow of its glorious old Abbey, where Kings are crown'd and buried, and with Eton's own River flowing beside it in ampler proportions."

"Though not so sweet," said I. "However, excepting that fouler water — and fouler air — and some other less wholesome associations inseparable from such a City, I am quite ready to pray for your Westminster among those other 'Royal and Religious Foundations' which the Preacher invites us to pray for at St. Mary's. But with Eton we began, you know, looking like Charles Lamb and his Friend at the fine Lads there playing; and there I will leave them to

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enjoy it while they may, 'strangers yet to Pain' — and Parliament — to sublime their Beefsteak into Chivalry in that famous Cricket-field of theirs by the side of old Father Thames murmuring of so many Generations of chivalric Ancestors."

"We must call down Lycion to return thanks for *that* compliment," said Euphranor; "he is an Eton man, as were his Fathers before him, you know, and, I think, proud, as your Etonians are, of his School, in spite of his affected Indifference."

"Do you know what sort of a Lad he was while there?" said I.

"Oh, always the Gentleman."

"Perhaps somewhat too much so for a Boy."

"No, no, I do not mean that — I mean essentially honourable, truthful, and not deficient in courage, I believe, whenever it was called for; but indolent, and perhaps fonder too of the last new Novel, and the Cigar and Easy-chair, to exert himself in the way you like."

"Preparing for the Club, Opera, Opera-glass, '*Dejeuner dansant*,' etcetera, if not for active service in Parliament. Eton should provide for those indolent Children of hers."

"Well, she has provided her field, and old Father Thames, as you say, and Boys are supposed to take pretty good care of themselves in making use of them."

"Not always, however, as we see in Lycion's case, nor of others, who, if they do not 'sacrifice the Living

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Man to the Dead Languages,' dissipate him among the Fine Arts, Music, Poetry, Painting, and the like, in the interval. Why, did not those very Greeks of whom you make so much — and, as I believe, your modern Germans — make Gymnastic a necessary part of their education?"

"But you would not have Eton Boys compelled to climb and tumble like monkeys over gymnastic poles and gallows as we saw with Skythrops' 'Young Gentlemen'?"

"Perhaps not; but what do you say now to some good Military Drill, with March, Counter-march, Encounter, Bivouac 'Wacht am Rhein'— Encampment— that is, by Father Thames — and such-like Exercises for which Eton has ample room, and which no less a Man — although a Poet — than John Milton enjoin'd as the proper preparation for War, and, *I* say, carrying along with them a sense of Order, Self-restraint, and Mutual Dependence, no less necessary in all the relations of Peace?"

"We might all of us have been the better for that, I suppose," said Euphranor.

"And only think," said I, "if — as in some German School — Fellenberg's, I think — there were, beside the Playground, a piece of Arable to *work in* — perhaps at a daily wage of provender according to the work done — what illumination might some young Lycion receive, as to the condition of the Poor, 'unquenchable by logic and statistics,' says Carlyle, 'when he comes, as Duke of Logwood, to legislate in Parliament.'"

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"Better Log than Brute, however," answer'd Euphranor. "You must beware, Doctor, lest with all your Ploughing and other Beef-compelling Accomplishments you do not sink the Man in the Animal, as was much the case with our 'Hereditary Rulers' of some hundred years ago."

"'Μηδὲν ἄγαν,'" said I; "let us but lay in — when only laid in it can be — such a store of that same well-concocted stuff as shall last us all Life's journey through, with all its ups and downs. Nothing, say the Hunters, that Blood and Bone won't get over."

"Be there a good Rider to guide him!" said Euphranor; "and *that*, in Man's case, I take it is — if not yet the Reason we talked of — a Moral such as no Beast that breathes is conscious of. You talk of this Animal virtue, and that — why, for instance, is there not a *moral*, as distinguisht from an *animal* Courage, to face, not only the sudden danger of the field, but something far-off coming, far foreseen, and far more terrible — Crammer's, for instance ——"

"Which," said I, "had all but failed — all the more honour for triumphing at last! But Hugh Latimer, who I think, had wrought along with his Father's hinds in Leicestershire. Anyhow, there is no harm in having two strings to your Bow, whichever of them be the strongest. The immortal Soul obliged, as she is, to take the Field of Mortality, would not be the worse for being mounted on a good Animal, though I must not say with the Hunters, till the Rider seems 'part of his

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horse.' As to your Reason — he is apt to *crane* a little too much over the hedge, as they say, till by too long considering the '*How*,' he comes to question the '*Why*,' and, the longer looking, the less liking, shirks it altogether, or by his Indecision brings Horse and Rider into the Ditch. Hamlet lets us into the secret — luckily for us enacting the very moral he descants on — when he reflects on his own imbecility of action:

> 'Whether it be
> Bestial oblivion, or some coward scruple
> Of thinking too precisely of the Event,
> A thought which, quarter'd, hath but one part Wisdom,
> And ever three parts Coward — I do not know
> Why yet I live to say, "*This thing's to do*,"
> Sith I have Cause, and Will, and Strength, and Means,
> To do't.'

Not in his case surely '*oblivion*,' with such reminders, supernatural and other, as he had: nor as in our case, with the Ditch before our Eyes: nor want of Courage which was his Royal inheritance; but the *Will*, which he reckon'd on as surely as on Strength and Means — was he so sure of *that*? He had previously told us how 'The native hue of Resolution' — how like that glow upon the cheek of healthy Youth! —

> 'The native hue of Resolution,
> Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of Thought,
> And Enterprises of great pith and moment
> With this regard, their currents turn aside,
> And lose the name of Action.'

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He had, he tells his College Friends, forgone his '*Custom of Exercises*' among others, perhaps, his Cricket, at Wittenberg too soon, and taken to reasoning about 'To be, or not to be'—otherwise he would surely have bowl'd his wicked uncle down at once."

"Though not without calling 'Play!' I hope," said Euphranor, laughing.

"At any rate, not while his Adversary's back was turned, and so far prepared inasmuch as he was engaged in repentant Prayer. And that is the reason Hamlet gives for not then despatching him, lest, being so employ'd, he should escape the future punishment of his crime. An odd motive for the youthful Moral to have *reasoned* itself into."

"His Father had been cut off unprepared, and perhaps, according to the Moral of those days, could only be avenged by such a plenary Expiation."

"Perhaps; or, perhaps—and Shakespeare himself may not have known exactly why—Hamlet only made it an excuse for delaying what he had to do, as delay he does, till vengeance seems beyond his reach when he suffers himself to be sent out of the country. For you know the *Habit* of Resolving without Doing, as in the Closet, gradually snaps the connexion between them, and the case becomes chronically hopeless."

Euphranor said that I had stolen that fine Moral of mine from a Volume of "Newman's Sermons" which he had lent me, as I agreed with him was probably the case; and then he said:

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"Well, Bowling down a King is, I suppose, a ticklish Business, and the Bowler may miss his aim by being too long about taking it: but, in Cricket proper, I have most wonder'd at the Batter who has to decide whether to block, strike, or tip, in that twinkling of an eye between the ball's delivery, and its arrival at his wicket."

"Yes," said I, "and the Boxer who puts in a blow with one hand at the same moment of warding one off with the other."

"'Gladiatorem in arenâ,'" said Euphranor.

"Yes; what is called '*Presence of mind*,' where there is no time to '*make it up*.' And all the more necessary and remarkable in proportion to the Danger involved. As when the Hunter's horse falling with him in full cry, he braces himself, between saddle and ground, to pitch clear of his horse—as Fielding tells us that brave old Parson Adams did, when probably thinking less of his horse than of those Sermons he carried in his saddle-bags."

"Ah!" said Euphranor, "Parson Adams was so far a lucky man to have a Horse at all, which we poor fellows now can hardly afford. I remember how I used to envy those who—for the fun, if for nothing else—followed brave old Sedgwick across country, thorough brier, thorough mire. Ah! *that* was a Lecture after your own heart, Doctor; something more than peripatetic, and from one with plenty of the Boy in him when over Seventy, I believe."

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"Well, there again," said I, "your great Schools might condescend to take another hint from abroad where some one — Fellenberg again, I think — had a Riding-house in his much poorer School, where you might learn not only to sit your horse if ever able to provide one for yourself, but also to saddle, bridle, rub him down, with the *'s'ss-s'ss'* which I fancy was heard on the morning of Agincourt — if, by the way, one horse was left in all the host."

"Well, come," said Euphranor, "the Gladiator, at any rate, is gone — and the Boxer after him — and the Hunter, I think, going after both, perhaps the very Horse he rides gradually to be put away by Steam into some Museum among the extinct Species that Man has no longer room or business for."

"Nevertheless," said I, "War is *not* gone with the Gladiator, and cannon and rifle yet leave room for hand-to-hand conflict, as may one day—which God forbid!—come to proof in our own sea-girt Island. If safe from abroad, some Ruffian may still assault you in some shady lane — nay, in your own parlour — at home, when you have nothing but your own strong arm and ready soul to direct it. Accidents will happen in the best-regulated families. The House will take fire, the Coach will break down, the Boat will upset; is there no gentleman who can swim, to save himself and others; no one do more to save the Maid snoring in the garret, than helplessly looking on — or turning away? Some one is taken ill at midnight; John is drunk in bed; Is

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there no Gentleman can saddle Dobbin — much less get a Collar over his Head, or the Crupper over his tail, without such awkwardness as brings on his abdomen the kick he fears, and spoils him for the journey? And I do maintain," I continued, having now gotten 'the bit between my teeth' — "maintain against all Comers that, independent of any bodily action on their part, these, and the like Accomplishments, as you call them, do carry with them, and, I will say, with the Soul incorporate, that habitual Instinct of Courage, Resolution, and Decision, which, together with the Good Humour which good animal Condition goes so far to ensure, do, I say, prepare and arm the Man not only against the greater, but against those minor Trials of Life which are so far harder to encounter because of perpetually cropping up; and thus do cause him to radiate, if through a narrow circle, yet, through that, imperceptibly to the whole world, a happier atmosphere about him than could be inspired by Closet-loads of Poetry, Metaphysic, and Divinity. No doubt there is danger, as you say, of the Animal overpowering the Rational, as, I maintain, equally so of the reverse; no doubt the high-mettled Colt will be likeliest to run riot, as may my Lad, inflamed with Aristotle's 'Wine of Youth,' into excesses which even the virtuous Berkeley says are the more curable as lying in the Passions; whereas, says he, 'the dry Rogue who sets up for Judgment is incorrigible.' But, whatever be the result, VIGOUR, of Body, as of Spirit, one must have, subject like

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all good things to the worst conception — Strength itself, even of Evil, being a kind of *Virtus* which Time, if not good Counsel, is pretty sure to moderate; whereas Weakness is the one radical and Incurable Evil, increasing with every year of Life.—Which fine Moral, or to that effect, you will also find somewhere in those Sermons, whose Authority I know you cannot doubt."

"And thus," said Euphranor, "after this long tirade, you turn out the young Knight from Cricket on the World."

"Nay," said I, "did I not tell you from the first I would not meddle with your Digby any more than your Wordsworth. I have only been talking of ordinary mankind so as to provide for Locke's '*totus teres*,' and — except in the matter of waistband — '*rotundus*' man, sufficiently accoutred for the campaign of ordinary Life. And yet, on second thought, I do not see why he should not do very fairly well for one of the 'Table-round,' if King Arthur himself is to be looked for, and found, as the Poet says, in the 'Modern Gentleman,' whose 'stateliest port' will not be due to the Reading-desk, or Easy-chair. At any rate, he will be sufficiently qualified, not only to shoot the Pheasant and hunt the Fox, but even to sit on the Bench of Magistrates — or even of Parliament — not unprovided with a quotation or two from Horace or Virgil."

Euphranor could not deny that, laughing.

"Or if obliged, poor fellow — Younger son, perhaps — to *do* something to earn him Bread — or

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Claret — for his Old Age, if not prematurely knocked on the head — whether not well-qualified for Soldier or Sailor?"

"Nor that."

"As for the Church, (which is your other Gentlemanly Profession,) you know your Bishop can consecrate Tom or Blifil equally by that Imposition ——"

"Doctor, Doctor," broke in Euphranor, "you have been talking very well; don't spoil it by one of your grimaces."

"Well, well," said I,— "Oh, but there is still THE LAW, in which I would rather trust myself with Tom than Blifil," added I. "Well, what else? Surgery? which is said to need 'the Lion's Heart.'"

"But also the Lady's Hand," replied he, smiling.

"Not in drawing one of the Molars, I assure you. However, thus far I do not seem to have indisposed him for the Professions which his Rank usually opens to him; or perhaps even, if he had what you call a Genius in any direction, might, amid all his Beef-compelling Exercises, light upon something, as Pan a-hunting, and, as it were 'unaware,' says Bacon, discover'd that Ceres whom the more seriously-searching Gods had looked for in vain."

"Not for the sake of *Rent*, I hope," said Euphranor, laughing.

"Or even a turn for looking into Digby and Aristotle, as into a Mirror — could he but distinguish his own face in it."

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Euphranor, upon whose face no sign of any such self-consciousness appeared, sat for a little while silent, and then said:

"Do you remember that fine passage in Aristophanes' Clouds — lying libel as it is — between the Δίκαιος and Ἄδικος Λόγος?"

I had forgotten, I said, my little Latin and less Greek; and he declared I must however read this scene over again with him. "It is, you see, Old Athens pleading against Young; whom after denouncing, for relinquishing the hardy Discipline and simply severe Exercises that reared the Μαραθωνομάχους ἄνδρας, for the Warm Bath, the Dance, and the Law Court; he suddenly turns to the Young Man who stands hesitating between them, and in those Verses, musical —

Ἀλλ' οὖν λιπαρός γε καὶ εὐανθὴς —"

"Come, my good fellow," said I, "you must interpret." And Euphranor, looking down, in undertone repeated:

"O listen to me, and so shall you be stout-hearted and fresh as a Daisy;
Not ready to chatter on every matter, nor bent over books till you're hazy:
No splitter of straws, no dab at the Laws, making black seem white so cunning;
But scamp'ring down out o' the town, and over the green Meadow running.
Race, wrestle, and play with your fellows so gay, like so many Birds of a feather,

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All breathing of Youth, Good-humour, and Truth, in the time of the jolly Spring weather,
In the jolly Spring-time, when the Poplar and Lime dishevel their tresses together."

"Well, but go on," said I, when he stopp'd, "I am sure there is something more of it, now you recall the passage to me — about broad shoulders and ——"

But this was all he had cared to remember.

I then asked him who was the translator; to which he replied with a shy smile, 'twas more a paraphrase than a translation, and I might criticise it as I liked. To which I had not much to object, I said — perhaps the trees "dishevelling their tresses" a little Cockney; which he agreed it was. And then, turning off, observed how the degradation which Aristophanes satirised in the Athenian youth went on and on, so that, when Rome came to help Greece against Philip of Macedon, the Athenians, says Livy, could contribute little to the common cause but declamation and despatches — 'quibus solum valent.'

"Aye," said I, "and to think that when Livy was so writing of Athens, his own Rome was just beginning to go downhill in the same way and for the same causes:

'Nescit equo rudis
Hærere ingenuus puer,
Venarique timet, ludere doctior
Græco seu jubeas trocho,
Seu malis vetitâ legibus aleâ:'

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unlike those early times, when Heroic Father begot and bred Heroic Son; Generation followed Generation, crown'd with Laurel and with Oak; under a system of Education, the same Livy says, handed down, as it were an Art, from the very foundation of Rome, and filling her Parliament with Generals, each equal, he rhetorically declares, to Alexander.— But come, my dear fellow," said I, jumping up, "here have I been holding forth like a little Socrates, while the day is passing over our heads. We have forgotten poor Lexilogus, who (I should not wonder) may have stolen away, like your fox, to Cambridge."

Euphranor, who seemed to linger yet awhile, nevertheless follow'd my example. On looking at my watch I saw we could not take anything like the walk we had proposed and yet be at home by their College dinner;* so as it was I who had wasted the day, I would stand the expense, I said, of dinner at the Inn: after which we could all return at our ease to Cambridge in the Evening. As we were leaving the Bowling-green, I called up to Lycion, who thereupon appeared at the Billiard-room window with his coat off, and asked him if he had nearly finish'd his Game? By way of answer, he asked us if we had done with our Ogres and Giants? whom, on the contrary, I said, we were now running away from that we might live to fight another day — would he come with us into the fields for a walk? or, if he meant to go on with his Bill-

* Then at 3.30 p. m.

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iards, would he dine with us on our return? "Not walk with us," he said; and when I spoke of dinner again, seemed rather to hesitate; but at last said, "Very well;" and, nodding to us, retired with his cue into the room.

Then Euphranor and I, leaving the necessary orders within, return'd a little way to look for Lexilogus, whom we soon saw, like a man of honour as he was, coming on his way to meet us. In less than a minute we had met; and he apologised for having been delay'd by one of Aunt Martha's asthma-fits, during which he had not liked to leave her.

After a brief condolence, we all three turn'd back; and I told him how, after all, Euphranor and I had play'd no Billiards, but had been arguing all the time about Digby and his books.

Lexilogus smiled, but made no remark, being naturally little given to Speech. But the day was delightful, and we walk'd briskly along the road, conversing on many topics, till a little further on we got into the fields. These—for it had been a warm May—were now almost in their Prime, (and that of the Year, Crabbe used to say, fell with the mowing,) crop-thick with Daisy, Clover, and Buttercup; and, as we went along, Euphranor, whose thoughts still ran on what we had been talking about, quoted from Chaucer whom we had lately been looking at together:

> "Embroidered was he as it were a Mede,
> All full of fresh Flowris, both white and rede,"

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and added, "What a picture was that, by the way, of a young Knight!"

I had half-forgotten the passage, and Lexilogus had never read Chaucer: so I begg'd Euphranor to repeat it; which he did, with an occasional pause in his Memory, and jog from mine.

'With him there was his Sonn, a yongé Squire,
A Lover, and a lusty Bachelire,
With Lockis crull, as they were leid in press;
Of Twenty yere of age he was, I ghesse;
Of his Stature he was of evin length,
Wonderly deliver, and of grete Strength;
And he had ben somtime in Chevauchie,
In Flandris, in Artois, and Picardie,
And born him wel, as of so litil space,
In hope to standin in his Lady's grace.
Embroidered was he as it were a Mede,
All full of fresh Flowris, both white and rede;
Singing he was or floyting all the day;
He was as fresh as is the month of May:
Short was his Goun with slevis long and wide,
Well couth he set on Hors, and fair yride;
And Songis he couth make, and well endyte,
Just, and eke daunce, and well portraye and write.
So hote he lovid that by nighter tale
He slept no more than doth the Nightingale.
Curteys he was, lowly, and servisable,
And karf before his Fadir at the table.'

"Chaucer, however," said Euphranor, when he had finished the passage, "credited his young Squire with other Accomplishments than you would trust him with, Doctor. See, he dances, draws, and even indites songs — somewhat of a Dilettante, after all."

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"But also," I added, "is of 'grete Strength,' 'fair yrides,' having already 'born him wel in Chevauchie.' Besides," continued I, (who had not yet subsided, I suppose, from the long swell of my former sententiousness,) "in those days, you know, there was scarce any Reading, which now, for better or worse, occupies so much of our time; Men left that to Clerk and Schoolman; contented, as we before agreed, to follow their bidding to Pilgrimage and Holy war. Some of those gentler Accomplishments would then have been needed to soften manners, just as rougher ones to strengthen ours. And, long after that, Sir Philip Sidney might well indulge in a little Sonneteering, amid all those public services which ended at Zutphen; as later on, in the Stuart days, Lord Dorset troll off—'*To all you Ladies now on Land*,' from the Fleet that was just going into Action off the coast of Holland."

"Even Master Samuel Pepys," said Euphranor, laughing, might sit with a good grace down to practise his '*Beauty retire*,' after riding to Huntingdon and back, as might Parson Adams have done many years after."

"They were both prefigured among those Canterbury Pilgrims so many years before," said I. "Only think of it! Some nine-and-twenty, I think, 'by aventure yfalle in feleweship,' High and Low, Rich and Poor, Saint and Sinner, Cleric and Lay, Knight, Ploughman, Prioress, Wife of Bath, Shipman, hunting Abbot-like Friar, Poor Parson—(Adams' Progenitor)—Webster (Pepys')—on rough-riding 'Stot' or ambling Palfrey,

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marshall'd by mine Host of the Tabard to the music of the Miller's Bag-pipes, on their sacred errand to St. Thomas'; and one among them taking note of all in Verse still fresh as the air of those Kentish hills they travelled over on that April morning four hundred years ago."

"Lydgate too, I remember," said Euphranor, "tells of Chaucer's good-humour'd encouragement of his Brother-poets — I cannot now recollect the lines," he added, after pausing a little.*

"A famous Man of Business too," said I, "employ'd by Princes at home and abroad. And ready to fight as to write; having, he says, when some City people had accused him of Untruth, 'prepared his body for Mars his doing, if any contraried his saws.'"

"A Poet after your own heart, Doctor, sound in wind and limb, Mind and Body. In general, however, they are said to be a sickly, irritable, inactive, and solitary race."

"Not our 'Canterbury Pilgrim' for one," said I; "no, nor his successor, William Shakespeare, who, after a somewhat roving Knighthood in the country, became a Player, Play-wright, and Play-manager in London,

* The verses Euphranor could not remember are these:

"For Chaucer that my Master was, and knew
What did belong to writing Verse and Prose,
Ne'er stumbled at small faults, nor yet did view
With scornful eyes the works and books of those
That in his time did write, nor yet would taunt
At any man, to fear him or to daunt."

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where, after managing (as not all managers do) to make a sufficient fortune, he returned home again to settle in his native Stratford — whither by the way he had made occasional Pilgrimages before — on horseback, of course — putting up — for the night — at the Angel of Oxford — about which some stories are told — "

"As fabulous as probably those of his poaching in earlier days," said Euphranor.

"Well, however that may be — and I constantly believe in the poaching part of the Story — to Stratford he finally retired, where he built a house and planted Mulberries, and kept company with John-a-Combe, and the neighbouring Knights and Squires — except perhaps the Lucys — as merrily as with the Wits of London; all the while supplying his own little 'Globe' — and, from it, 'the Great globe itself,' with certain manuscripts, in which (say his Fellow-players and first Editors) Head and hand went so easily together as scarce to leave a blot on the pages they travell'd over."

"Somewhat resembling Sir Walter Scott's, I think," said Euphranor, "in that love for Country home, and Country neighbour — aye, and somewhat also in that easy intercourse between Head and hand in composition which those who knew them tell of — however unequal in the result. Do you remember Lockhart's saying how glibly Sir Walter's pen was heard to canter over the paper, before 'Atra Cura' saddled herself behind him?"

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"Ah, yes," said I; "'Magician of the North' they call'd him in my own boyish days; and such he is to me now; though, maybe, not an Archi-magus like him of Stratford, to set me down in Rome, Athens, Egypt, with their Heroes, Heroines, and Commoners, moving and talking as living men and women about me, howsoever 'larger than human' through the breath of Imagination in which he has clothed them."

"Somebody — your Carlyle, I believe," said Euphranor, "lays it down that Sir Walter's Characters are in general fashioned from without to within — the reverse of Shakespeare's way — and Nature's."

"What," said I, "according to old Sartor's theory, beginning from the over-coat of temporary Circumstance, through the temporary Tailor's 'Just-au-corps,' till arriving at such centre of Humanity as may lie within the bodily jerkin we talk'd of?"

"Something of that sort, I suppose," said Euphranor; "but an you love me, Doctor, no more of that odious old jerkin, whether Sterne's or Carlyle's."

"Well," said I, "if the Sartor's charge hold good, it must lie against the Heroes and Heroines of the later, half-historical, Romances; in which, nevertheless, are scenes where our Elizabeth, and James, and Lewis of France figure, that seem to me as good in Character and Circumstance as any in that Henry the Eighth, which has always till quite lately been accepted for Shakespeare's. But Sartor's self will hardly maintain his charge against the Deanses, Dumbiedykes, Ochil-

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trees, Baillies, and others of the bonâ-fide *Scotch* Novels, with the likes of whom Scott fell 'in feleweship' from a Boy, riding about the country—'born to be a trooper,' he said of himself; no, nor with the Bradwardines, Bothwells, Maccombicks, Macbriars, and others, Highlander, Lowlander, Royalist, Roundhead, Churchman or Covenanter, whom he animated with the true Scottish blood which ran in himself as well as in those he lived among, and so peopled those stories which are become Household History to us. I declare that I scarce know whether a sight of Macbeth's blasted heath would move me more than did the first sight of the Lammermoor Hills when I rounded the Scottish coast on first going to Edinburgh; or of that ancient 'Heart of Mid-Lothian' when I got there. But the domestic Tragedy naturally comes more nearly home to the bosom of your Philistine."

"Sir Walter's stately neighbour across the Tweed," said Euphranor, "took no great account of his Novels, and none at all of his Verse — though, by the way, he did call him 'Great Minstrel of the Border' after revisiting Yarrow in his company; perhaps he meant it only of the Minstrelsy which Scott collected, you know."

"Wordsworth?" said I—"a man of the Milton rather than of the Chaucer and Shakespeare type — without humour, like the rest of his Brethren of the Lake."

"Not but he loves Chaucer, as much as you can, Doctor, for those fresh touches of Nature, and tenderness of Heart — insomuch that he has re-cast the Jew of

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Lincoln's Story into a form more available for modern readers."

"And successfully?"

"Ask Lexilogus — Ah! I forget that he never read Chaucer; but I know that he loves Wordsworth next to his own Cowper."

Lexilogus believed that he liked the Poem in question, but he was not so familiar with it as with many other of Wordsworth's pieces.

"Ah, you and I, Euphranor," said I, "must one day teach Lexilogus the original before he is become too great a Don to heed such matters."

Lexilogus smiled, and Euphranor said that before that time came, Lexilogus and he would teach me in return to love Wordsworth more than I did — or pretended to do. Not only the Poet, but the Man, he said, who loved his Home as well as Shakespeare and Scott loved theirs — aye, and his Country Neighbours too, though perhaps in a sedater way; and, as so many of his Poems show, as sensible as Sir Walter of the sterling virtues of the Mountaineer and Dalesman he lived among, though, maybe, not of their humour.

"Was he not also pretty exact in his office of stamp-distributor among them?" asked I.

"Come, you must not quarrel, Doctor, with the Business which, as with Chaucer and Shakespeare, may have kept the Poetic Element in due proportion with the rest — including, by the way, such a store of your Animal, laid in from constant climbing the mountain, and skat-

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ing on the lake, that he may still be seen, I am told, at near upon Eighty, travelling with the shadow of the cloud up Helvellyn."

"Bravo, Old Man of the Mountains!" said I. "But, nevertheless, it would not have been amiss with him had he gone, had he been sent earlier, and further, from his mountain-mother's lap, and had some of his — conceit, I must not call it — Pride, then — taken out of him by a freer intercourse with men."

"I suppose," said Euphranor, again laughing, "you would knock a young Apollo about like the rest of us common pottery?"

"I think I *should* send young Wordsworth to that Military Drill of ours, and see if some rough-riding would not draw some of that dangerous Sensibility which 'young Edwin' is apt to mistake for poetical Genius."

"Gray had more than that in him, I know," said Euphranor; "but I doubt what might have become of his poetry had such been the discipline of his Eton day."

"Perhaps something better — perhaps nothing at all — and *he* the happier man."

"But not *you*, Doctor — for the loss of his Elegy — with all your talk."

"No; I am always remembering, and always forgetting it; remembering, I mean, the several stanzas, and forgetting how they link together; partly, perhaps, because of each being so severally elaborated. Neither

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Yeomanry Drill — nor daily Plough — drove the Muse out of Burns."

"Nor the Melancholy neither, for that matter," said Euphranor. "Those 'Banks and braes' of his could not bestow on him even the 'momentary joy' which those Eton fields 'beloved in vain' breathed into the heart of Gray."

"Are you not forgetting," said I, "that Burns was not then singing of himself, but of some forsaken damsel, as appears by the second stanza, which few, by the way, care to remember? As unremember'd it may have been," I continued, after a pause, "by the only living — and like to live — Poet I had known, when, so many years after, he found himself beside that 'bonnie Doon' and — whether it were from recollection of poor Burns, or of 'the days that are no more' which haunt us all, I know not — I think he did not know — but, he somehow 'broke,' as he told me, 'into a passion of tears.'— Of tears which, during a pretty long and intimate intercourse, I had never seen glisten in his eye but once, when reading Virgil—'dear old Virgil,' as he call'd him — together: and then of the burning of Troy in the Second Æneid — whether moved by the catastrophe's self, or the majesty of the Verse it is told in — or, as before, scarce knowing why. For, as King Arthur shall bear witness, no young Edwin he, though, as a great Poet, comprehending all the softer stops of human Emotion in that Diapason where the Intellectual, no less than what is call'd the Poetical, faculty pre-

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dominated. As all who knew him know, a Man at all points, Euphranor — like your Digby, of grand proportion and feature, significant of that inward Chivalry, becoming his ancient and honourable race; when himself a 'Yongé Squire,' like him in Chaucer 'of grete strength,' that could hurl the crow-bar further than any of the neighbouring clowns, whose humours, as well as of their betters,— Knight, Squire, Landlord and Landtenant,— he took quiet note of, like Chaucer himself. Like your Wordsworth on the Mountain, he too, when a Lad, abroad on the Wold; sometimes of a night with the Shepherd; watching not only the Sheep on the greensward, whom individually he knew, but also

'The fleecy Star that bears
Andromeda far off Atlantic seas'

along with those the Zodiacal constellations which Aries, I think, leads over the field of Heaven. He then observed also some of those uncertain phenomena of Night: unsurmised apparitions of the Northern Aurora, with some shy glimpses of which no winter — no, nor even summer — night, he said, was utterly unvisited; and those strange voices, whether of creeping brook, or copses muttering to themselves far off — perhaps the yet more impossible Sea — together with 'nameless sounds we know not whence they come,' says Crabbe, but all inaudible to the ear of Day. He was not then, I suppose, unless the Word spontaneously came upon him, thinking how to turn what he saw and heard into Verse; a

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premeditation that is very likely to defeat itself. For is not what we call *Poetry* said to be an Inspiration, which, if not kindling at the sudden collision, or recollection, of Reality, will yet less be quicken'd by anticipation, howsoever it may be controll'd by afterthought?"

Something to this effect I said, though, were it but for lack of walking breath, at no so long-winded a flight of eloquence. And then Euphranor, whose lungs were so much in better order than mine, though I had left him so little opportunity for using them, took up where I left off, and partly read, and partly told us of a delightful passage from his Godefridus, to this effect, that, if the Poet could not invent, neither could his Reader understand him, when he told of Ulysses and Diomed listening to the crane clanging in the marsh by night, without having *experienced* something of the sort. And so we went on, partly in jest, partly in earnest, drawing Philosophers of all kinds into the same net in which we had entangled the Poet and his Critic — How the Moralist who worked alone in his closet was apt to mismeasure Humanity, and be very angry when the cloth he cut out for him would not fit — how the best Histories were written by those who themselves had been actors in them — Gibbon, one of the next best, I believe, recording how the discipline of the Hampshire Militia he served as Captain in — how odd he must have looked in the uniform! — enlighten'd him as to the evolutions of a Roman Legion — And so on a great deal more;

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till, suddenly observing how the sun had declined from his meridian, I look'd at my watch, and ask'd my companions did not they begin to feel hungry, like myself? They agreed with me; and we turn'd homeward: and as Lexilogus had hitherto borne so little part in the conversation, I began to question him about Herodotus and Strabo, (whose books I had seen lying open upon his table,) and drew from him some information about the courses of the Nile and the Danube, and the Geography of the Old World: till, all of a sudden, our conversation skipt from Olympus, I think, to the hills of Yorkshire — our own old hills — and the old friends and neighbours who dwelt among them. And as we were thus talking, we heard the galloping of Horses behind us, (for we were now again upon the main road,) and, looking back as they were just coming up, I recognised Phidippus for one of the riders, with two others whom I did not know. I held up my hand, and call'd out to him as he was passing; and Phidippus, drawing up his Horse all snorting and agitated with her arrested course, wheel'd back and came along-side of us.

I ask'd him what he was about, galloping along the road; I thought scientific men were more tender of their horses' legs and feet. But the roads, he said, were quite soft with the late rains; and they were only trying each other's speed for a mile or so.

By this time his two companions had pulled up some way forward, and were calling him to come on: but he said, laughing, "they had quite enough of it," and

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address'd himself with many a "Steady!" and "So! So!" to pacify Miss Middleton, as he called her, who still caper'd, plung'd, and snatch'd at her bridle; his friends shouting louder and louder—"Why the Devil he didn't come on?"

He waved his hand to them in return; and with a "Confound" and "Deuce take the Fellow," they set off away toward the town. On which Miss Middleton began afresh, plunging, and blowing out a peony nostril after her flying fellows; until, what with their dwindling in distance, and some expostulation address'd to her by her Master as to a fractious Child, she seem'd to make up her mind to the indignity, and composed herself to go pretty quietly beside us.

I then asked him did he not remember Lexilogus,—(Euphranor he had already recognised,)—and Phidippus, who really had not hitherto seen who it was, (Lexilogus looking shyly down all the while,) call'd out heartily to him, and, wheeling his mare suddenly behind us, took hold of his hand, and began to inquire about his family in Yorkshire.

"One would suppose," said I, "you two fellows had not met for years."

"It was true," Phidippus said, "they did not meet as often as he wish'd; but Lexilogus would not come to his rooms, and he did not like to disturb Lexilogus at his books; and so the time went on."

I then inquired about his own reading, which, though not much, was not utterly neglected, it seemed; and he

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said he had meant to ask one of us to beat something into his stupid head this summer in Yorkshire.

Lexilogus, I knew, meant to stop at Cambridge all the long vacation; but Euphranor said he should be at home, for anything he then knew, and they could talk the matter over when the time came. We then again fell to talking of our County; and among other things I asked Phidippus if his horse were Yorkshire,—of old famous for its breed, as well as of Riders,—and how long he had her, and so forth.

Yorkshire she was, a present from his Father, "and a great pet," he said, bending down his head, which Miss Middleton answered by a dip of hers, shaking the bit in her mouth, and breaking into a little canter, which however was easily suppress'd.

"Miss Middleton?" said I—"what, by Bay Middleton out of Coquette, by Tomboy out of High-Life Below-Stairs, right up to Mahomet and his Mares?"

"Right," he answered, laughing, "as far as Bay Middleton was concerned."

"But, Phidippus," said I, "she's as black as a coal!"

"And so was her Dam, a Yorkshire Mare," he answered; which, I said, saved the credit of all parties. Might she perhaps be descended from our famous "Yorkshire Jenny," renowned in Newmarket Verse? But Phidippus had never heard of "Yorkshire Jenny," nor of the Ballad, which I promised to acquaint him with, if he would stop on his way back, and dine with us at Chesterton, where his Mare might have her Dinner

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too — all of us Yorkshiremen except Lycion, whom he knew a little of. There was to be a Boat-race, however, in the evening, which Phidippus said he must leave us to attend, if dine with us he did; for, though not one of the Crew on this occasion, (not being one of the best,) he must yet see his own Trinity boat keep the head of the River. As to that, I said, we were all bound the same way, which indeed Euphranor had proposed before; and so the whole affair was settled.

As we went along, I began questioning him concerning some of those Equestrian difficulties which Euphranor and I had been talking of: all which Phidippus thought was only my usual banter — "he was no Judge — I must ask older hands," and so forth — until we reach'd the Inn, when I begg'd Euphranor to order dinner at once, while I and Lexilogus accompanied Phidippus to the Stable. There, after giving his mare in charge to the hostler with due directions as to her toilet and table, he took off her saddle and bridle himself, and adjusted the head-stall. Then, follow'd out of the stable by her flaming eye and pointed ears, he too pausing a moment on the threshold to ask me "was she not a Beauty?" (for he persisted in the delusion of my knowing more of the matter than I chose to confess,) we cross'd over into the house.

There, having wash'd our hands and faces, we went up into the Billiard-room, where we found Euphranor and Lycion playing,— Lycion very lazily, like a man

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who had already too much of it, but yet nothing better to do. After a short while, the girl came to tell us all was ready; and, after that slight hesitation as to precedence which Englishmen rarely forget on the least ceremonious occasions,— Lexilogus, in particular, pausing timidly at the door, and Euphranor pushing him gently forward,— we got down to the little Parlour, very airy and pleasant, with its windows opening on the bowling-green, the table laid with a clean white cloth, and upon that a dish of smoking beefsteak, at which I, as master of the Feast, and, as Euphranor slyly intimated, otherwise entitled, sat down to officiate. For some time the clatter of knife and fork, and the pouring of ale, went on, mix'd with some conversation among the young men about College matters: till Lycion began to tell us of a gay Ball he had lately been at, and of the Families there; among whom he named three young Ladies from a neighbouring County, by far the handsomest women present, he said.

"And very accomplish'd, too, I am told," said Euphranor.

"Oh, as for that," replied Lycion, "they *Valse* very well." He hated "your accomplished women," he said.

"Well, there," said Euphranor, "I suppose the Doctor will agree with you."

I said, certainly *Valsing* would be no great use to me personally — unless, as some Lady of equal size and greater rank had said, I could meet with a concave partner.

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"One knows so exactly," said Lycion, "what the Doctor would choose,— a woman

'Well versed in the Arts
Of Pies, Puddings, and Tarts,'

as one used to read of somewhere, I remember."

"Not forgetting," said I, "the being able to help in compounding a pill or a plaister; which I dare say your Great-grandmother knew something about, Lycion, for in those days, you know, Great ladies studied Simples. Well, so I am fitted,— as Lycion is to be with one who can *Valse* through life with him."

"'And follow so the ever-rolling Year
With profitable labour to their graves,'"

added Euphranor, laughing.

"I don't want to marry her," said Lycion testily.

"Then Euphranor," said I, "will advertise for a 'Strong-minded' Female, able to read Plato with him, and Wordsworth, and Digby, and become a Mother of Heroes. As to Phidippus there is no doubt — Diana Vernon —"

But Phidippus disclaimed any taste for Sporting ladies.

"Well, come," said I, passing round a bottle of sherry I had just call'd for, "every man to his liking, only all of you taking care to secure the accomplishments of Health and Good-humour."

"Ah, there it is, out at last!" cried Euphranor, clapping his hands; "I knew the Doctor would choose as Frederic for his Grenadiers."

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"So you may accommodate me with a motto from another old Song whenever my time comes;

'Give Isaac the Nymph who no beauty can boast,
But Health and Good-humour to make her his toast.'

Well, every man to his fancy — Here's to mine! — And when we have finish'd the bottle, which seems about equal to one more errand round the table, we will adjourn, if you like, to the Bowling-green, which Euphranor will tell us was the goodly custom of our Forefathers, and I can recommend as a very wholesome after-dinner exercise."

"Not, however, till we have the Doctor's famous Ballad about Miss Middleton's possible Great-Great-Grandmother," cried Euphranor, "by way of Pindaric close to this Heroic entertainment, sung from the Chair, who probably composed it ——"

"As little as could sing it," I assured him.

"Oh, I remember, it was the Jockey who rode her!"

"Perhaps only his Helper," answered I; "such bad grammar, and rhyme, and altogether want of what your man — how do you call him — G. O. E. T. H. E. — '*Gewty*,' will that do? — calls, I believe, *Art*."

"Who nevertheless maintained," said Euphranor, "that the Ballad was scarcely possible but to those who simply saw with their Eyes, heard with their Ears — and, I really think he said, fought with their fists, — I suppose also felt with their hearts — without any notion of '*Art*' — although Goethe himself, Schiller, and

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Rückert, and other of your æsthetic Germans, Doctor, have latterly done best in that line, I believe."

"Better than Cowper's 'Royal George,'" said I, "where every word of the narrative *tells*, as from a Seaman's lips?"

"*That* is something before our time, Doctor."

"Better then than some of Campbell's which follow'd it! or some of Sir Walter's? or 'The Lord of Burleigh,' which is later than all? But enough that my poor Jock may chance to sing of his Mare as well as Shenstone of his Strephon and Delia."

"Or more modern Bards of Cocles in the Tiber, or Regulus in the Tub," said Euphranor.—"But come! Song from the Chair!" he call'd out, tapping his glass on the table, which Phidippus echoed with his.

So with a prelusive "Well then," I began—

"'I'll sing you a Song, and a merry, merry Song—

By the way, Phidippus, what an odd notion of merriment is a Jockey's, if this Song be a sample. I think I have observed they have grave, taciturn faces, especially when old, which they soon get to look. Is this from much wasting, to carry little Flesh—and large—Responsibility?"

"Doctor, Doctor, leave your—faces, and begin!" interrupted Euphranor. "I must call the Chair to Order."

Thus admonish'd, with some slight interpolations, (to be jump'd by the Æsthetic,) I repeated the poor Ballad

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which, dropt I know not how nor when into my ear, had managed, as others we had talk'd of, to chink itself in some corner of a memory that should have been occupied with other professional jargon than a "Jockey's."

I.

"I'll sing you a Song, and a merry, merry Song,
Concerning our Yorkshire Jen;
Who never yet ran with Horse or Mare,
That ever she cared for a pin.

II.

When first she came to Newmarket town,
The Sportsmen all view'd her around;
All the cry was, 'Alas, poor wench,
Thou never can run this ground!'

III.

When they came to the starting-post,
The Mare look'd very smart;
And let them all say what they will,
She never lost her start—

— which I don't quite understand, by the way: do you, Lycion?"— No answer.

IV.

"When they got to the Two-mile post,
Poor Jenny was cast behind:
She was cast behind, she was cast behind,
All for to take her wind.

V.

When they got to the Three-mile post,
The Mare look'd very pale—

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(Phidippus!" — His knee moved under the table —)

"SHE LAID DOWN HER EARS ON HER BONNY NECK,
AND BY THEM ALL DID SHE SAIL;

VI. *(Accelerando.)*

'Come follow me, come follow me,
All you who run so neat;
And ere that you catch me again,
I'll make you well to sweat.'

VII. *(Grandioso.)*

When she got to the Winning-post,
The people all gave a shout:
And Jenny click'd up her Lily-white foot,
And jump'd like any Buck.

VIII.

The Jockey said to her, 'This race you have run,
This race for me you have got;
You could gallop it all over again,
When the rest could hardly trot!'"

"They were Four-mile Heats in those days, you see, would pose your modern Middletons, though Miss Jenny, laying back her ears — away from catching the Wind, some think — and otherwise '*pale*,' with the distended vein and starting sinew of that Three-mile crisis, nevertheless, on coming triumphantly in, click'd up that lily-white foot of hers, (of which *one*, I have heard say, is as good a sign as all four white are a bad,) and could, as the Jockey thought, have gallop'd it all over again — Can't you see him, Phidippus, for once forgetful of his

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professional stoicism, (but I don't think Jockeys were quite so politic then,) bending forward to pat the bonny Neck that measured the Victory, as he rides her slowly back to the — *Weighing-house*, is it? — follow'd by the scarlet-coated Horsemen and shouting People of those days? — all silent, and pass'd away for ever now, unless from the memory of one pursy Doctor, who, were she but alive, would hardly know Jenny's head from her tail — And now will you have any more wine?" said I, holding up the empty decanter.

Phidippus, hastily finishing his glass, jump'd up; and, the others following him with more or less alacrity, we all sallied forth on the Bowling-green. As soon as there, Lycion of course pull'd out his Cigar-case, (which he had eyed, I saw, with really good-humoured resignation during the Ballad,) and offer'd them all round, telling Phidippus he could recommend them as some of Pontet's best. But Phidippus did not smoke, he said; which, together with his declining to bet on the Boat-race, caused Lycion, I thought, to look on him with some indulgence.

And now Jack was rolled upon the green; and I bowl'd after him first, pretty well; then Euphranor still better; then Lycion, with great indifference, and indifferent success; then Phidippus, who about rivall'd me; and last of all, Lexilogus, whom Phidippus had been instructing in the mystery of the bias with some little side-rolls along the turf, and who, he said, only wanted a little practice to play as well as the best of us.

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Meanwhile, the shadows lengthen'd along the grass, and after several bouts of play, Phidippus, who had to ride round by Cambridge, said he must be off in time to see his friends start. We should soon follow, I said; and Euphranor asked him to his rooms after the race. But Phidippus was engaged to sup with his crew.

"Where you will all be drunk," said I.

"No; there," said he, "you are quite mistaken, Doctor."

"Well, well," I said, "away, then, to your race and your supper."

"Μετὰ σώφρονος ἡλικιώτου," added Euphranor, smiling.

"Μετα, 'with,' or 'after,'" said Phidippus, putting on his gloves.

"Well, go on, Sir," said I,—"Σώφρονος ?"

"A temperate — something or other —"

"Ηλικιώτου ?"

"Supper ?— he hesitated, smiling —"'After a temperate supper ?'"

"Go down, Sir; go down this instant!" I roar'd out to him as he ran from the bowling-green. And in a few minutes we heard his mare's feet shuffling over the stable threshold, and directly afterwards breaking into a retreating canter beyond.

Shortly after this, the rest of us agreed it was time to be gone. We walk'd along the fields by the Church, (purposely to ask about the sick Lady by the way,) cross'd the Ferry, and mingled with the crowd upon

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the opposite shore; Townsmen and Gownsmen, with the tassell'd Fellow-commoner sprinkled here and there — Reading men and Sporting men — Fellows, and even Masters of Colleges, not indifferent to the prowess of their respective Crews — all these, conversing on all sorts of topics, from the slang in *Bell's Life* to the last new German Revelation, and moving in ever-changing groups down the shore of the river, at whose farther bend was a little knot of Ladies gathered up on a green knoll faced and illuminated by the beams of the setting sun. Beyond which point was at length heard some indistinct shouting, which gradually increased, until "They are off — they are coming!" suspended other conversation among ourselves; and suddenly the head of the first boat turn'd the corner; and then another close upon it; and then a third; the crews pulling with all their might compacted into perfect rhythm; and the crowd on shore turning round to follow along with them, waving hats and caps, and cheering, "Bravo, St. John's!" "Go it, Trinity!" — the high crest and blowing forelock of Phidippus's mare, and he himself shouting encouragement to his crew, conspicuous over all — until, the boats reaching us, we also were caught up in the returning tide of spectators, and hurried back toward the goal; where we arrived just in time to see the Ensign of Trinity lowered from its pride of place, and the Eagle of St. John's soaring there instead. Then, waiting a little while to hear how the winner had won, and the loser lost, and watching Phidippus engaged

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in eager conversation with his defeated brethren, I took Euphranor and Lexilogus under either arm, (Lycion having got into better company elsewhere,) and walk'd home with them across the meadow leading to the town, whither the dusky troops of Gownsmen with all their confused voices seem'd as it were evaporating in the twilight, while a Nightingale began to be heard among the flowering Chestnuts of Jesus.

FINIS.

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POLONIUS.

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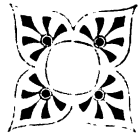

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POLONIUS:

A COLLECTION

OF

WISE SAWS AND MODERN INSTANCES.

Therefore, since brevity is the soul of wit,
And tediousness the limbs and outward flourishes,
I WILL BE BRIEF.

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POLONIUS:

A COLLECTION OF WISE SAWS AND MODERN INSTANCES.

QUICKNESS OF WIT.

I MAKE no more estimation of repeating a great number of names or words upon once hearing, or the pouring forth of a number of verses or rhymes extempore, *or the making of a satirical simile of every thing, or the turning of every thing to a jest, or the falsifying or contradicting of every thing by cavil,* or the like, (whereof in the faculties of the mind there is great copia, and such as by device and practice may be brought to an extreme degree of wonder,) than I do of the tricks of tumblers, funambules, baladines — the one being the same in the mind that the other is in the body; matters of strangeness without worthiness. *Bacon.*

"Quickness is among the least of the mind's properties, and belongs to her in almost her lowest state; nay, it doth not abandon her when she is driven from her home, when she is wandering and insane. The mad often retain it; the liar has it; the cheat has it; we find it on the race-course and at the card-table: education does not give it; and reflection takes away from it."

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"WHEN THE CUP IS FULLEST LOOK THOU BEAR HER FAIREST."

POWER to do good is the true and lawful end of aspiring. For good thoughts, though God accept them, yet towards men they are little better than good dreams, except they be put in act; and that cannot be without power and place, as the vantage and commanding ground. *Bacon.*

We are all here fellow-servants, and we know not how our Grand Master will brook insolences in his family. How darest thou, that art but a piece of earth that Heaven has blown into, presume thyself into the impudent usurpation of a majesty unshaken?

The top feather of the plume began to give himself airs, and toss his head, and look down contemptuously on his fellows. But one of them said, "Peace! we are all of us but feathers; only he that made us a plume was pleased to set thee the highest." *Feltham.*

It is a sure sign of greatness whom honour amends. *Bacon.*

"THE HIGHER THE APE GOES THE MORE HE SHOWS HIS TAIL."

DE TE FABULA.

AN Ass was wishing in a hard winter for a little warm weather, and a mouthful of fresh grass to knab upon,

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in exchange for a heartless truss of straw, and a cold lodging. In good time, the warm weather and the fresh grass comes on; but so much toil and business for asses along with it, that this ass grows quickly as weary of the spring as he was of the winter. His next longing is for summer: but what with harvest-work, and other drudgeries of that season, he is worse now than he was in the spring: and so he fancies he never shall be well till autumn comes. But then again, what with carrying apples, grapes, fuel, winter provisions, &c., he finds himself more harassed than ever. In fine, when he has trod the circle of the year in a course of restless labour, his last prayer is for winter again, and that he may but take up his rest where he began his complaint. *L'Estrange's Fables.*

And follows so the ever-rolling year
With profitable labour to his grave.

THE PHILOSOPHER.

THE name of "*Wise*" seems to me, O Phædrus, a great matter, and to belong to God alone. A man may be more fitly denominated "philosophus," "*would be wise,*" or some such name. *Plato.*

The philosopher stations himself in the middle, and must draw down to him all that is higher, and up to him all that is lower: and only in this medium does he merit the title of Wise. *Goethe.*

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Plato's Philosopher pursues the true light, yet returns back to his former fellows who dwell in the dark, watching shadows.

"EVERY OAK MUST BE AN ACORN."

When the Balloon was first discovered, some one said to Franklin, "What will ever come of it?" Franklin pointed to a baby in its cradle, and said, "And what will ever come of that?"

TROUBLES OF LIFE.

I AM very sorry for your distresses; one of which* I think is of the number of the τὰ ἐφ' ἡμῖν, and may be put an end to at any time. For what is money given for but to make a man easy? And if others will be iniquitous, there is nothing to be done but to have recourse to the *redime te captum quàm queas minimo:* a very good maxim, which we learn in our Grammar, and forget in our lives. The other trouble† is not so easily set aside; but it has the comfort of necessity, and must be borne whether you will or not, which with wise men is the same thing as choice: for a fool in such a case goes about bellowing, and telling everybody he meets (who do but laugh at him) what a sad calamity has

*Loss of money. †Sickness.

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happened to him; but a man of sense says nothing and submits. This is very wise, you will say; but it is very true. *Jeremiah Markland.*

"WHAT CAN'T BE CURED MUST BE ENDURED."

"PENNY WISE, POUND FOOLISH."

The saying of a noble and wise counsellor in England is worthy to be remembered, that, with a pretty tale he told, utterly condemned such lingering proceedings. The tale was this:—A poor widow (said he) in the country, doubting her provision of wood would not last all the winter, and yet desiring to roast a joint and a hen one day to welcome her friends, laid on two sticks on the fire; but when that would scarce heat it, she fetched two more; and so still burning them out by two and two, (whereas one fagot laid on at the first would have roasted it,) she spent four or five fagots more than she needed: and yet when all was done, her meat was scorched of one side, and raw of the t'other side; her friends ill content of their fare; and she enforced, ere winter went about, to borrow wood of her poor neighbours, because so many of her own fagots were spent. *Sir J. Harrington.*

VALOUR AND MERCY.

THAT Mercy can dwell only with Valour, is an old sentiment, or proposition, which, in Johnson, again

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receives confirmation. Few men on record have had a more merciful, tenderly affectionate nature, than old Samuel. He was called the Bear, and did indeed too often look and roar like one, being forced to it in his own defence; yet within that shaggy exterior of his there beat a heart warm as a mother's, soft as a little child's. Nay, generally his very roaring was but the anger of affection; the rage of a bear if you will; but of a bear bereaved of her whelps. Touch his religion; glance at the Church of England, or the divine right; and he was upon you! These things were his symbols of all that was good and precious for men: his very ark of the covenant; whoso laid his hand on them tore asunder his heart of hearts. Not out of hatred to the opponent, but of love to the opposed, did Johnson grow cruel, fierce, contradictory: this is an important distinction, never to be forgotten in our censure of his conversational outrages. But observe also with what humanity, what openness of love, he can attach himself to all things — to a blind old woman, to a Doctor Levett, to a Cat Hodge — "His thoughts in the latter part of his life were frequently employed on his deceased friends; he often muttered these or such-like words, 'Poor man! and then he died!'" How he patiently converts his poor home into a Lazaretto; endures, for long years, the contradiction of the miserable and unreasonable — with him unconnected, save that they had no other to yield them refuge! Generous old man! Worldly possessions he has little, yet of this he

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gives freely; from his own hard-earned shilling, the half-pence for the poor, that waited his coming out, are not withheld; the poor waited the coming out of one not quite so poor! A Sterne can write sentimentalities on dead asses: Johnson has a rough voice, but he finds the wretched daughter of vice fallen down in the streets, carries her home on his own shoulders, and, like a good Samaritan, gives help to the half-needy, whether worthy or unworthy. *Carlyle.*

Il n'y a que les personnes qui ont de la fermeté qui puissent avoir une veritable douceur: celles qui paroissent douces n'ont ordinairement que de la foiblesse qui se convertit aisément en aigreur. *Rochefoucauld.*

"It is the best metal that bows best," says Fuller: and "*the sweet wine that makes the sharpest vinegar*," says an old proverb.

HONESTY

Doth not consist in the doing of one, or one thousand, acts never so well, but in the spinning on the delicate thread of life, though not exceeding fine, yet free from breaks and stains. *Sidney.*

Of great deeds I make no account; but a great life I reverence.—"Splendida facinora" every sinner may perpetrate. *Richter.*

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What is to be undergone only once we may undergo: what must be comes almost of its own accord. The courage we desire and prize is, not the courage to die decently, but to live manfully. *Carlyle.*

SOWING THE SEED.

Σπείρειν τε καρπὸν Χάριτος ἡδίστης Θεῶν.

Two travellers happened to be passing through a town while a great fire was raging.

One of them sat down at the inn, saying, "It is not my business." But the other ran into the flames, and saved much goods and some people.

When he came back, his companion asked him, "And who bid thee risk thy life in others' business?"

"He," said the brave man, "who bade me bury seed that it may one day bring forth increase."

"But if thou thyself hadst been buried in the ruins?"

"Then should I myself have been the seed."

German.

"FUN IN THE OLD FIDDLE."

As Wilhelm, contrary to his usual habit, let his eye wander inquisitively over the room, the good old man said to him, "My domestic equipment excites your attention. You see here how long a thing may last; and one should make such observations, now and then, by way of counterbalance to so much in the world that rapidly changes and passes away. This same tea-kettle

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served my parents, and was a witness of our evening family assemblages; this copper fire-screen still guards me from the fire, which these stout old tongs help me to mend; and so it is with all throughout. I had it in my power to bestow my care and industry on many other things, and I did not occupy myself in the changing these external necessaries, a task which consumes so many people's time and resources. An affectionate attention to what we possess, makes us rich; for thereby we accumulate a treasure of remembrances connected with indifferent things. In us little men such little things are to be reckoned virtue ——."

Wilhelm Meister.

And as of family, so of national, monuments—"Ce sont les crampons qui unissent une generation à une autre. Conservez ce qu'ont vu vos Pères." *Joubert.*

"WISH AND WISH ON."

Such as the chain of causes we call Fate, such is the chain of wishes; one links on to another; and the whole man is bound in the chain of wishing for ever.

Seneca.

Who has many wishes has generally but little will. Who has energy of will has few diverging wishes. Whose will is bent on one, must renounce the wishes for many things. Who cannot do this is not stamped with the majesty of human nature. The energy of choice, the unison of the various powers for one, is

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only will—born under the agonies of self-denial and renounced desires.

Calmness of will is a sign of grandeur. The vulgar, far from hiding their will, blab their wishes. A single spark of occasion discharges the child of passion into a thousand crackers of desire. *Lavater.*

Always let oneness of purpose rule over a boy. He wanted perhaps to have, or to do, some certain thing: oblige him then to take, or do it. *Richter.*

"HUNT MANY HARES AND CATCH NONE."

"THE EYE SEES ONLY WHAT IT HAS IN ITSELF THE POWER OF SEEING."—*Goethe.*

To many this will seem a truism, who would think it a paradox should you tell them they saw another tree than the painter did, looking at the same. No wonder then if they see something very different from Goethe in this sentence of his.

1. We do not see nature by looking at it. We fancy we see the whole of any object that is before us, because we know no more than what we see. The rest escapes us as a matter of course; and we easily conclude that the idea in our minds and the image in nature are one and the same. But in fact we only see a very small part of nature, and make an imperfect abstraction of the infinite number of particulars which are always to be found in it, as well as we can. Some do

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this with more or less accuracy than others, according to habit or natural genius. A painter, for instance, who has been working on a face for several days, still finds out something new in it which he did not notice before, and which he endeavours to give in order to make his copy more perfect. A young artist, when he first begins to study from nature, soon makes an end of his sketch, because he sees only a general outline and certain gross distinctions and masses. As he proceeds, a new field opens to him; differences crowd on differences; and as his perceptions grow more refined, he could employ whole days in working upon a single part, without satisfying himself at last. *Hazlitt.*

2. So says Bacon, "That is the best part of beauty which a picture cannot express; no, nor the first sight of life neither.

"Directly in the face of most intellectual tea-circles, it may be asserted, that no good book, or good thing of any sort, shows its best face at first: nay, that the commonest quality in a true work of art, if its excellence have any depth and compass, is that at first sight it occasions a certain disappointment—perhaps even, mingled with its undeniable beauty, a certain feeling of aversion." *Carlyle.*

"Most men are disappointed at first sight of the sea; as also of mountains, which a novice thinks he could soon run up, till his eyes learn to distinguish those

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aerial gradations which soon made themselves understood by the feet."

"The shepherd knows every sheep in his flock: and Pascal tells us, that the more genius a man has, the more he will see of it in other men. Indeed the clear eye will see in every man something of that which common observers are apt to consider the property of a few. If no two sheep — nay, it is said, no two leaves — are alike, how much less any two men!" *E. Y. S.*

QUANTUM SUMUS SCIMUS.

THE SOLECISM OF POWER.

THE difficulties in Princes' business are many and great; but the greatest difficulty is often in their own mind. For it is common with princes, saith Tacitus, to will contradictories; "sunt plerumque Regum voluntates vehementes, et inter se contrariæ." For it is the solecism of power to think to command the end, and yet not to endure the mean.

Princes many times make themselves desires, and set their hearts on toys; sometimes upon a building; sometimes upon erecting of an order, &c. This seemeth incredible unto those that know not the principle, that the mind of man is more cheered and refreshed by profiting in small things than by standing at a stay in great. *Bacon.*

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FORGIVE AND FORGET.

"WHEN," said Descartes, "a man injures me, I strive to lift up my soul so high that his offence cannot reach me."

It is certain, that a man who studieth revenge, keeps his own wounds green, which would otherwise heal and do well. *Bacon.*

And finally,

Without knowing particulars, I take upon me to assure all persons who think that they have received indignities or injurious treatment, that they may depend upon it as in a manner certain, that the offence is not so great as they imagine. *Bishop Butler.*

INCONSTANCY.

LE sentiment de la fausseté des plaisirs présents, et l'ignorance de la vanité des plaisirs absents, causent l'inconstance. *Rochefoucauld.*

"THE OTHER SIDE OF THE ROAD ALWAYS LOOKS CLEANEST."

THE POOR.

A DECENT provision for the poor is the true test of civilization. Gentlemen of education are pretty much

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the same in all countries; the condition of the lower orders, the poor especially, is the true mark of national discrimination. *Johnson.*

"How often one hears an English gentleman (as good as any gentleman, however) mourning over the loss, as he calls it, of a hundred or two a year in farming his estate—so fine a business for an English gentleman! 'It won't do—it won't pay—he must give it up,' &c. Why, what do his fine houses, equipages, gardens, pictures, jewels, dinners, and operas, *pay?* 'Oh, but there he has something to show for his money.' And is a population of honest, healthy, happy English labourers—honest, healthy, and happy, because constantly employed by him, with proper wages, and not so much labour exacted of them as to turn a man into a brute—is not *this* something to show for your money? as good pictures, jewels, equipage, and music, as a man should desire?"

Not, however, to be bought wholly by money wages—

"LOVE IS THE TRUE PRICE OF LOVE."

Cash payment never was, or could be (except for a few years) the union bond of man to man. Cash never yet paid one man fully his deserts to another; nor could it, nor can it, now or henceforth to the end of the world. *Carlyle.*

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On a rock-side in one of Bewick's Vignettes, we see inscribed what should never be erased from any Englishman's heart:

> Princes and lords may flourish or may fade,
> A breath may make them, as a breath has made;
> But A BOLD PEASANTRY, their country's pride,
> When once destroyed can never be supplied.

Advice well remembered by Sir Walter Scott's Duke of Buccleugh, "one of those retired and high-spirited men who will never be known until the world asks what became of the huge oak that grew on the brow of the hill, and sheltered such an extent of ground."

THE THREE RACES.

MACHIAVELLI divides men into three classes:

1. Those who find truth.
2. Those who follow what is found.
3. Those who do neither. And the same distinction is observed in a pack of fox hounds, only that, in their case, the latter class are soundly beaten, and, if incorrigible, *hung*.

FOUND OUT BY ONE'S SIN.

WHEN the sinner shall rise from his grave, there shall meet him an uglier figure than ever he beheld — deformed — hideous — of a filthy smell, and with a horrid voice;

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so that he shall call aloud, "God save me! what art thou?"—The shape shall answer, "Why wonderest thou at me? I am but THINE OWN WORKS; thou didst ride upon me in the other world, and I will ride upon thee for ever here." *Jaldl-ud-Dín Rúmí.*

"TO-MORROW AND TO-MORROW!"

The procrastinator is not only indolent and weak, but commonly false. Most of the weak are false.

Lavater.

"What a quantity, not of time only, but of soul, has been spent in resolving and re-resolving to get up out of bed in a morning."

"*By and by,* is easily said"—and re-said.

Do immediately whatever is to be done. When a regiment is under march, the rear is often thrown into confusion because the front do not move steadily and without interruption. It is the same thing with business: if that which is first in hand is not instantly, steadily, and regularly despatched, other things accumulate behind, till affairs begin to press all at once, and no human brain can stand the confusion. *Sir W. Scott.*

THE SOURCE OF THE GREAT RIVER.

IT has been the plan of Divine Providence, to ground what is good and true in religion and morals on the basis of our good natural feelings. What we are

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towards our earthly friends in the instincts and wishes of our infancy, such we are to become at length towards God and man in the extended field of our duties as accountable beings. To honour our parents is the first step towards honouring God; to love our brethren according to the flesh, the first step to considering all men our brethren. Hence our Lord says we must become as little children if we would be saved; we must become in his church as men, what we were once in the small circle of our youthful homes.

The love of private friends is the only preparatory exercise for the love of others. It is obviously impossible to love all men in any strict and true sense. What is meant by loving all men, is to feel well disposed towards all men, to be ready to assist them, and to act towards those who come in our way as if we loved them. We cannot love those about whom we know nothing, except indeed we view them in Christ, as the objects of his atonement; that is, rather in faith than in love. And love, besides, is a habit, and cannot be attained without actual practice, which on so large a scale is impossible. We see then how absurd it is when writers (as is the manner of some who slight the gospel) talk magnificently about loving the whole human race with a comprehensive affection, of being the friends of mankind, and the like-such vaunting professions. What do they come to? That such men have certain benevolent feelings towards the world,—*feelings*, and nothing more — nothing more than unstable

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feelings, the mere offspring of an indulged imagination, which exist only when their minds are wrought upon, and are sure to fail them in the hour of need. This is not to love men, but to talk about love.

The real love of man must depend on practice, and therefore must begin by exercising itself on our friends around us, otherwise it will have no existence. By trying to love our relations and friends; by submitting to their wishes though contrary to our own; by bearing with their infirmities; by overcoming their occasional waywardness with kindness; by dwelling on their excellences, and trying to copy them — thus it is that we form in our hearts that root of charity which, though small at first, may, like the mustard seed, at last even overshadow the earth. The vain talkers about philanthropy, just spoken of, usually show the emptiness of their profession by being morose and cruel in the private relations of life, which they seem to account as subjects beneath their notice. And we know, from the highest of all authority, that one can only learn to love God, whom one has not seen, by loving our brothers whom we do see. *Newman.*

To a lady who endeavoured once to vindicate herself from blame for neglecting social attention to worthy neighbours, by saying, "I would go to them if it would do them any good," Johnson said, "What good do you expect, Madam, to be able to do them? It is showing them respect, and that is doing them good."

Boswell's Johnson.

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The joys and loves of earth the same in heaven will be;
Only the little brook has widen'd to a sea. *Trench.*

THE WEAK ARE FALSE.

"HE SHUTS HIS EYES AND THINKS NONE SEE."

As the verse noteth,

"Percontatorem fugito, nam garrulus idem est,"

an inquisitive man is a prattler; so, upon the like reason, a credulous man is a deceiver; as we see it in fame, that he that will easily believe rumours, will as easily augment rumours, and add somewhat to them of his own: which Tacitus wisely noteth when he saith, "Fingunt simul creduntque." *Bacon.*

Quack and dupe are upper-side, and under, of the self-same substance; convertible personages. Turn up your dupe into the proper fostering element, and he himself can become a quack: there is in him the due prominent insincerity, open voracity to profit, and closed sense to truth; whereof quacks too, in all their kinds, are made. *Carlyle.*

FORMS AND CEREMONIES.

CEREMONY keeps up all things; 't is like a penny glass to a rich spirit, or some excellent water; without it the water would be spilt, the spirit lost.

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There were some mathematicians that could with one fetch of their pen make an exact circle, and with the next touch point out the centre. Is it therefore reasonable to banish all use of compasses? Set forms are a pair of compasses. *Selden.*

BUILDING.

He that builds a fair house on an ill seat, committeth himself to prison. Neither is it ill air only that maketh an ill seat; but ill ways, ill markets, and, if you will consult with Momus, ill neighbours. *Bacon.*

BETTER ONE'S HOUSE BE TOO LITTLE ONE DAY THAN TOO BIG ALL THE YEAR AFTER.

Isaiah says, "great men build desolate places for themselves;" which doing, Camden says, was the ruin of good housekeeping in England. *Fuller.*

IDLENESS.

La paresse, toute languissante qu'elle est, ne laisse pas d'en être souvent la maîtresse; elle usurpe sur tous les desseins et sur toutes les actions de la vie; elle y détruit et y consume insensiblement les passions et les vertus. *Rochefoucauld.*

"AN EMPTY SKULL IS THE DEVIL'S WORKSHOP."

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As of a man, so of a people. "The unredeemed ugliness is that of a slothful people. Show me a people energetically busy — heaving, struggling, all shoulders at the wheel; their heart pulsing, every muscle swelling with man's energy and will — I will show you a people of whom great good is already predicable; to whom all manner of good is certain if their energy endure." *Carlyle.*

When the master puts a spade into his servant's hand,
He speaks his wish by the action, needing no words to declare it:
Thy hand, O man, like that spade, is God's signal to thee,
And thine own heart's thoughts are the interpretation thereof. *Mesnavi of Jalál-ud-Dín Rúmí.*

PHILOSOPHY OF INDIFFERENCE.

HORACE WALPOLE begged of Madame du Deffand not to love or trust him, or any one else; not to run into enthusiasm of any sort for any thing, &c. "Vos leçons, vos reprimandes," she replies, "ont eu plus d'effets que vous n'en espériez; vous m'avez désabusée de bien de chimères; *vous avez été parfaitement secondé par la décrépitude — je ne cherche plus l'amitié*," *&c.*

KNOWLEDGE AND HALF-KNOWLEDGE.

KNOWLEDGE is nothing but a representation of truth— for the truth of being and the truth of knowing are

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one, differing no more than the direct beam and the beam reflected. *Bacon.*

Qui respiciunt ad pauca facile pronuntiant.
Bacon, from Aristotle.
"The quick decision of one who sees half the truth."

SELF-CONTEMPLATION.

FINALLY, we have read in these three thick volumes of letters * — till, in the second thick volume, the reading faculty unhappily broke down, and had to skip largely thenceforth, only diving here and there at a venture, with considerable intervals! Such is the melancholy fact. It must be urged in defence that these volumes are of the toughest reading; calculated, as we said, for Germany, rather than for England or us. To be written with such indisputable marks of ability, nay, of genius, of depth and sincerity, they are the heaviest business we perhaps ever met with. They are *subjective* letters: what the metaphysicians call subjective, not *objective:* the grand material of them is endless depicturing of moods, sensations, miseries, joys, and lyrical conditions of the writer; no definite picture drawn, or rarely any, of persons, transactions, or events, which the writer stood amidst — a wrong material, as it seems to us. To what end? To what end? we always ask. Not by looking at itself, but by looking at things out of itself,

* Rahel Von Ense's Memoirs.

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and ascertaining and ruling these, shall the mind become known. "One thing above all other," says Goethe, "I have never *thought* about thinking." What a thrift of thinking faculty there — almost equal to a fortune in these days — "habe nie das Denken gedacht!" But how much wastefuller still it is to *feel about feeling!* One is wearied of that; the healthy soul avoids that. Thou shalt look outward, not inward. Gazing inward on one's own self — why, this can drive one mad, like the monks of Athos, if it last too long. Unprofitable writing this subjective sort does seem; at all events, to the present reviewer no reading is so insupportable. Nay, we ask, might not the world be entirely deluged by it, unless prohibited? Every mortal is a microcosm; to himself a *macrocosm*, or universe large as nature; universal nature would barely hold what he could say about himself. Not a dyspeptic tailor on any shop-board of this city but could furnish all England, the year through, with reading about himself, about his emotions, and internal mysteries of woe and sensibility, if England would read him. It is a course which leads no whither; a course which should be avoided.

Carlyle.

DIVES

HAD a great swamp bequeathed him. He drained, and planted, and stocked it with fish-ponds and game preserves, and enclosed it carefully, so that he might have his pleasure there alone.

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One day he was showing it to an aged friend, who admired it much, but said it wanted one thing hugely.

Dives asked, "What?"

"Know you not," replied his friend, "that when God Almighty planted Eden, it was for the sake of putting man therein?"

"IT TAKES A LONG TIME TO FEEL THE WORLD'S PULSE."

Such is the complication of human destinies, that the same cruelties which stained the conquest of the two Americas have been renewed under our eyes, in times which we believed characterized by a prodigious progress of civilization, and a general mildness of manners: and yet one man, scarcely in the middle of his career, might have seen the reign of terror in France, the inhuman expedition to St. Domingo, the political reactions and the civil wars of continental Europe and America, the massacres of Chios and Ipsara, the recent acts of atrocity in America, its abominable slave-legislation, &c. In the two epochs regrets have followed public calamities; but in our times, of which I have traced the gloomy remembrance, still more unanimous regrets have been more loudly manifested. Philosophy, without obtaining victory, has started in defence. The modern tendency is, to seek freedom by laws, order by the perfecting of institutions. This is like a new and salutary element of the social order; an element which

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acts slowly, but which will make the return of sanguinary commotions less frequent and more difficult.

Humboldt, Ex. Or.

TASTE,

If it means anything but a paltry connoisseurship, must mean a general susceptibility to truth and nobleness; a sense to discern, and a heart to love and reverence all beauty, order, goodness, wheresoever or in whatsoever forms and accompaniments they are to be seen. *Carlyle.*

"Taste is the feminine of genius."

THE NEW CHIVALRY.

Two boys were playing at chess. A knight was broken, so they put a pawn to serve in his stead.

"Ha!" cried the knight to the pawn, "whence come you, Sir Snail-pace?"

But the boy said to him, "Peace! he does the same service as you!" *German.*

WEAKNESS AND VIGOUR OF MIND.

La foiblesse est le seul défaut qu'on ne sauroit corriger. *Rochefoucauld.*

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Difficult as it is to subdue the more violent passions, yet I believe it to be still more difficult to overcome a tendency to sloth, cowardice, and despondency. These evil dispositions cling about a man and weigh him down. They are minute chains binding him on every side to the earth, so that he cannot even turn himself to make an effort to rise. It would seem as if right principles had yet to be planted in the indolent mind; whereas violent and obstinate tempers had already something of the nature of firmness and zeal in them; or rather, what will become so with care, exercise, and God's blessing. Besides, the events of life have a powerful influence in sobering the ardent or self-confident temper; disappointments, pain, anxiety, advancing years, bring with them some natural wisdom, as a matter of course. On the other hand, these same circumstances do but exercise the defects of the timid and irresolute, who are made more indolent, selfish, and faint-hearted by advancing years, and find a sort of satisfaction of their unworthy caution in their experience of the vicissitudes of life. *Newman.*

"YOU CAN'T HANG SOFT CHEESE ON A HOOK,"
"NOR DRIVE A NAIL OF WAX."

CONTENT.

THE fountain of content must spring up in the mind; and he who has so little knowledge of human nature as

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to seek happiness by changing any thing but his own disposition, will waste his life in fruitless efforts, and multiply the griefs which he purposes to remove.

Johnson.

CŒLUM NON ANIMUM MUTANT QUI TRANS MARE CURRUNT.

Contentment, says Fuller, consisteth not in heaping more fuel, but in taking away some fire.

CONVERSATION.

COBBETT used to say that people never should sit talking till they didn't know what to talk about.

HE WAS SCANT O' NEWS WHA TAULD
HIS FATHER WAS HANGED.

THE RULER.

WHATEVER the world may think, he who hath not meditated much on God, the human mind, and the summum bonum, may possibly make a thriving earth-worm, but will most indubitably make a sorry patriot and a sorry statesman. *Berkeley.*

No man ignorant of history can govern. Neither can the experience of one man's life furnish example and precedents for the events of one man's life. For as it

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happeneth sometimes that the grandchild, or the descendant, resembleth the ancestor more than the son; so many times occurrences of the present times may sort better with ancient examples than with those of the later or immediate times. And lastly, the wit of one man can no more countervail learning than one man's means can hold way with a common purse.

In the discharge of thy place, set before thee the best examples; for imitation is a globe of precepts: and, after a time, set before thee thine own example; and examine thyself strictly whether thou didst best at first.

Bacon.

SNOB AND GENTLEMAN.

THE Fraction asked himself, "How will this look at Almack's and before Lord Mahogany?" The perfect man asked himself, "How will this look in the Universe, and before the Creator of man?" *Carlyle.*

This "Fraction" appears to be, in other words, "A SNOB," whom Thackeray has defined to be "one who meanly admires mean things."

If a man faithfully follows this advice of Sir Thomas Browne, he can never hope to be *a snob:* "Be thou substantially great in thyself, and greater than thou appearest unto others; and let the world be deceived in thee as it is in the light of heaven."

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It has been said that in all Voltaire's seventy or eighty volumes there is not one great thought — one, for instance, like that of Sir Thomas's above.

"PLAIN LIVING AND HIGH THINKING."

Oh, friend, I know not which way I must look
For comfort, being, as I am, opprest
To think that now our life is only drest
For show — mere handywork of craftsman, cook,
Or groom! we must run glittering like a brook
In the open sunshine, or we are unblest;
The wealthiest man among us is the best:
No grandeur now in nature or in book
Delights us — rapine, avarice, expense,
This is idolatry, and these we adore;
PLAIN LIVING AND HIGH THINKING ARE NO MORE!
The homely beauty of the good old cause
Is gone — our peace, our fearful innocence,
And pure religion breathing household laws.

Si ad naturam vives nunquam eris pauper: si ad opinionem nunquam dives. *Epicurus.*

WORDS THE SHADOWS OF DEEDS.

THERE is in Seneca's 114th Epistle a very remarkable passage about the fashion of speech at Rome in his day, which is unconsciously, but quite substantially, thus translated: "No man in this fashionable London of yours," friend Sauerteig would say, "speaks a plain word to

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me. Every man feels bound to be something more than plain: to be pungent withal, witty, ornamental. His poor fraction of sense has to be perked up into some epigrammatic shape, that it may prick into me; perhaps (this is the commonest) to be topsy-turvied, left standing on its head, that I may remember it the better. Such grinning insincerity is very sad to the soul of man. A fashionable wit, 'ach Himmel!' if you will ask which, he or a death's head, will be the cheerier company for me, pray send not him."

Insincere speech, truly, is the prime material of insincere action. Action, as it were, hangs *dissolved* in speech — in thought, whereof speech is the shadow; and precipitates itself therefrom.

Ubicunque videris orationem corruptam placere, ibi mores quoque a recto descivisse non erit dubium.

Seneca.

KNOWLEDGE — OPINION — IGNORANCE.

PERFECT ignorance is quiet — perfect knowledge is quiet — not so the transition from the former to the latter. *Carlyle.*

Les sciences ont deux extrémités qui se touchent; la première est la pure ignorance naturelle où se trouvent tous les hommes en naissant. L'autre extrémité est celle où arrivent les grandes âmes, qui, ayant parcouru tout ce que les hommes peuvent savoir, trouvent qu'ils

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ne savent rien, et se rencontrent dans cette même ignorance d'où ils etoient partis. Mais c'est une ignorance savante qui se connait.

When Newton was dying, he said he felt just like a little child who had picked up a few pebbles on the shore, while the great ocean lay undiscovered before him.

Opinion in good men is but knowledge in the making.

Milton.

PEGASUS IN HARNESS.

MEN of great parts are often unfortunate in the management of public business, because they are apt to go out of the common road by the quickness of their imagination. This I once said to my Lord Bolingbroke, and desired he would observe that the clerks in his office used a sort of ivory knife with a blunt edge to divide a sheet of paper, which never failed to cut it even, only requiring a strong hand. Whereas if they should make use of a pen-knife, the sharpness would make it go often out of the crease, and disfigure the paper. *Swift.*

A man had a plain strong-bow with which he could shoot far and true. He loved his bow so well that he would needs have it curiously carved by a cunning workman.

It was done; and at the first trial, the bow snapt.

German.

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TRAVEL.

FOOL, why journeyest thou wearisomely in thy antiquarian fervour to gaze on the stone pyramids of Geeza, or the clay ones of Sacchara? These stand there, as I can tell thee, idle and inert, looking over the desert foolishly enough, for the last three thousand years. But canst thou not open thy Hebrew Bible, then, or even Luther's version thereof? *Carlyle.*

Once it was, "Farewell, Monsieur Traveller; look you lisp, and wear strange suits; disable the benefits of your own country — be out of love with your nativity, and almost chide God for making you that countenance you are; or I will scarce think you have swum in a gondola."

We may now add — "You must swear by Allah, smoke *chibouques*, and spell Pasha differently from every predecessor, or we shall scarce believe you have been in a *hareem!*"

"NEVER WENT OUT ASS, AND CAME HOME HORSE."

Still, "A good traveller," says Shakspeare, "is something at the latter end of a dinner."

If the golden age is passed, it was not genuine. Gold cannot rust nor decay; it comes out of all admixtures, and all decompositions, pure and indestructible. If the

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golden age will not endure, it had better never arise: for it can produce nothing but elegies on its loss.

A. W. Schlegel.

It is the weak only who, at each epoch, believe mankind arrive at the culminant point of their progressive march. They forget that by an intimate concatenation of all truths, knowledge, the field to be run over, becomes more vast the more we advance; bordered as it is by an horizon that continually recedes before us.

Humboldt.

Multi pertransibunt, et augebitur scientia.

FAUST

Is a man who has quitted the ways of vulgar men without light to guide him a better way. No longer restricted by the sympathies, the common interests, and common persuasions, by which the mass of mortals, each individually ignorant,— nay, it may be, stolid, and altogether blind as to the proper aim of life,— are yet held together, and like stones in the channel of a torrent, by their very multitude and mutual collisions are made to move with some regularity,— he is still but a slave; the slave of impulses which are stronger, not truer or better, and the more unsafe that they are solitary.

Carlyle.

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So it is with that soul who had built herself a lordly pleasure-house wherein to dwell alone. For three years she throve in it —

——but on the fourth she fell,
Like Herod when the shout was in his ears,
Struck through with pangs of hell.

A spot of dull stagnation, without light
Or power of movement, seem'd my soul,
Mid downward sloping motions infinite,
Making for one sure goal.

A still salt pool, lock'd in with bars of sand,
Left on the shore, that hears all night
The plunging seas draw backward from the land
Their moon-led waters white.

Remaining utterly confused with fears,
And ever worse with growing time,
And ever unrelieved by dismal tears,
And all alone in crime. *Tennyson.*

"NETHER BARREL BETTER HERRING."

SEE how in the fanning of this wheat, the fullest and greatest grains lie ever the lowest; and the lightest take up the highest place. *Leighton.*

Voltaire is always found at top — less by strength in swimming, than by lightness in floating. *Carlyle.*

"HOW WE APPLES SWIM!"

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WEIGHT AND WORTH.

An old rusty iron chest in a banker's shop, strongly locked and wonderfully heavy, is full of gold. This is the general opinion; neither can it be disproved, provided the key be lost, and what is in it be wedged so close that it will not, by any motion, discover the metal by clinking. *Swift.*

Lady H. Stanhope records that Pitt had more faith in a man who jested easily, than in one who spoke and looked grave and weighty; for the first moved by some spring of his own within, but the latter might be only a buckram cover well stuffed with other's wisdom.

Coleridge used to relate how he formed a great notion of the understanding of a solid-looking man, who sat during the dinner silent, and seemingly attentive to his discourse. Till suddenly, some baked potatoes being brought to table, Coleridge's disciple burst out, "Them's the jockeys for me!"

TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.

It is no very good symptom either of nations or individuals, that they deal much in vaticination. Happy men are full of the present, for its bounty suffices them: and wise men also, for its duties engage them. Our grand business undoubtedly is not to *see* what lies dimly at a distance, but to *do* what lies clearly at hand.

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Knowest thou YESTERDAY, its aim and reason?
Workest thou well TO-DAY for worthy things?
Then calmly wait TO-MORROW'S hidden season,
And fear not thou what hap soe'er it brings.

Courage, brother! Get honest, and times will mend.

Carlyle.

GUILELESSNESS.

IN spite of all that grovelling minds may say about the necessity of acquaintance with the world and with sin, in order to get on well in life, yet, after all, inexperienced guilelessness carries a man on as safely and more happily. The guileless man has a simple boldness and a princely heart; he overcomes dangers which others shrink from, merely because they are no dangers to him; and thus he often gains even worldly advantages by his straightforwardness, which the most crafty persons cannot gain. It is true such single-hearted men often get into difficulties, but they usually get out of them as easily; and are almost unconscious both of their danger and their escape. *Newman.*

The same writer notices also the general peace and serenity such persons enjoy, who suspect nobody and nothing; who live in no fear of their own plots failing, counterplots crossing, and equivocations detecting each other.

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"We may not be able to change our natures from crooked to straight: but in a few minutes or hours we shall be called on to speak or to act — let us determine to do either, for once at least, truly, and honestly, and guilelessly."

ATHEISM.

DIDEROT'S Atheism comes, if not to much, yet to something; we learn this from it, (and from what it stands connected with, and may represent for us,) that the mechanical system of thought is, in its essence, atheistic; that whosoever will admit no organ of truth but logic, and nothing to exist but what can be argued of, must even content himself with this sad result, as the only solid one he can arrive at; and so, with the best grace he can, of the æther make a gas, of God a force, of the second world a coffin, of man an aimless nondescript, little better than a kind of vermin. If Diderot, by bringing matters to this parting of the roads, have enabled or helped us to strike into the truer and better road, let him have our thanks for it. As to what remains, be pity our only feeling: was not his creed miserable enough — nay, moreover, did not he bear its miserableness, so to speak, in our stead, so that it need now be no longer borne by any one?

Carlyle.

"ANTICHRIST ALSO BEARS OUR CROSS FOR US."

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"Ludovicus Vives has a story of a clown that killed his ass because it had drunk up the moon, and he thought the world could ill spare that luminary. So he killed his ass 'ut lunam redderet.' Poor ass! 'He has drunk not the moon; but only the reflection of the moon in his own poor water-pail.'"

Tinkler Ducket was convicted of atheism at Cambridge, and brought up to receive sentence of expulsion before eight heads of colleges. An atheist was a rare bird in those days. Bentley, then almost eighty years old, came into the room, (he was one of the caput, I suppose,) and, being almost blind, called out, "Where's the Atheist?" Ducket was pointed out to him — a little thin man. "What! is that the Atheist?" cries Bentley, "I expected to have seen a man as big as Burrough the beadle!" *

OLD AGE.

It is a man's own fault — it is from want of use — if his mind grows torpid in old age. *Johnson.*

"A man should keep always *learning* something — always, as Arnold said, keep the stream running — whereas most people let it stagnate about middle life."

Goethe is a great instance of a mind growing, growing, and putting out fresh leaves up to eighty years of life.

* One of the three Esquire Bedells of that day, celebrated as, "Pinguia tergeminorum abdomina Bedellorum."

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GUILE.

"In looking over my books some years ago, I found the following memorandum: 'I am this day thirty years old, and till this day I know not that I have met with one person of that age, except in my father's house, who did not use Guile, more or less.'"

John Wesley.

"ENOUGH IS A FEAST."

A MAN came home from the sea-side, and brought some shells for his little son. The boy was full of wonder and delight: he counted and sorted them over and over again. What a wonderful place must the sea-shore be!

So one day his father took him to the sea-shore. The boy picked up shell after shell, each seeming fairer than the last; threw down one in order to carry another; till growing vexed with himself and the shells, he threw all away, and when he got home, also threw away those his father had given him before. *German.*

WIT.

DISEUR DE BONS MOTS MAUVAIS CARACTÈRE. *Pascal.*

PERHAPS he (Schiller) was too honest, too sincere, for the exercise of Wit; too intent on the deeper relation

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of things to note their more transient collisions. Besides, he dealt in affirmation, and not in negation: in which last, it has been said, the material of Wit chiefly lies. *Carlyle.*

A CHAPTER FROM LAVATER.

"FACE TO FACE TRUTH COMES OUT APACE."
(If you have but an eye to find it by.)

THE more uniform a man's step, voice, manner of conversation, handwriting — the more quiet and uniform his actions and character.

Vociferation and calmness of character seldom meet in the same person.

(So thought Bacon, who desires a counsellor to adopt "a stedfast countenance, not wavering with action as in moving the head or hand too much, which showeth a fantastical light and fickle operation of the spirit; and consequently, like mind, like gesture," &c.)

Who writes an illegible hand is commonly rapid, often impetuous in his judgments.

Who interrupts often is inconstant and insincere.

The side-glance, dismayed when observed, seeks to insnare.

He who has a daring eye tells downright truths, and downright falsehoods.

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Softness of smile indicates softness of character. An old proverb says, "A smiling boy is a bad servant."

The horse-laugh indicates brutality.

LEARNING.

It is an assured truth which is contained in the verses,

> Scilicet ingenuas didicisse fideliter artes
> Emollit mores, nec sinit esse feros.

It taketh away the wildness, and barbarism, and fierceness of men's minds; but indeed the accent had need be laid upon *fideliter:* for a little superficial learning doth rather work a contrary effect. It taketh away all levity, temerity, and insolency, by copious suggestions of all doubts and difficulties, and acquainting the mind to balance reasons on both sides, and to turn back the first offers and conceits of the mind, and to accept of nothing but what is examined and tried. It taketh away all vain admiration of any thing, which is the root of all weakness; for all things are admired because they are new, or because they are great. For novelty, no man that wadeth in learning or contemplation thoroughly, but will find that printed in his heart —*Nil novi super terram.* Neither can any man marvel at the play of puppets, that goeth behind the curtain, and adviseth well of the motion. And for magnitude,

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as Alexander the Great, after he was used to great armies, and the great conquests of the spacious provinces in Asia, when he received letters out of Greece of some fights and services there, which were commonly for a passage, or a fort, or some walled town at most, he said, "It seemed to him that he was advertised of the Battle of the Frogs and Mice, that the old tales went of;" so certainly, if a man meditate upon the universal frame of nature, the Earth, with men upon it, (the divineness of souls excepted,) will not serve much other than an ant-hill, where some ants carry corn, and some carry their young, and some go empty, and all to and fro a little heap of dust. It taketh away or mitigateth fear of death, or adverse fortune; which is one of the greatest impediments of virtue, and imperfections of manners. For if a man's mind be deeply seasoned with the consideration of the mortality and corruptible nature of things, he will easily concur with Epictetus, who went forth one day, and saw a woman weeping for her pitcher of earth that was broken; and went forth the next day, and saw a woman weeping for her son that was dead; and therefore said, "Heri vidi fragilem frangi; hodiè vidi mortalem mori." And therefore did Virgil excellently and profoundly couple the knowledge of causes and the conquest of all fears together as *concomitantia:*

> Felix qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas,
> Quique metus omnes, et inexorabile fatum,
> Subjecit pedibus, strepitumque Acherontis avari.

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I will conclude with that which hath *rationem totius;* which is that it disposeth the constitution of the mind not to be fixed or settled in the defects thereof, but still to be capable and susceptible of growth and reformation. For the unlearned man knows not what it is to descend into himself, or to call himself to account; nor the pleasure of that "*suavissima vita, indies sentire se fieri meliorem.*" The good parts he hath he will learn to show to the full, and use them dexterously, but not much to increase them; the faults he hath, he will learn how to hide and colour them, but not much to amend them: like an ill mower, that mows on still, and never whets his scythe. Whereas with the learned man it fares otherwise, that he doth ever intermix the correction and amendment of his mind with the use and employment thereof. Nay, further, in general and in sum, certain it is that *Veritas* and *Bonitas* differ but as the seal and print; for Truth prints Goodness; and they be the clouds of error, which descend in the storms of passions and perturbations.

Bacon's Advancement.

He a scholar! No, a Witling can't be a scholar. Knowledge is a great calmer of people's minds.

Wilson.

MIMICRY.

"TELL me of any animal I cannot imitate," said the Ape.

"And tell me," answered the Fox, "of any animal that will imitate you."

German.

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WILL AND REASON.

"NONE SO BLIND AS THOSE THAT WON'T SEE."

BAXTER was credulous and incredulous for precisely the same reason. Possessing by habit a mastery over his thoughts such as few men ever acquired, a single effort of the will was sufficient to exclude from his view whatever he judged hostile to his immediate purpose. Every prejudice was at once banished, when any debatable point was to be scrutinised, and with equal facility every reasonable doubt was exiled when his only object was to enforce or to illustrate a doctrine of the truth of which he was assured. *Edinburgh Review.*

So says Pascal, who was a good instance of his own theory. "La volonté est un des principaux organes de la croyance: non qu'elle forme la croyance; mais par ce que les choses paroissent vraies ou fausses, selon la face par où on les regarde. La volonté, qui se plaist à l'une plus qu'à l'autre, détourne l'esprit de considérer les qualités de celle qu'elle n'aime pas; et ainsi l'esprit marchant d'une pièce avec la volonté, s'arrête à regarder la face qu'elle aime; et jugeant par ce qu'il y voit, règle insensiblement sa croyance suivant l'inclination de la volonté."

"Happy," continues the Edinburgh Review, "happy they, who, like Baxter, have so disciplined their affections as to disarm their temporary usurpation of all its more dangerous tendencies."

HE THAT'S CONVINCED AGAINST HIS WILL,
IS OF THE SAME OPINION STILL.

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POVERTY.

"THE GOAT MUST BROWSE WHERE SHE IS TIED."

POVERTY, we may say, surrounds a man with ready-made barriers, which, if they do mournfully gall and hamper, do at least prescribe for him, and force on him, a sort of course and goal; a safe and beaten, though a circuitous course. A great part of his guidance is secure against fatal error, is withdrawn from his control. The rich, again, has his whole life to guide, without goal or barrier, save of his own choosing; and tempted, as we have seen, is too likely to guide it ill. *Carlyle.*

I cannot but say to Poverty, "Welcome! so thou come not too late in life." *Richter.*

CONVERSATION AND TALK.

To make a good Converser, good taste, extensive information, and accomplishments are the chief requisites: to which may be added an easy and elegant delivery and a well-toned voice. I think the higher order of genius is not favourable to this talent. *Sir W. Scott.*

It is a common remark, that men talk most who think least; just as frogs cease their quacking when a light is brought to the water-side. *Richter.*

"THE EMPTY CASK SOUNDS MOST."

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NATIVE AIR.

CHILDREN educated abroad return home to a strange country, not able to mark the places where they found the first bird's nest, the burn where they caught the first trout, or any of those dear associations of childhood that bind us to our native soil by ties as small and numerous as those by which the Lilliputians bound Gulliver to the earth. *Mrs. Grant.*

HOMO SUM; HUMANI NIHIL A ME ALIENUM PUTO.

The sentence which, when first spoken in the Roman theatre, made it ring with applause. Trite as it is, we can scarce come upon it now without the whole heart rising to welcome it.

No character, we may affirm, was ever rightly understood till it had been first regarded with a certain feeling, not of toleration only, but of sympathy. *Carlyle.*

Lavater says, "He who begins with severity in judging of another commonly ends with falsehood." But what did he *begin* with?

"It is only necessary to grow old," said Goethe, "to become more indulgent. I see no fault committed that I have not myself inclined to."

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POETRY.

"MILTON is very fine, I dare say," said the mathematician, "but what does he prove?" What, indeed, does Poetry prove?

"It doth raise and erect the mind," says Bacon, "by submitting the shows of things to the desires of the mind, whereas Reason doth buckle and bow the mind unto the nature of things."

But Sir Philip Sidney says, the poet shows the "nature of things" as much as the reasoner, though he may not "buckle and bow the mind" to it: "He doth not only show the way, but giveth so sweet a prospect into the way as will entice any man to enter into it. Nay, he doth as if your journey should lie through a fair vineyard, at the very first give you a cluster of grapes, that full of that taste you may long to pass further.

"Some have thought the proper object of Poetry was, to *please;* others that it was, to *instruct.* Perhaps we are well instructed if we are *well* pleased."

"POETRY ENRICHES THE BLOOD OF THE WORLD."

VAIN-GLORY.

THEY that are glorious must needs be factious; for all bravery stands upon comparisons. They must needs be violent to make good their own vaunts; neither can

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they be secret, and therefore effectual; but according to the French proverb,

BEAUCOUP DE BRUIT
PEU DE FRUIT. *Bacon.*

Bacon may be talking of the vain-glory of an Alcibiades, troublesome to states; but so it is through all societies of men, from parliaments to tea-tables; for "Vanity is of a divisive, not of an uniting, nature."

THE GUILTY MAN

MAY escape, but he cannot rest sure of doing so.
Epicurus.

"RIVEN BREEKS SIT STILL."

LIBERTY. WHAT IS IT?

"HE IS WISE WHO FOLLOWS THE WISE."

LIBERTY? The true liberty of a man, you would say, consisted in his finding out, or being forced to find out, the right path, and to walk thereon. To learn, or to be taught, what work he actually was able for: and then by permission, persuasion, or even compulsion, to set

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about doing of the same? That is his true blessedness, honour, liberty, and maximum of well-being: if liberty be not that, I, for one, have small care about liberty. You do not allow a palpable madman to leap over precipices: you violate his liberty, you that are wise; and keep him in strait-waistcoats away from the precipices! Every stupid, every cowardly and foolish man is but a less palpable madman: his true liberty were that a wise man, that any man, and every wiser man, could, by brass collars, or in whatever sharper or milder way, lay hold of him when he was going wrong, and order and compel him to go a little righter. Oh, if thou really art my Senior, Seigneur, my elder, presbyter, or priest — if thou art in very deed my *wiser* — may a beneficent instinct lead and impel thee to conquer me, to command me! If thou do know better than I what is good and right, I conjure thee in the name of God, force me to do it; were it by never such brass collars, whips, and handcuffs, leave me not to walk over precipices! That I have been called by all the newspapers a "free-man" will avail me little if my pilgrimage have ended in death and wreck. Oh that the newspapers had called me coward, slave, fool, or what it pleased their sweet voices to name me, and I had attained not death, but life! — Liberty requires new definitions.

Carlyle's Past and Present.

Plato taught the haughty Athenians they could only be free by liberating themselves from their own pas-

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sions: and so Milton sings at the end of Comus. A later poet, however, says:

"Thou canst not choose but serve; man's lot is servitude:
But thou hast thus much choice — a bad lord, or a good."

"There is a service that is perfect freedom."

SOCRATIS PATERNOSTER.

WHEN Socrates and Phædrus have discoursed away the noon-day heat under that plane tree by the Ilissus, they rise to depart toward the city. But Socrates (pointing perhaps to some images of Pan and other sylvan deities) says it is not decent to leave their haunts without praying to them. And he prays:—

O auspicious Pan, and ye other deities of this place, — grant to me to become beautiful *inwardly*, and that all my outward goods may prosper my inner soul. Grant that I may esteem wisdom the only riches, and that I may have so much gold as temperance can handsomely carry.

Have we yet aught else to pray for, Phædrus? For myself I seem to have prayed enough.

Phædrus. Pray as much for me also; for friends have all in common.

Socrates. Even so be it. Let us depart.

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GIVING AND ASKING.

I LIKE him who can ask boldly without impudence; he has faith in humanity; he has faith in himself. No one who is not accustomed to give grandly can ask boldly.

He who goes round about in his demands, commonly wants more than he wishes to appear to want.

He who accepts crawlingly, will give superciliously.

The manner of giving shows the character of the giver more than the gift itself. There is a princely manner of giving, and of accepting. *Lavater.*

THE WISE MOTHER SAYS NOT, "WILL YOU?" BUT GIVES.

BIS DAT QUI CITO DAT.

Silver from the living
Is gold in the giving:
Gold from the dying
Is but silver a flying:
Gold and silver from the dead
Turn too often into lead. *Fuller.*

LIFE.

WE deliberate, says Seneca, about the parcels of Life, but not about Life itself; and so arrive all unawares at its different epochs, and have the trouble of beginning all again. And so, finally, it is that we do not walk as men confidently toward death, but let death come suddenly upon us.

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VENT AU VISAGE
FAIT UN HOMME SAGE.

When Hercules was taken up to the consistory of the Gods, he went up to Juno first of all, and saluted her.

"How," said Jupiter, "do you first seek your worst enemy to do her courtesy?"

"Yea," said Hercules, "her malice it was made me do such deeds as have lifted me to Heaven." *German.*

PRECEDENCY.

1.

A QUESTION of precedence arose among the beasts. "Let Man be the judge," said the Horse, "he is not a party concerned." "But has he sense enough," said the Mole, "to distinguish and appreciate our more hidden excellencies?"

"Ay—can you vouch for that?" said the Ass. But the Horse said to them, "He who distrusts his own cause is most suspicious of his judge."

2.

Man was sent for. "By what scale, O Man, wilt thou measure us?" said the Lion. "By the measure of your usefulness to me," said Man.

"Nay then," replied the Lion, "at that rate the Ass is worthier than I. You must leave us to decide it among ourselves."

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3.

"There," cried Mole and Ass, "you see, Horse, the Lion thinks with us!"

4.

But the Lion said, "What, after all, is all the dispute about? What is it to me whether I am considered first or last? Enough — I know myself." And he strode away into the forest. *German.*

IMAGINARY EVILS.

I AM more afraid of my friends making themselves uncomfortable who have only imaginary evils to indulge, than I am for the peace of those who, battling magnanimously with real inconvenience and danger, find a remedy in the very force of the exertions to which their lot compels them. *W. Scott.*

A gentleman of large fortune, while we were seriously conversing, ordered a servant to throw some coals on the fire. A puff of smoke came out. He threw himself back in his chair, and cried out, "O Mr. Wesley, these are the crosses I meet with every day!"

Surely these crosses would not have fretted him so much if he had had only fifty pounds a year instead of five thousand. *John Wesley.*

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"On n'est point malheureux," wrote Horace Walpole to Madame Du Deffand, "quand on a loisir de s'ennuyer."

ACTION AND ASPIRATION.

"NEVER SIGH, BUT SEND."

Nihil lacrimâ citius arescit. *Cicero.*

THE danger of a polite and elegant education is, that it separates feeling and acting; it teaches us to think, speak, and be affected aright, without forcing us to *do* what is right.

I will take an illustration of this from the effect produced on the mind by reading what is commonly called a Romance or Novel. Such works contain many good sentiments; characters too are introduced, virtuous, noble, noble, patient under sufferings, and triumphing at last over misfortune. The great truths of religion are upheld, we will suppose, and enforced; and our affections excited and interested in what is good and true. But it is all a fiction; it does not exist out of a book, which contains the beginning and end of it. *We have nothing to do;* we read, are affected, softened, or roused; and that is all; we cool again: nothing comes of it.

Now observe the effect of all this. God has made us feel in order that we may go on to act in consequence

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of feeling. If, then, we allow our feelings to be excited without acting upon them, we do mischief to the moral system within us; just as we might spoil a watch, or other piece of mechanism, by playing with the wheels of it; we weaken the springs, and they cease to act truly.

Accordingly, when we have got into the habit of amusing ourselves with these works of fiction, we come at length to feel the excitement without the slightest thought or tendency to act upon it. And since it is very difficult to begin any duty *without* some emotion or other, (that is, on mere principles of dry reasoning,) a grave question arises, how, after destroying the connexion between feeling and acting, how shall we get ourselves to act when circumstances make it our duty to do so? For instance, we will say we have read again and again of the heroism of facing danger, and we have glowed with the thought of its nobleness. We have felt how great it is to bear pain, and to submit to indignities, rather than wound our conscience; and all this again and again, when we had no opportunity of carrying our good feelings into practice. Now suppose, at length, we actually come to trial, and, let us say, our feelings become roused, as often before, at the thought of boldly resisting temptations to cowardice; shall we therefore do our duty, quitting ourselves like men? rather, we are likely to talk loudly, and then run from the danger. —Why? rather let us ask, why not? what is to keep us from yielding? Because we *feel* aright? Nay, we have

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again and again felt aright, and thought aright, without accustoming ourselves to act aright; and though there was an original connexion in our minds between feeling and acting, there is none now; the wires within us, as they may be called, are loosened and powerless.

Newman.

HELL IS PAVED WITH GOOD INTENTIONS.

"'Ah, thank 'ee, neighbour,' said a perspiring sheep-driver the other day, to one who hooted away his flock from going down a wrong road,—'Thank 'ee — a little help is worth a deal o' pity!'"

WAR.

War begets Poverty — Poverty, Peace —
Peace begets Riches — Fate will not cease —
Riches beget Pride — Pride is War's ground —
War begets Poverty — and so the world goes round.

Old Saw.

How all Europe is but like a set of parishes of the same country; participant of the self-same influences ever since the Crusades, and earlier: and these glorious wars of ours are but like parish brawls, which begin in mutual ignorance, intoxication, and boasting speech; which end in broken windows, damage, waste, and bloody noses; and which one hopes the general good sense is now in the way towards putting down in some measure.

Carlyle.

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"Yet here, as elsewhere, not absurdly does 'Metaphysic call for aid on Sense.' The physical science of war may do more to abolish war than all our good and growing sense of its folly, wickedness, and extreme discomfort. For what State would be at the expense of drilling and feeding Dumdrudges to be annihilated by the first discharge of the COMING GUN!"

LOVE

WITHOUT END HATH NO END.

No wheedler loves. *Lavater.*

Il y a dans la jalousie plus d'amour propre que d'amour.

Il n'y a point de déguisement qui puisse long temps cacher l'amour où il est, ni le feindre où il n'est pas.

Rochefoucauld.

"LOVE ASKS FAITH, AND FAITH FIRMNESS."

OUR TIME

Is like our money: when we change a guinea, the shillings escape as things of small account: when we break a day by idleness in the morning, the rest of the hours lose their importance in our eyes. *Sir W. Scott.*

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EXPENSE.

COMMONLY it is less dishonourable to abridge petty charges than to stoop to petty gettings. A man ought warily to begin charges, which once begun will continue; but in matters that return not, he may be more magnificent. *Bacon.*

Fuller says, "Occasional entertainment of men greater than thyself is better than solemn inviting them;" and a proverb bids us beware of taking for servant one who has waited on our betters. In both cases we shall have to spend beyond our means, and be despised to boot.

TRUTH AND JUSTICE

ARE all one: for Truth is but Justice in our knowledge; and Justice is but Truth in our practice. *Milton.*

RICHES.

THESE times strike monied worldlings with dismay;
Ev'n rich men, brave by nature, taint the air
With words of apprehension and despair;
While tens of thousands looking on the fray,
Men unto whom sufficient for the day,
And minds not stinted or untill'd are given,
Sound healthy children of the God of heaven,

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Are cheerful as the rising sun in May.
What do we gather hence but firmer faith
That every gift of nobler origin
Is breathed upon with Hope's perpetual breath;
That Virtue, and the faculties within,
Are vital; and that Riches are akin
To fear, to change, to cowardice, and death?

Wordsworth.

"Ah! Davy," said Johnson to Garrick, who was showing off his fine grounds at Twickenham, "it is these things that make us fear to die."

CHOICE OF A CALLING.

In all things, to serve from the lowest station upwards is necessary. To restrict yourself to a Trade is best. For the narrow mind, whatever he attempts is still a Trade; for the higher, an Art; and the highest, in doing one thing, does all; or, to speak less paradoxically, in the one thing which he does rightly, he sees the likeness of all that is done rightly. *Goethe.*

"ANY ROAD LEADS TO THE END OF THE WORLD."

Whatever a young man at first applies to, is commonly his delight afterwards. *Hartley.*

"Whatever a man delights in he will do best: and that he had best do."

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"Themistocles said he could not fiddle, but he could rule a city. If a man can rule a city well, let him; but it is better to play the fiddle well than to rule a city ill."

ENVY.

La plus véritable marque d'être né avec de grandes qualités, c'est d'être né sans Envie. *Rochefoucauld.*

Genius may coexist with idleness, wildness, folly, and even crime; but not long, believe me, with selfishness, and the indulgence of an envious disposition. Envy is κάκιστος κὰι δικαιότατος θεός — it dwarfs and withers its worshippers. *Coleridge.*

Therefore when you are next sitting down to your epic or your tragedy, pause, and look within, and if you recognise there any grudge against A, so praised in the Quarterly, or B, so fêted in America, you may, if you please, save yourself a deal of laborious composition.

A fine brazen statue was accidentally reduced by fire into a shapeless mass. This was re-cast by another artist into another statue, quite different from the former, but as beautiful.

"It is well," said Envy; "but he could not have turned out even this middling piece of work, had not the stuff of the old statue run of itself into shape." *German.*

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ART DIPLOMATIC.

THE sure way to make a foolish Ambassador is to bring him up to it. What can an Englishman abroad really want but an honest and bold heart, a love for his country, and the Ten Commandments? Your art diplomatic is stuff — no truly great man would negotiate upon such shallow principles. *Coleridge.*

Certainly the ablest men that ever were, have had an openness and frankness of dealing, and a name of urbanity and veracity. *Bacon.*

How often (says the Tatler) I have wished, for the good of the nation, that several good Politicians could take any pleasure in feeding ducks. I look upon an able statesman out of business like a huge whale that will endeavour to overturn the ship unless he has an empty cask to play with.

SICKNESS.

QUAND on se porte bien, on ne comprend pas comment on pourroit faire si on étoit malade: et quand on l'est, on prend médecine gaiment: le mal y résout. On n'a plus les passions et les désirs des divertissements et des promenades que la santé donnoit, et qui sont incompatibles avec les nécessités de la maladie. La nature donne alors des passions et des désirs con-

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formes à l'état présent. Ce ne sont que les craintes que nous nous donnons nous-mêmes, et non pas la nature, qui nous troublent; parce qu'elles joignent à l'état où nous sommes les passions de l'état où nous ne sommes pas. *Pascal.*

Sir C. Bell records the general cheerfulness of the sick and dying at hospitals.

GOD TEMPERS THE WIND TO THE SHORN LAMB.

TEACHING.

I HOLD that a man is only fit to teach so long as he is himself learning daily. If the mind once becomes stagnant, it can give no fresh draught to another mind; it is drinking out of a pond instead of from a spring.

A schoolmaster's intercourse is with the young, the strong, and the happy; and he cannot get on with them unless in animal spirits he can sympathise with them, and show that his thoughtfulness is not connected with selfishness and weakness. *Arnold.*

You may put poison, if you please, in an earthen pitcher, said Socrates, and the pitcher be washed after, and none the worse. But you can take nothing into the soul that does not indelibly infect it whether for good or for evil.

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TORY.

TACITUS wrote, (says Luther,) that by the ancient Germans it was held no shame at all to drink and swill four and twenty hours together. A gentleman of the court asked, "How long ago it was since Tacitus wrote this." He was answered, "Almost 1500 years." Whereupon the gentleman said, "Forasmuch as drunkenness is so ancient a custom, let us not abolish it."

An old ruinous tower which had harboured innumerable jackdaws, sparrows, and bats, was at length repaired. When the masons left it, the jackdaws, sparrows, and bats came back in search of their old dwellings. But these were all filled up. "Of what use now is this great building?" said they, "come let us forsake this useless stone-heap." *German.*

HOW TO WRITE A GOOD BOOK.

"HE THAT BURNS MOST SHINES MOST."

A LOVING heart is the beginning of all knowledge. This it is that opens the whole mind, quickens every faculty of the intellect to do its work — that of knowing; and therefrom, by sure consequence, of vividly uttering forth. Other secret for being "graphic" is there none, worth having; but this is an all-sufficient one. See, for example, what a small Boswell can do! Here-

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by, indeed, is the whole man made a living mirror, wherein the wonders of this ever-wonderful universe are in their true light (which is ever a magical, miraculous one) represented and reflected back on us. It has been said, "the heart sees further than the head." But indeed without the seeing heart, there is no true seeing for the head so much as possible; all is mere *oversight*, hallucination, and vain superficial phantasmagories, which can permanently profit no one. Here too may we not pause for an instant, and make a practical reflection? Considering the multitude of mortals that handle the pen in these days, and can mostly spell and write without glaring violations of grammar; the question naturally arises, How is it, then, that no work proceeds from them bearing any stamp of authenticity and permanence, of worth for more than one day? Ship-loads of fashionable novels, sentimental rhymes, tragedies, farces, diaries of travel, tales by flood and field, are swallowed monthly into the bottomless pool; still does the press boil: innumerable paper-makers, compositors, printers' devils, bookbinders, and hawkers grown hoarse with loud proclaiming, rest not from their labour; and still, in torrents, rushes on the great array of publications, unpausing, to their final home; and still Oblivion, like the grave, cries, Give! give! How is it that of all these countless multitudes, no one can attain to the smallest mark of excellence, or produce aught that shall endure longer than the "snow-flake on the river," or the foam of

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penny-beer? We answer, because they *are* foam: because there is no reality in them. These three thousand men, women, and children, that make up the army of British authors, do not, if we will consider it, *see* any thing whatever; consequently *have* nothing that they can record and utter, only more or fewer things that they can plausibly pretend to record. The universe, of man and nature, is still quite shut up from them; the "open secret" still utterly a secret; because no sympathy with man or nature, no love and free simplicity of heart, has yet unfolded the same. Nothing but a pitiful image of their own pitiful self, with its vanities, and grudgings, and ravenous hunger of all kinds, hangs for ever painted in the retina of these unfortunate persons; so that the starry all, with whatsoever it embraces, does but appear as some expanded magic-lantern shadow of that same image, and naturally looks pitiful enough.

It is in vain for these persons to allege that they are naturally without gift, naturally stupid and sightless, and so *can* attain to no knowledge of any thing; therefore, in writing of any thing, must needs write falsehoods of it, there being in it no truth for them. Not so, good friends. The stupidest of you has a certain faculty; were it but that of articulate speech, (say in the Scottish, the Irish, the cockney dialect, or even in "governess-English,") and of physically discerning what lies under your nose. The stupidest of you would perhaps grudge to be compared in faculty with James

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Boswell; yet see what he has produced! You do not use your faculty honestly: your heart is shut up — full of greediness, malice, discontent; so your intellectual sense cannot lie open. It is in vain also to urge that James Boswell had opportunities, saw great men and great things, such as you can never hope to look on. What make ye of Parson White of Selborne? He had not only no great men to look on, but not even men, merely sparrows and cockchafers; yet has he left us a biography of these, which, under its title, "Natural History of Selborne," still remains valuable to us; which has copied a little sentence or two *faithfully* from the inspired volume of nature, and so is in itself not without inspiration. Go ye and do likewise. Sweep away utterly all frothiness and falsehood from your heart: struggle unweariedly to acquire, what is possible for every God-created man, a free, open, humble soul: *speak not at all in any wise till you have something to speak:* care not for the reward of your speaking, but simply, and with undivided mind, for the *truth* of your speaking; then be placed in what section of space and time soever, do but open your eyes and they shall actually *see*, and bring you real knowledge, wondrous, worthy of belief; and, instead of our Boswell and our White, the world will rejoice in a thousand — stationed on their thousand several watch-towers, to instruct us, by indubitable documents, of whatsoever in our so stupendous world comes to light and *is!*

Carlyle.

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"And yet," says he again, "What of Books? Hast thou not already a Bible to write, and publish in print, that is eternal; namely,

A LIFE TO LEAD."

DATE AND DABITUR.

THERE is in Austria (said Luther) a Monastery, which was, in former times, very rich, and continued rich so long as it gave freely to the poor; but when it gave over that, then it became poor itself, and so remains to this day. Not long since, a poor man knocked at the gate and begged alms for God's sake: the porter said they were themselves too poor to give. "And do you know why?" said the other: "I will tell you. You had formerly in this monastery two Brethren, one named DATE, and the other DABITUR. DATE you thrust out; and DABITUR went away of himself soon after."

Γνῶθι Σεαυτόν.

THIS famous "Know thyself," it does but say,
"Know thine own business," in another way.

Menander.

"Hence too," says a testy modern, "the folly of that impossible precept, 'Know thyself,' till it get translated

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into this more possible one, 'Know what thou canst work at.'"

"It is true," says Harrington, "that men are no fit judges of themselves, because commonly they are partial in their own cause; yet it is as true, that he that will dispose himself to judge indifferently of himself, can do it better than anybody else, because a man can see further into his own mind and heart than any one else can."

"He," says Fuller, "who will not freely and sadly confess that he is *much* a fool, is *all* a fool."

Argenson's friend read a book many times over, and complained of the author's repeating himself a great deal.

Kettle called Pot —
You know what.

EAGLES NO FLY-CATCHERS.

The slightness we see in Gainsborough's works cannot always be imputed to negligence. However they may appear to superficial observers, painters know very well that a steady attention to the general effect takes up more time, and is much more laborious to the mind, than any mode of high-finishing or smoothness, without such attention. *Sir J. Reynolds.*

Sir Joshua said, "though Johnson did not write his Discourses, the general principles he laid down in morals and literature served as the ground-work of much propounded in them."

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By way of requital, Opie used to relate how a clerical friend of his preached Sir Joshua's Discourses from the pulpit, only changing the terms of art to those of morals.

This might easily be done with the sentence quoted above. The "superficial observers" remain as they are, admiring the laborious finish of the model-man, whose every word is weighed and smile measured — but scandalised at him, who, having laid down a large and noble design of life, is careless of the petty detail of behaviour — whose heart may run wild though it never goes astray.

SUPERSTITION.

SUPERSTITION is the religion of feeble minds; and they must be tolerated in an intermixture of it, in some trifling or some enthusiastic shape or other, else you will deprive weak minds of a resource found necessary to the strongest. *Burke.*

They that are against superstition oftentimes run into it of the wrong side. If I will wear all colours but black, then I am superstitious in not wearing black. *Selden.*

"The guillotine was as much a superstition as the aristocracy and priestcraft it was set up to exterminate."

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MODESTY,

BEING the case of chastity, it is to be feared that when the case is broken, the jewel is lost. *Fuller.*

On peut trouver des femmes qui n'ont jamais eu de galanterie: mais il est rare de trouver qui n'en aient jamais eu q'une. *Rochefoucauld.*

"C'EST LE PREMIER PAS QUI COUTE."

NATURE AND HABIT.

LA vertu d'un homme ne doit pas se mesurer par ses efforts, mais par ce qu'il fait d'ordinaire. *Pascal.*

All men are better than their ebullitions of evil, but also worse than their ebullitions of good. *Richter.*

Nature is often hidden — sometimes overcome — seldom extinguished. Force maketh nature more violent in the return; doctrine and discourse maketh nature less importune; but custom only doth alter and subdue nature. *Bacon.*

"Let him who would know how far he has changed the old Adam, consider his Dreams."

"HE THAT COMES OF A HEN MUST SCRAPE."

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EVERY MAN JUDGES FROM HIMSELF.

We measure the excellency of other men by some excellency we conceive to be in ourselves. Nash, a poet, poor enough, (as poets used to be,) seeing an alderman with a gold chain upon his great horse, by way of scorn said to one of his companions, "Do you see yon fellow — how goodly, how big he looks? — why, that fellow cannot make a blank verse."

Nay, we measure the goodness of God from ourselves: we measure his goodness, his justice, his wisdom, by something we call just, good, wise in ourselves. And in so doing, we judge proportionately to the country fellow in the play; who said, if he were a king, he would live like a lord, and have pease and bacon every day, and a whip that cried Slash. *Selden.*

So Warburton says, the Bigot reverses the order of creation, and makes God in man's image; choosing the very ugliest pattern to model from — namely, himself.

SELF-LOVE.

It is the nature of self-lovers as they will set a house on fire and it were but to roast their eggs. Wisdom for a man's self is in many branches thereof a depraved thing. It is the wisdom of rats, that will be sure to leave a house somewhat before it fall. *Bacon.*

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"Enlighten self-interest," cries the philosopher, "do but sufficiently enlighten it!"—We ourselves have seen enlightened self-interests ere now; and truly, for the most part, their light was only as that of a horn-lantern; sufficient to guide the bearer himself out of various puddles — but to us and the world of comparatively small advantage. And figure the human species like an endless host seeking its way onwards through undiscovered Time, in black darkness, save that each had his horn-lantern, and the vanguard some few of glass.

Carlyle.

IT IS A POOR CENTRE OF A MAN'S ACTIONS — HIMSELF.

Bacon.

PREJUDICES.

"No wise man can have a contempt for the prejudices of others; and he should stand in a certain awe of his own, as if they were aged instructors. They may in the end prove wiser than he."

Many of our men of speculation, instead of exploding general prejudices, employ their sagacity to discover the latent wisdom which prevails in them. If they find what they seek, and they seldom fail, they think it more wise to continue the prejudice, with the reason involved, than to cast away the coat of prejudice and leave the naked reason; because prejudice, with its reason, has a motive to give action to that reason,

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and an affection which will give it permanence. Prejudice is of ready application in the emergency: it previously engages the mind in a steady course of wisdom and virtue, and does not leave the man hesitating in the moment of decision, sceptical, puzzled, and unresolved. Prejudice renders a man's virtue his habit, and not a series of unconnected acts. *Burke.*

MUSIC.

"MUCH music marreth men's manners," said Galen. Although some men will say that it doth not so, but rather recreateth and maketh quick a man's mind; yet methinks, by reason, it doth as honey doth to a man's stomach, which at first receiveth it well, but afterward it maketh it unfit to abide any strong nourishing meat. And even so in a manner these instruments make a man's wit so soft and smooth, so tender and quaisy, that they be less able to brook strong and rough study. Wits be not sharpened, but rather made blunt, with such soft sweetness, even as good edges be blunted which men whet upon soft chalk-stones. *R. Ascham.*

Plato allowed but of two kinds of music in his republic; the Martial, and the Sedate. He forbade the luxurious, the doleful, the sentimental. And Aristophanes complains of the new intricate divisions that were in his day superseding the simple plain-song of more heroic times.

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One may conceive that Handel is wholesomer for a people than Bellini.

GENIUS.

THE French were distressed that Dumont claimed to have supplied their Mirabeau with materials for his eloquence. "Good people," said Goethe, "as if their Hercules, or any Hercules, must not be well fed — as if the Colossus must not be made of parts. What is Genius but the faculty of seizing things from right and left —here a bit of marble, there a bit of brass — and breathing life into them?"

"If children," he says elsewhere, "grew up according to early indications, we should have nothing but Geniuses: but growth is not merely development; the various organic systems that constitute one man, spring from one another, follow each other, change into each other, supplant each other, and even consume each other; so that after a time, scarce a trace is left of many aptitudes and abilities."

FORMS OF BEHAVIOUR.

To attain to good Forms it almost sufficeth not to despise them: for so shall a man observe them in others — and let him trust himself with the rest. For if he

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labour too much to express them he shall lose their grace; which is, to be natural and unaffected.

Some men's behaviour is like a verse wherein every syllable is weighed. How can a man comprehend great matters that breaketh his mind too much to small observation?

The sum of behaviour is — to retain a man's own dignity without intruding upon that of others. *Bacon.*

DISPUTES.

"Some have wondered that disputes about opinions should so often end in personalities: but the fact is, that such disputes *begin* with personalities; for our opinions are a part of ourselves."

Besides, "after the first contradiction it is ourselves, and not the thing, we maintain."

WHAT IS A MAN'S RELIGION?

Not the church creed which he professes, the articles of faith which he will sign, and in words or deeds otherwise assert; not this wholly; in many cases not this at all. We see men of all kinds of professed creeds attain to almost all degrees of worth or worthlessness under each or any of them. This is not what I call religion,

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this profession and assertion, which is often only a profession and assertion from the outworks of man, from the mere argumentative region of him, if even so deep as that. But the thing a man does *practically believe*, (and this is often enough without asserting it to himself, much less to others,) the thing a man does practically lay to heart, and know for certain concerning his vital relations to this mysterious universe, and his duty and destiny there — that is in all cases the primary thing for him, and creatively determines all the rest. That is his religion; or, it may be, his mere scepticism and no religion. *Carlyle.*

FAITH AND HOPE.

JUST before Socrates drinks the poison, he relates to his friends the famous Mythus of Tartarus and Elysium — the final destination of the soul after death according to its deeds in the life. A Mythus, if not exact in detail, he says, yet true in the main; and while men cannot get at TRUTH itself, they are bound to seize upon the MOST TRUE, and on that, as on a raft, float over the dangerous sea of life.

"If a man have not Faith, he has surely Hope: and he is bound to act on his highest Hope as on a certainty. Whence does that Hope spring? And he may well embody it in any innocent form of public Faith, which, if not wholly to his mind, is yet a sufficient symbol of what

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he desires, and at least mixes him up in wholesome communion with his fellow-men."

When at the last hour, says Richter, all other hopes and fears die within us, and knowledge and confidence vanish away, Religion alone survives and blossoms as the night of death closes round.

STUDIES.

STUDIES serve for delight, for ornament, and for ability. Their chief use for delight is in privateness and retiring; for ornament, is in discourse; and for ability, is in the judgment and disposition of business. For expert men can execute, and perhaps judge of particulars one by one; but the general counsels, and the plots and marshallings of affairs, come best from those that are learned. To spend too much time in studies, is sloth: to use them too much for ornament, is affectation: to make judgment wholly by their rules, is the humour of a scholar. They perfect nature, and are perfected by experience: for natural abilities are like natural plants, that need pruning by study; and studies themselves do give forth directions too much at large except they be bounded in by experience. Crafty men contemn studies, simple men admire them, and wise men use them; for they teach not their own use; but that is a wisdom without them, and above them,

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born by observation. Read not to confute and contradict; nor to believe and take for granted; but to weigh and consider.

Reading maketh a full man; conference, a ready man; and writing, an exact man. *Bacon.*

THE GENTLEMAN'S CALLING.

MEN ought to know that, in the theatre of human life, it is only for God and angels to be Spectators. *Bacon.*

To make some nook of God's creation a little fruitfuller, better, more worthy of God: to make some human hearts a little wiser, manfuller, happier; more blessed, less accursed! — It is work for a God. *Carlyle.*

"I lived myself like a Pauper," said Pestalozzi, "to try if I could teach Paupers to live like Men."

"THE ROLLING STONE GATHERS NO MOSS."

Oh unwise mortals, that for ever change and shift, saying, "Yonder — not here" — wealth richer than both the Indies lies every where for man, if he will endure. Not his oaks only, and his fruit trees, his very Heart roots itself wherever he will abide; roots itself, draws nourishment from the deep fountains of universal being! Vagrant Sam Slicks, who rove over the earth

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"doing strokes of trade"— what wealth have these? Horse-loads, ship-loads, of white or yellow metal—in very truth, what are these? Slick rests no where — he is homeless! he can build stone or marble houses; but to continue in them is denied him. The wealth of a man is the number of things which he loves and blesses— which he is loved and blessed by. The herdsman in his clay shealing, where his very cow and dog are friends to him, and not a cataract but carries memories for him, and not a mountain-top but nods old recognition; his life, all-encircled as in blessed mother's arms, is it poorer than Slick's, with ass-loads of yellow metal on his back?

Carlyle.

Coalescere otio non potes, nisi desinas circumspicere et errare. *Seneca.*

FRIENDSHIP.

A PRINCIPAL fruit of Friendship is the ease and discharge of the fulness and swelling of the heart, which passions of all kinds do cause and induce. We know diseases of stoppings and suffocations are the most dangerous to the body; and it is not otherwise in the mind. You may take sarza to open the liver; steel to open the spleen; flour of sulphur for the lungs; castoreum for the brain. But no receipt openeth the heart but a true Friend; to whom you may impart griefs, joys, fears, hopes, suspicions, counsels, and whatsoever lieth upon

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the heart to oppress it, in a kind of civil shrift or confession. *Bacon.*

On ne sauroit conserver long-temps les sentiments qu'on doit avoir pour ses amis et pour ses bienfaiteurs si on se laisse la liberté de parler de leurs défauts.

Rochefoucauld.

A modern Greek proverb says

"LOVE YOUR FRIEND WITH HIS FOIBLE."

And finally, beware of long silence, and long absence.

Πολλὰς δὴ φιλίας ἀπροσηγορία διέλυσεν.

"OUT OF SIGHT, OUT OF MIND!"

And so, what we never can replace, the mirror of our former selves, is broken!

"Old friends," says Selden, "are best. King James used to call for his old shoes, they were easiest to his feet."

Those that have loved longest love best. A sudden blaze of kindness may, by a single blast of coldness, be extinguished: but that fondness which length of time has connected with many circumstances and occasions, though it may be for a while suppressed by disgust and resentment, with or without a cause, is hourly revived by accidental recollection. To those who have lived long together, every thing heard, and every thing seen,

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recalls some pleasure communicated, or some benefit conferred; some petty quarrel, or some slight endearment. Esteem of great powers, or amiable qualities newly discovered, may embroider a day or a week; but a friendship of twenty years is interwoven with the texture of life. A friend may be often found and lost; but an *old* friend never can be found, and nature has provided that he cannot easily be lost. *Johnson.*

AVARICE.

"DREAM OF GOLD, AND WAKE HUNGRY."

WRETCHED are those who in pursuit of gold
Come to mistake the evil for the good:
For getting blinds the inward eye of thought.

From the Greek.

Luther thought that love of money, besides being in other ways unprosperous, foreboded a man's death. "I hear that the Prince Elector, George, begins to be Covetous, which is a sign of his death very shortly. When I saw Dr. Gode begin to tell his puddings hanging in his chimney, I told him he would not live long, and so it fell out."

But Misers, unfortunately, live long,—their hard habit of mind not affected perhaps by the wear and tear of other passions and affections; perpetually soothed by the sight of increasing wealth, preserved by the very temperance their avarice prescribes.

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Goethe defined Italian industry, "not to make Riches, but to live free from Care"—an amiable contrast to much of ours.

THE SOUL IS THE MAN.

WE were indeed

πάντα κόνις καὶ πάντα γέλως, καὶ πάντα τὸ μηδέν,

if we did not feel that we were so. *Coleridge.*

Man is but a reed—the feeblest thing in nature. But then he is a reed that *thinks*. It needs no gathering up of the powers of nature to crush him: a vapour, a drop of water, will do it. But if the whole universe should fall upon him and crush him, man would yet be more noble than that which slew him, because he *knows* he is dying; and the universe knows it not. Therefore it is that our whole dignity lies but in this—the faculty of Thinking. By this only do we rise in the scale of being; not by any extension of space and duration.

Let us therefore strive to Think Well. *Pascal.*

FAME.

PRAISE is the reflection of virtue; but it is as the glass or body which giveth reflection. If it be from the common people, it is commonly false and nought;

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and rather followeth vain persons than virtuous. For the common people understand not many excellent virtues: the lowest virtues draw praise from them; the middle virtues work in them astonishment or admiration; but of the highest virtues they have no sense or perceiving at all; but shows, and *species virtutibus similes*, do best with them. *Bacon.*

Thus indeed is it always, or nearly always, with true Fame. The heavenly luminary rises amid vapours: star-gazers enough must scan it with critical telescopes; it makes no blazing; the world can either look at it, or forbear looking at it. Not until after a time and times does its celestial nature become indubitable. Pleasant, on the other hand, is the blazing of a Tar-barrel: the crowd dance merrily round it with loud huzzaing, universal three times three, and, like Homer's peasants, "bless the useful light." But unhappily it so soon ends in darkness, foul choking smoke, and is kicked into the gutters, a nameless imbroglio of charred staves, pitch cinders, and "vomissement du diable." *Carlyle.*

THE LIGHTING OF THE TORCH.

THE human mind is so much clogged and borne downward by the strong and early impressions of Sense, that it is wonderful how the ancients should have made such a progress, and seen so far into intellectual matters

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without some glimmering of a Divine tradition. Whoever considers a parcel of rude savages left to themselves, how they are sunk and swallowed up in sense and prejudice, and how unqualified by their natural force to emerge from this state, will be apt to think that the first spark of philosophy was derived from heaven, and that it was, as a heathen writer expresses it, θεοπαράδοτος φιλοσοφία. *Berkeley.*

THE LOOKING-GLASS.

SHE neglects her heart who studies her glass. He who avoids the glass, aghast at the caricature of morally debased features, feels mighty strife of virtue and vice. *Lavater.*

SOLOMON'S SEAL.

THE Sultan asked Solomon for a Signet motto, that should hold good for Adversity or Prosperity. Solomon gave him,

"THIS ALSO SHALL PASS AWAY."

QUID PRO QUO.

IF the doing of Right depends on the receiving of it; if our fellow-men in this world are not Persons, but mere Things, that for services bestowed will return

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services—Steam-engines that will manufacture calico if we put in coals and water—then, doubtless, the calico ceasing, our coals and water may also rationally cease. But if, on the other hand, our fellow-man is no Steam-engine, but a Man, united with us and with all men in sacred, mysterious, indissoluble bonds, in an all-embracing love that encircles at once the seraph and the glow-worm, then will our duties to him rest on quite another basis than this very humble one of Quid pro Quo.

Carlyle.

LOVE IS THE TRUE PRICE OF LOVE.

THE WORLD WE LIVE IN.

ALTHOUGH the misery on earth is great indeed, yet the foundation of it rests, after deduction of the partly bearable, and partly imaginary, evil of the natural world, entirely and alone on the moral dealings of Man.

Coleridge, from the German.

Could the world unite in the practice of that despised train of virtues which the divine ethics of our Saviour hath so inculcated upon us, the furious face of things must disappear; Eden would be yet to be found, and the Angels might look down not with pity but joy upon us.

Sir T. Browne.

And how are we to set about passing this greatest REFORM BILL?

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To two bad verses which I write
Two good shall be appended:
IF EVERY MAN WOULD MEND A MAN,
THEN ALL MANKIND WERE MENDED.

"HAVE AT IT, AND HAVE IT."

One might add many capital English proverbs of this kind, all so characteristic of the activity and boldness of our forefathers.

The Romans had the same. "Vetus proverbium est, Gladiatorem in arenâ capere consilium."

"Not to resolve, is to resolve," says Bacon. "Necessity, and this same 'Jacta est Alea,' hath many times an advantage, because it awaketh the powers of the mind, and strengtheneth endeavour — 'ceteris pares, necessitate certè superiores.'"

It has been said, the English are wise in action, not in thought. It has been also said by the head of a people of thought, that, "Doubt *of any kind* can only be removed by action."

While we sit still, we are never the wiser; but going into the river, and moving up and down, is the way to discover its depths and shallows. *Bacon.*

Men, till a matter be done, wonder that it can be done; and as soon as it is done, wonder again that it was no sooner done. *Bacon.*

When you tell a man at once, and straight forward, the purpose of any object, he fancies there is nothing in it. *Goethe.*

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"I am persuaded, that if the majority of mankind could be made to see the order of the Universe, such as it is,— as they would not remark in it any virtues attached to certain numbers, nor any properties inherent in certain planets, nor fatalities in certain times and revolutions of these; they would not be able to restrain themselves, on the sight of this admirable regularity and beauty, from crying out with astonishment — What! is this all?"

OMNE IGNOTUM PRO MAGNIFICO.

ANGER

Is certainly a kind of baseness, as it appears well in the weakness of those subjects in whom it reigns — Children, women, old folks, sick folks. *Bacon.*

While Sir Gareth of Orkney is disguised as a servant, the kitchen-wench calls out — "Oh Jhesu, merveille have I what manner a man ye be, for it may never ben otherwise but that ye be comen of a noble blood, for so foule ne shamefully dyd never woman rule a knyghte as I have done you, and ever curtoisly ye have suffred me; and that cam never but of a gentyl blood."

K. Digby.

Ung chevalier, n'en doubtez pas,
Doibt ferir hault, et parler bas.

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A Gallant man is above ill words. An example we have in the old Lord Salisbury, who was a great wise man. Stone had called some Lord about court, "*Fool;*" the Lord complains, and has Stone whipt. Stone cries, "I might have called my Lord of Salisbury '*Fool*' often enough before he would have had me whipt." *Selden.*

"FAST BIND FAST FIND."

Diderot has convinced himself, and indeed, as above became plain enough, acts on the conviction, that Marriage, contract it, solemnise it, in what way you will, involves a solecism which reduces the amount of it to simple Zero. It is a suicidal covenant; annuls itself in the very forming. "Thou makest a vow," says he, twice or thrice, as if the argument were a clencher — "Thou makest a vow of Eternal constancy under a rock which is even then crumbling away." True, O Denis: the rock crumbles away; all things are changing; man changes faster than most of them. Man changes, and will change: the question then arises, Is it wise in him to tumble forth in headlong obedience to this love of change; is it so much as possible for him? Among the dualisms of man's wholly dualistic state, this we might fancy was an observable one; that along with his unceasing tendency to Change, there is no less ineradicable tendency to Persevere. How in this world of perpetual flux shall man secure himself the smallest foundation, except hereby alone; that he take pre-assurance of his fate; that in this and the other high act of his

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life, his *will*, with all solemnity, abdicate its right to Change; voluntarily become involuntary, and say once for all — Be there no further dubitation on it! *Carlyle.*

PEDIGREE.

NOBLES and heralds, by your leave,
Here lie the bones of Matthew Prior;
He was the son of Adam and Eve —
Let Nassau or Bourbon go higher.

No Prince, how great soever, begets his Predecessors; and the noblest rivers are not navigable to the Fountain. Even the Parentage of the Nile is yet in obscurity, and 't is a dispute among authors whether Snow be not the head of his pedigree. *A. Marvell.*

CURIOSITY.

A MAN that is busy and inquisitive is commonly Envious: for to know much of other men's matters cannot be because all that ado may concern his own estate; therefore it must needs be that he taketh a kind of play-pleasure in looking upon the fortunes of others. Neither can he that mindeth but his own business find much matter for envy; for envy is a gadding passion, and walketh the streets, and doth not keep house. "Non est Curiosus quin idem sit Maleficus. *Bacon.*

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POLEMICS.

Fallacia alia aliam trudit.
"ONE NAIL DRIVES OUT ANOTHER."

THE Polemic annihilates his opponent; but in doing so annihilates himself too; and both are swept away to make room for something other and better. *Carlyle.*

Generally, when truth is communicated *polemically*, (that is, not as it exists in its own inner Simplicity, but as it exists in external relations to error,) the temptation is excessive to use those arguments which will tell at the moment upon the crowd of by-standers, in preference to those which will approve themselves ultimately to enlightened disciples. If a man denied himself all specious arguments and all artifices of dialectic subtlety, he must renounce the hopes of a *present* triumph; for the light of absolute truth, on moral or on spiritual themes, is too dazzling to be sustained by the diseased optics of those habituated to darkness, &c.

Blackwood, 49.

"Such are the folios of Schoolmen and Theologians. Let us preserve them in our libraries, however, out of reverence for men who fought well in their day with the weapons then in use; and also, as perpetual monuments of what has been thoroughly tried and found to fail. These folios do very well to block up one of the roads that lead to nothing."

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THE TIME OF DAY.

In the Youth of a state, Arms do flourish; in the middle age of a state, Learning; and then both of them together for a time; *in the declining age of a state, mechanical arts and merchandise.* *Bacon.*

SOLITUDE.

Crates saw a young man walking alone, and asked him what he was about. "Conversing with myself." "Take care," said Crates, "you may have got into very bad company."

"Eagles may fly alone; but I believe all the wiser animals live in societies and ordered communities."

"BE NOT SOLITARY. BE NOT IDLE."

"TOUCH PITCH AND BE DAUBED."

Never wholly separate in your mind the merits of any political question from the Men who are concerned in it. You will be told, that if a measure is good, what have you to do with the character and views of those who bring it forward? But designing men never separate their plans from their interests, and if you assist them in their schemes, you will find the pretended good in the end thrown aside, or perverted, and the inter-

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ested object alone compassed; and this perhaps through your means. *Burke.*

"THE DEVIL CAN QUOTE SCRIPTURE," &C.

"HE IS WISE THAT FOLLOWS THE WISE."

"WHAT can the incorruptiblest Bobuses elect, if it be not some Bobissimus, should they find such?"

The Gods, when they appeared to men, were commonly unrecognised of them. *Goethe.*

THE EYE FOR HISTORY.

THE difference between a great mind's and a little mind's use of History is this: the latter would consider, for instance, what Luther did, taught, or sanctioned; the former, what Luther — a Luther — would *now* do, teach, and sanction. *Coleridge.*

Some persons are shocked at the cruelty of Walton's Angler, as if the most humane could be expected to trouble themselves about fixing a worm on a hook at a time when they burnt men at a stake in conscience and tender heart. We are not to measure the feelings of one age by those of another. Had Walton lived in our day, he would have been the first to cry out against the cruelty of angling. As it was, his flies and baits were only a part of his tackle. *Hazlitt.*

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"So from the failings of the good to the vices of the bad. 'Give the devil his due.' Henry the Eighth, had he lived now, might be little more than the 'First Gentleman in Europe.' He would but cheat his subjects, (if he could,) and tease his wives to death without murdering either. He could not have done what he did had not his people, in some measure, approved it; they were as ready to burn heretics, and disembowel traitors, as he; and ready to be burned and disemboweled themselves when their turn came. We are surprised to read of Henry's victims praying for him on the scaffold; but religion and loyalty were one, and men's bodies and souls were stouter."

LEARNING.

We have to bear in mind what was said after the revival of letters by men of all creeds, that Learning is the fruit of Piety; in order that, by the sincerity of our hearts, by knowledge of ourselves, and by a conscientious walk in the sight of God, we may guard ourselves against the desire to appear what we are not; that we may never forgive ourselves the slightest desertion from Truth; and that we may never consider as Truth any result of our investigations that flatters our wishes, so long as there is in our conscience the slightest feeling of its being wrong. *Niebuhr.*

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Each man, who has no gift for producing first-rate works, should entirely abstain from the pursuit of Art, and seriously guard himself against any deception on that subject. For it must be owned that in all men there is a certain vague desire to imitate whatever is presented to them; and such desires do not prove at all that we possess the force within us necessary for such enterprises. Look at boys, how, whenever any rope-dancers have been visiting the town, they go scrambling up and down, and balancing on all the planks and beams within their reach, till some other charm calls them off to other sports, for which, perhaps, they are as little suited. Hast thou never marked it in the circle of our friends? No sooner does a Dilettante introduce himself to notice, than numbers of them set themselves to learn playing on his instrument. How many wander back and forward on this bootless way! Happy they who soon detect the chasm that lies between their Wishes and their Powers. *Wilhelm Meister.*

Nothing in prose or verse was ever yet worth a wisp to rub down the writer with, produced in a "fit of sympathetic admiration." *Christopher North.*

"SAY-WELL AND DO-WELL END WITH ONE LETTER:
SAY-WELL IS GOOD; BUT DO-WELL IS BETTER."

Plato, et Aristoteles, et omnis in diversum itura sapientium turba, plus ex Moribus quam ex Verbis Socratis traxit. *Seneca.*

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Preachers say, "Do as I *say*, not as I *do*." But if a physician had the same disease on him that I have, and he should bid me do one thing, and he do another, could I believe him? *Selden.*

FAMILY TIES.

CERTAINLY, Wife and Children are a kind of discipline of humanity; and single men, though they be many times more Charitable, because their means are less exhaust, on the other side, they are more Cruel and hard-hearted—good to make severe inquisitors, because their tenderness is not so often called upon. *Bacon.*

A PERSIAN LEGEND.

"A CERTAIN man of Bagdad dreamed one night that in a certain house in a certain street in Cairo he should find a treasure. To Egypt accordingly he set forth, and met in the Desert with one who was on his road from Cairo to Bagdad, having dreamt that in a certain house in a certain street there *he* should find a treasure: and lo, each of these men had been directed to the other's house to find a treasure that only needed looking for in his own."

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The error of a lively rake lies in his Passions, which may be reformed; but a dry rogue, who sets up for Judgment, is incorrigible. *Berkeley.*

Nothing is more unsatisfactory than a mature judgment adopted by an immature mind. *Goethe.*

ORATORY.

QUESTION was asked of Demosthenes, what was the chief part of an Orator? He answered, Action. What next? Action. What next again? Action. He said it that knew it best; and had by nature himself no advantage in that he commended. A strange thing, that that part of an Orator, which is but superficial, and rather the virtue of a Player, should be placed so high above those other noble parts of invention, elocution, and the rest; nay, almost as if it were all in all. But the reason is plain. There is in human nature, generally, more of the Fool than of the Wise; and therefore those faculties by which the Foolish part of men's minds is taken, are most potent. *Bacon.*

Fox used to say, that if a speech *read* very well it was not a good *speech.*

Burke, whose rising emptied the House, is the only one of the Orators of that day who now can be said to survive. The rest were wise in their generation, and are gone with it.

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"NEVER SIGH, BUT SEND."

ONE secret act of self-denial, one sacrifice of inclination to duty, is worth all the mere good thoughts, warm feelings, passionate prayers, in which idle people indulge themselves. It will give us more comfort on our death-bed to reflect on one deed of self-denying mercy, purity, or humility, than to recollect the shedding of many tears, and the recurrence of frequent transports, and much spiritual exultation.

I would have a man disbelieve he can do one jot or tittle more than he has already done; refrain from borrowing aught on the hope of the future, however good a security he seems to be able to show; and never to take his good feelings and wishes in pledge for one single untried deed.

NOTHING BUT PAST ACTS ARE VOUCHERS FOR FUTURE.
Newman.

VANITY—BY A FRENCHMAN.

IL n'y a que ceux qui sont Méprisables qui craignent d'être Méprisés.

Si nous ne Flattions pas nous-mêmes, la Flatterie des autres ne nous pourroit nuire.

Si nous n'avions point d'Orgueil, nous ne nous plaindrions pas de celui des autres.

Les passions les plus violentes nous laissent quelquefois du relâche; mais la Vanité nous agite toujours.

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PREJUDICE.

No one has a right to congratulate his neighbour that a deep-rooted Conviction has departed out of his mind, unless a Truth has replaced it. Earnest feelings may have been entwined about it, and may perish with it—how likely that the void in the heart will be supplied with worse vanities than those which have been abandoned. *Eustace Connay.*

HYPOCRISY.

THERE is no vice, says Rochefoucauld, that is not better than the means we take to conceal it.

A vice, determining outwardly, is nearer to extinction than that which smoulders inwardly.

It is not in human nature to deceive Others, for any long time, without, in a measure, deceiving Ourselves. *Newman.*

The Mask grows one with the Face, and so we see it in the glass.

The beginning of self-deception is when we begin to find *reasons* for our *propensities.*

The chief stronghold of Hypocrisy is to be always judging one another. *Milton.*

To those to whom it is of no moment to say, "Do all as if God were looking at thee," Seneca's rule

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may apply, "Do all as if some Man were looking at thee."

Finally, Xenophon says the easiest way to *seem* good is to *be* good.

NO FABLE.

An ancient Oak being cut down, and split through the midst, out of the very heart of the tree crept a large Toad, and walked away with all the speed he could. Now how long, may we probably imagine, had this creature continued there? It is not unlikely it might have remained in its nest above a hundred years. It is not improbable it was nearly, if not altogether, co-eval with the oak; having been, some way or other, enclosed therein at the time of planting.

This poor animal had organs of sense, yet it had not any sensation. It had eyes, yet no ray of light ever entered its black abode. There was nothing to hear, nothing to taste or smell, for there was no air to circulate, there was no space to move. From the very first instant of its existence, there it was shut up in impenetrable darkness. It was shut up from the sun, moon, and stars, and from the beautiful face of nature; indeed, from the whole visible world, as much as if it had no being.

He who lives "without God in the world," is, in respect to the Invisible world, as this toad was in respect to the Visible world. *J. Wesley.*

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THE ART OF GOVERNING.

To learn Obeying is the fundamental art of Governing. How much would any Serene Highness have learned, had he travelled through the world with water jug and empty wallet, sine omni impensâ, and at his victorious return sat down, not to newspaper paragraphs and city illuminations, but at the foot of St. Edmund's shrine, to shackles and bread and water! He that cannot be servant of many, will never be master, true guide, and deliverer, of many; that is the true meaning of mastership. Heavens! had a Duke of Logwood, now rolling sumptuously to his place in the Collective Wisdom, but himself happened to plough daily, at one time with 7*s.* 6*d.* a week, with no out-door relief — what a light, unquenchable by logic, and statistic, and arithmetic, would he have thrown on several things for him. *Carlyle.*

The hall was the place where the great lord used to eat, (wherefore else were the halls made so large?) where he saw his tenants about him. He never eat in private, except in time of sickness. When once he became a thing cooped up, all his greatness was spoiled. Nay, the king himself used to eat in the hall, and his lords sat with him — and thus he understood Men. *Selden.*

"THE FAT SOW KNOWS NOT WHAT THE LEAN ONE THINKS."

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MELANCHOLY AND MADNESS.

LET him not be alone or idle, in any kind of melancholy, but still accompanied with such friends and familiars he most affects, neatly drest, washt, and combed, according to his ability, at least in clean linen, spruce, handsome, decent, sweet, and good apparel; for nothing sooner dejects a man than want, squalor, and nastiness, foul or old clothes out of fashion. *Burton.*

If I could get his beard and hood removed I should reckon it a weighty point; for nothing more exposes us to madness than distinguishing ourselves from others, and nothing more contributes to maintain our common sense than living in the universal way with multitudes of men. *Goethe.*

BE NOT SOLITARY, BE NOT IDLE.

TOSSING THE THOUGHTS.

WHOSOEVER hath his mind fraught with many Thoughts, his wits and understanding do clarify and break up in the communication and discoursing with another; he tosseth his thoughts more easily; he marshalleth them more orderly; he seeth how they look when they are turned into words: finally, he waxeth wiser than himself; and that more by an hour's Discourse than by a day's Meditation. It was well said by Themistocles to the king of Persia, "that Speech was

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like cloth of Arras opened and put abroad; whereby the imagery doth appear in figure; whereas in Thoughts they lie but in packs."

Neither is this second fruit of Friendship in opening the understanding restrained only to such friends as are able to give a man counsel, (they indeed are best,) but even without that, a man learneth of himself, and bringeth his own thoughts to light, and whetteth his wits as against a stone, which itself cuts not. In a word, a man were better relate himself to a picture or a statue, than to suffer his thoughts to pass in smother.

Bacon.

PETIT À PETIT
L'OISEAU FAIT SON NID.

Let him take heart who does but, even the least little, *advance.* *Plato.*

And I must work through months of toil,
And years of cultivation,
Upon my proper patch of soil
To grow my own plantation:
I'll take the showers as they fall,
I will not vex my bosom;
Content if at the end of all
A little garden blossom. *A. Tennyson.*

A HANDFUL OF ARROWS.

EVERY new institution should be but a fuller development of, or addition to, what already exists. *Niebuhr.*

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He that changes his party from Humour is not more virtuous than he who changes it for Interest; he loves Himself better than Truth. *Johnson.*

Opposition to Authority is a good reason, not for suppressing a theory, but for delivering it in modest and tolerant language. *Goethe.*

"He who tells *all* he knows, will also tell *more* than he knows."

Show me a man who loves no one place better than another, and I will show you a man who loves nothing but himself. *Southey.*

The great Art now to be learned is the Art of staying at Home.

Upon the same Man, as upon a vineyard planted on a mount, there grow more kinds of wine than one: on the south side, something little worse than Nectar; on the north, something little better than Vinegar. *Richter.*

What has Life to show us but the glass-door of Heaven? Through it we see the highest beauty and the highest bliss—but it is not open.* *Richter.*

* "Even that vulgar and tavern music, which makes one man Merry and another Mad, strikes in me a deep fit of Devotion, and a profound contemplation of the FIRST COMPOSER; there is something in it of Divinity more than the Ear discovers; it is an Hieroglyphical and shadowed lesson of the Whole World, and creatures of God; such a Melody to the Ear, as the whole world, well understood, would afford the Understanding — a sensible fit of that Harmony which Intellectually sounds in the Ears of GOD."
Sir T. Browne.

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The grand basis of Christianity is broad enough for the whole bulk of Mankind to stand on, and join hands as children of one family. *Lancaster.*

Who hunt the World's delight too late their hunting rue,
When it a Lion proves the hunter to pursue.

Sin not until 't is left will truly sinful seem;
A man must be Awake ere he can tell his Dream. *Trench.*

ÆSTHETICS.

MEMORABLE — because of the high Office of the speaker, and the Place he spoke in — was the praise addressed by Lord Palmerston to an English Gentleman, who had been visiting Naples, not to explore volcanoes and excavated cities, but to go down into the prisons and declare to all Europe the horrors of Tyranny and misgovernment.

Oh would "YOUNG ENGLAND" half the study thrown
Into Greek annals turn upon our own;
Would spell the Actual Present's open book
Where men may read strange matters — learn that Cook,
Tailor, and Dancer, are ill Heraldry,
Compared with LIVING PLAIN AND THINKING HIGH:
That Fools enough have travell'd up the Rhine;
Discuss'd Italian Operas, French Wine,
Gaped at the Pope, call'd Raffaelle "*divine*" —
Yea, could the Nation with one single will
Renounce the Arts she only bungles still,

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And stick to that which of all nations best
She knows, and which is well worth all the rest,
Just Government—by the ancient Three-fold Cord
Faster secured than by the point of Sword—
Would we but teach THE PEOPLE, from whom Power
Grows slowly up into the Sovereign Flower,
By all just dealing with them, head and heart
Wisely and religiously to do their part;
And heart and *hand*, whene'er the hour may come,
Answer Brute force, that will not yet be dumb.—
Lest, like some mighty ship that rides the sea,
Old England, one last refuge of the Free,
Should, while all Europe Thunders with the waves
Of war, which shall be Tyrants, Czars, or Slaves,
Suddenly, with sails set and timbers true,
Go down, betray'd by a degenerate crew!

"SECOND THOUGHTS ARE BEST."

"No," says the Guesser at Truth, "*First* Thoughts are best, being those of Generous Impulse; whereas *Second* Thoughts are those of Selfish Prudence; *best* in worldly wisdom; but, in a higher economy, *worst*."

The proverb, in fact, as so many of its kind are said to do, tells just *half* the truth;—needing its converse to complete the whole.

For, if a man be Generous by nature, then it may be as the Guesser at Truth says. But if he be *un*generous by nature, then the order is reversed, and the proverb will hold even in that better economy adverted to—his First Thoughts will be those of Selfish Policy; but his

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Second may be those, not of Generous Impulse indeed, but of a Generous Religion or Philosophy.

LOT IN LIFE.

"EVERY PATH HAS A PUDDLE."

WHATSOEVER is under the moon is subject to corruption — alteration; and so long as thou livest upon earth look not for other. Thou shalt not here find peaceable and cheerful days, quiet times; but rather clouds, storms, calumnies — such is our fate. And as those errant planets in their distinct orbs have their several motions, sometimes direct, stationary, retrograde, in apogeo, perigeo, oriental, occidental, combust, feral, free, and (as our astrologers will) have their fortitudes and debilities, by reason of those good and bad irradiations, conferred to each other's site in the heavens, in their terms, houses, cases, detriments, &c.; — so we rise and fall in this world, ebb and flow, in and out, reared and dejected; lead a troublesome life, subject to many accidents and casualties of fortunes, infirmities, as well from ourselves as others.

Yea, but thou thinkest thou art more miserable than the rest; other men are happy in respect of thee; their miseries are but flea-bitings to thine; thou alone art unhappy, none so bad as thyself. Yet if, as Socrates said, all men in the world should come and bring their

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grievances together, of body, mind, fortune, sores, ulcers, madness, epilepsies, agues, and all those common calamities of beggary, want, servitude, imprisonment — and lay them on a heap to be equally divided — wouldst thou share alike, and take thy portion, or be as thou art? Without question thou wouldst be as thou art.

Every man knows his own, but not others' defects and miseries; and 't is the nature of all men still to reflect upon themselves, their own misfortunes; not to examine or consider other men's; not to confer themselves with others: to recount their own miseries, but not their good gifts, fortunes, benefits, which they have; to ruminate on their adversity, but not once to think on their prosperity — not what they have, but what they want; to look still on those that go before, but not on those infinite numbers that come after. Whereas many a man would think himself in heaven, a petty prince, if he had but the least part of that fortune which thou so much repinest at, abhorrest, and accountest a most vile and wretched estate. How many thousands want that which thou hast! How many myriads of poor slaves, captives, of such as work day and night in coal-pits, tin-mines, with sore toil to maintain a poor living; of such as labour in body and mind, live in extreme anguish and pain; all which thou art freed from! "O fortunatos nimium sua si bona nôrint!" Thou art most happy, if thou couldst be content and acknowledge thy happiness; *rem carendo, non fruendo, cognoscimus;*

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when thou shalt hereafter come to want that which thou now loathest, abhorrest, and art weary of and tired with, when 't is past, thou wilt say thou wert most happy; and after a little miss, wish with all thine heart thou hadst the same content again — mightest lead but such a life — a world for such a life! the remembrance of it is pleasant. Be silent then: rest satisfied — *desine; intuensque in aliorum infortunia solare mentem;* comfort thyself with other men's misfortunes; and as the mouldiwarp in Æsop told the fox, complaining for want of a tail, and the rest of his companions — *Tacete, quando me oculis captum videtis* — "You complain of toys; but I am blind — be quiet" — I say to thee, Be satisfied. It is recorded of the hares, that with a general consent they went to drown themselves, out of a feeling of their misery; but when they saw a company of frogs more fearful than they were, they began to take courage and comfort again. Confer thine estate with others. *Similes aliorum respice casus, Mitius ista feres.* Be content, and rest satisfied, for thou art well in respect of others: be thankful for that thou hast; that God hath done for thee; he hath not made thee a monster, a beast, a base creature, as he might; but a Man, a Christian — such a man.— Consider aright of it, thou art full well as thou art.

Burton.

FOR EVERY ILL BENEATH THE SUN
THERE IS SOME REMEDY, OR NONE.
SHOULD THERE BE ONE, RESOLVE TO FIND IT;
IF NOT, SUBMIT, AND NEVER MIND IT.

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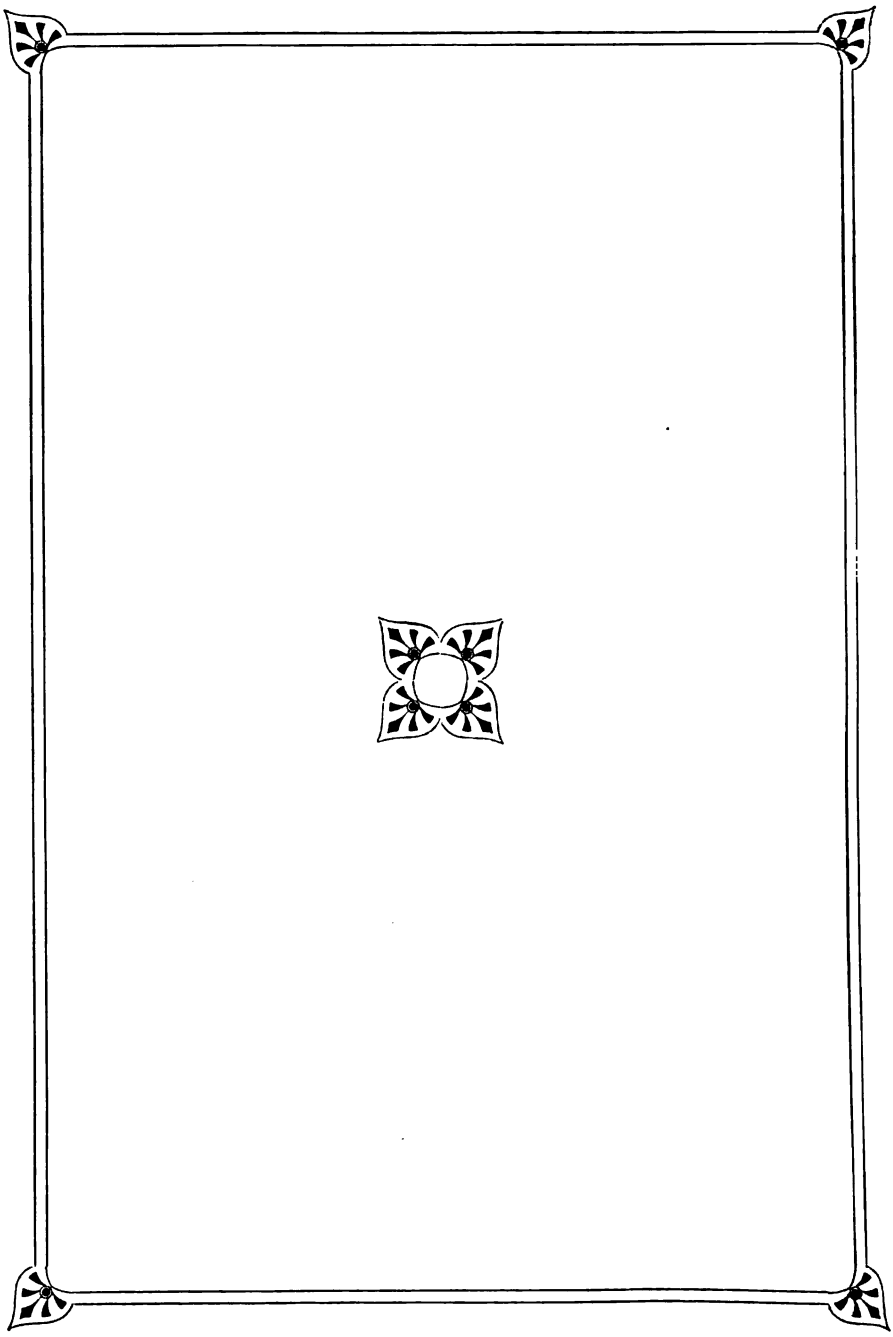

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ESSAYS ON CRABBE.

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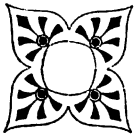

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INTRODUCTION

TO A VOLUME OF

READINGS IN CRABBE.

"TALES OF THE HALL."

[PUBLISHED BY BERNARD QUARITCH, LONDON; 1882.]

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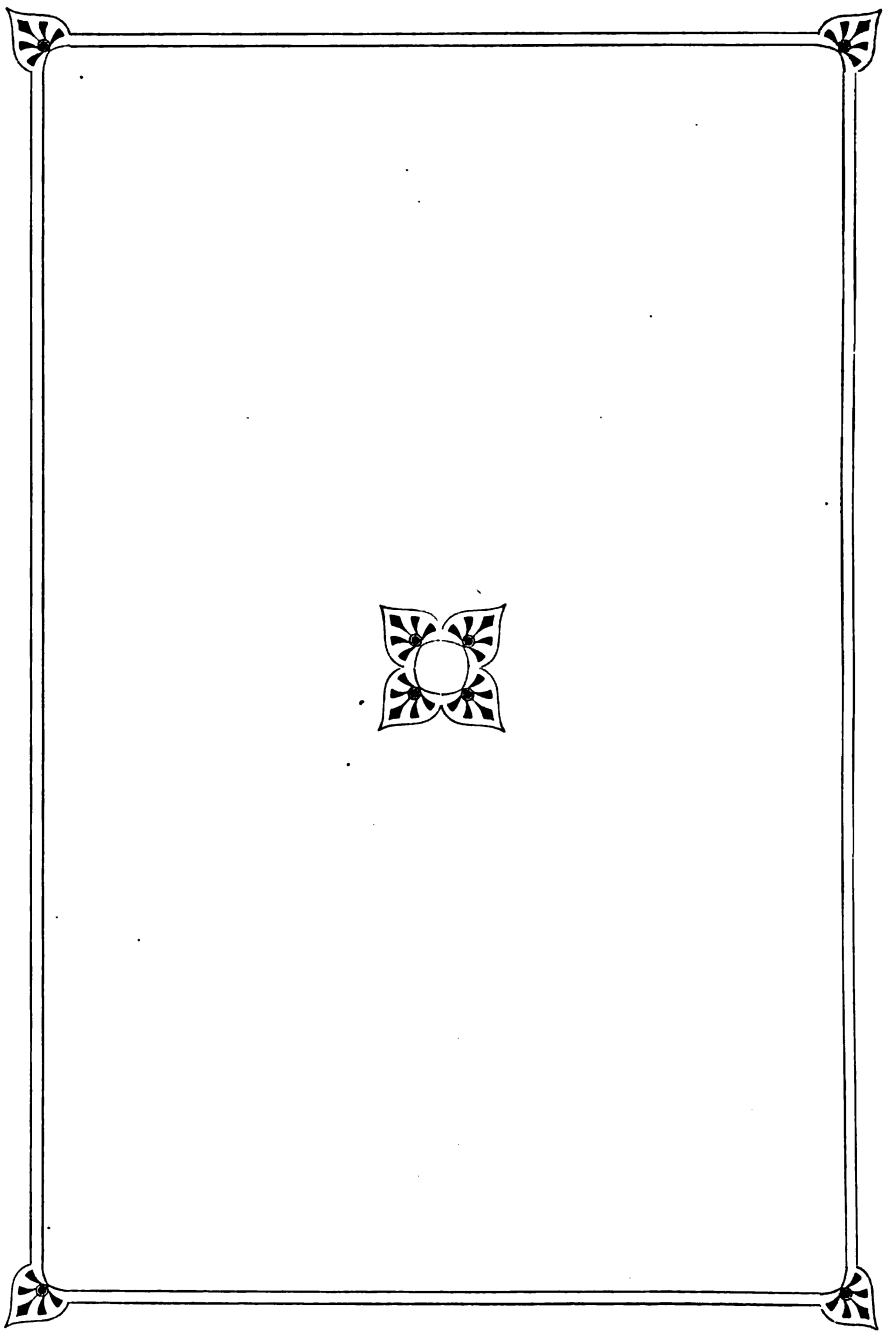

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CRABBE'S "TALES OF THE HALL."

"TALES OF THE HALL," says the Poet's son and biographer, occupied his father during the years 1817, 1818, and were published by John Murray in the following year under the present title, which he suggested, instead of that of "Remembrances," which had been originally proposed.

The plan and nature of the work are thus described by the author himself in a letter written to his old friend, Mary Leadbetter, and dated October 30, 1817:

"I know not how to describe the new, and probably (most probably) the last work I shall publish. Though a village is the scene of meeting between my two principal characters, and gives occasion to other characters and relations in general, yet I no more describe the manners of village inhabitants. My people are of superior classes, though not the most elevated; and, with a few exceptions, are of educated and cultivated minds and habits. I do not know, on a general view, whether my tragic or lighter Tales, etc., are most in number. Of those equally well executed, the tragic will, I suppose, make the greater impression; but I know not that it requires more attention."

"The plan of the work," says Jeffrey, in a succinct, if not quite exact, epitome—"for it has more of plan and unity than any of Mr. Crabbe's former productions—is abundantly simple. Two brothers, both past middle age, meet together for the first time since their infancy, in the Hall of their native parish, which the elder and richer had purchased as a place of retirement for his declining age; and there tell each other their own history, and then that of their guests, neighbours, and acquaintances. The senior is much the richer, and a bachelor—having been a little

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distasted with the sex by the unlucky result of a very extravagant passion. He is, moreover, rather too reserved, and somewhat Toryish, though with an excellent heart and a powerful understanding. The younger is very sensible also, but more open, social, and talkative; a happy husband and father, with a tendency to Whiggism, and some notion of reform, and a disposition to think well both of men and women. The visit lasts two or three weeks in autumn; and the Tales are told in the after-dinner *tête-à-têtes* that take place in that time between the worthy brothers over their bottle.

"The married man, however, wearies at length for his wife and children; and his brother lets him go with more coldness than he had expected. He goes with him a stage on the way; and, inviting him to turn aside a little to look at a new purchase he had made of a sweet farm with a neat mansion, he finds his wife and children comfortably settled there, and all ready to receive them; and speedily discovers that he is, by his brother's bounty, the proprietor of a fair domain within a morning's ride of the Hall, where they may discuss politics, and tell tales any afternoon they may think proper."—*Edinburgh Review*, 1819.

The scene has also changed with Drama and Dramatis Personæ: no longer now the squalid purlieus of old, inhabited by paupers and ruffians, with the sea on one side, and as barren a heath on the other; in place of that, a village, with its tidy homestead and well-to-do tenant, scattered about an ancient Hall, in a well-wooded, well-watered, well-cultivated country, within easy reach of a thriving country town, and

"West of the waves, and just beyond the sound,"

of that old familiar sea, which (with all its sad associations) the Poet never liked to leave far behind him.

When he wrote the letter above quoted (two years before the publication of his book) he knew not whether

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his tragic exceeded the lighter stories in quantity, though he supposed they would leave the deeper impression on the reader. In the completed work I find the tragic stories fewer in number, and, to my thinking, assuredly not more impressive than such as are composed of that mingled yarn of grave and gay of which the kind of life he treats of is, I suppose, generally made up. "Nature's sternest Painter" may have mellowed with a prosperous old age, and, from a comfortable grand-climacteric, liked to contemplate and represent a brighter aspect of humanity than his earlier life afforded him. Anyhow, he has here selected a subject whose character and circumstance require a lighter touch and shadow less dark than such as he formerly delineated.

Those who now tell their own as well as their neighbours' stories are much of the Poet's own age as well as condition of life, and look back (as he may have looked) with what Sir Walter Scott calls a kind of humorous retrospect over their own lives, cheerfully extending to others the same kindly indulgence which they solicit for themselves. The book, if I mistake not, deals rather with the follies than with the vices of men, with the comedy rather than the tragedy of life. Assuredly there is scarce anything of that brutal or sordid villainy[1] of which one has more than enough in the

[1] I think, only one story of the baser sort—"Gretna Green"—a capital, if not agreeable, little drama in which all the characters defeat themselves by the very means they take to deceive others.

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Poet's earlier work. And even the more sombre subjects of the book are relieved by the colloquial intercourse of the narrators, which twines about every story, and, letting in occasional glimpses of the country round, encircles them all with something of dramatic unity and interest; insomuch that of all the Poet's works this one alone does not leave a more or less melancholy impression upon me; and, as I am myself more than old enough to love the sunny side of the wall, is on that account, I do not say the best, but certainly that which best I like, of all his numerous offspring.

Such, however, is not the case, I think, with Crabbe's few readers, who, like Lord Byron, chiefly remember him by the sterner realities of his earlier work. Nay, quite recently Mr. Leslie Stephen, in that one of his admirable essays which analyses the Poet's peculiar genius, says:

"The more humorous portions of these performances may be briefly dismissed. Crabbe possessed the faculty, but not in any eminent degree; his tramp is a little heavy, and one must remember that Mr. Tovell and his like were of the race who require to have a joke driven into their heads by a sledge-hammer. Sometimes, indeed, we come upon a sketch which may help to explain Miss Austen's admiration. There is an old maid devoted to china, and rejoicing in stuffed parrots and puppies, who might have been another Emma Woodhouse; and a Parson who might have suited the Eltons admirably."

The spinster of the stuffed parrot indicates, I suppose, the heroine of "Procrastination" in another series of tales. But Miss Austen, I think, might also

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have admired another, although more sensible, spinster in these, who tells of her girlish and only love while living with the grandmother who maintained her gentility in the little town she lived in at the cost of such little economies as "would scarce a parrot keep;" and the story of the romantic friend who, having proved the vanity of human bliss by the supposed death of a young lover, has devoted herself to his memory; insomuch that as she is one fine autumnal day protesting in her garden that, were he to be restored to her in all his youthful beauty, she would renounce the real rather than surrender the ideal Hero awaiting her elsewhere — behold him advancing toward her in the person of a prosperous, portly merchant, who reclaims, and, after some little hesitation on her part, retains her hand.

There is also an old Bachelor whom Miss Austen might have liked to hear recounting the matrimonial attempts which have resulted in the full enjoyment of single blessedness; his father's sarcastic indifference to the first, and the haughty defiance of the mother of the girl he first loved. And when the young lady's untimely death has settled that question, his own indifference to the bride his own mother has provided for him. And when that scheme has failed, and yet another after that, and the Bachelor feels himself secure in the consciousness of more than middle life having come upon him, his being captivated — and jilted — by a country Miss, toward whom he is so imperceptibly drawn at her father's house that

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> "Time after time the maid went out and in,
> Ere love was yet beginning to begin;
> The first awakening proof, the early doubt,
> Rose from observing she went in and out."

Then there is a fair Widow, who, after wearing out one husband with her ruinous tantrums, finds herself all the happier for being denied them by a second. And when he too is dead, and the probationary year of mourning scarce expired, her scarce ambiguous refusal (followed by acceptance) of a third suitor, for whom she is now so gracefully wearing her weeds as to invite a fourth.

If "Love's Delay" be of a graver complexion, is there not some even graceful comedy in "Love's Natural Death;" some broad comedy — too true to be farce — in "William Bailey's" old housekeeper; and up and down the book surely many passages of gayer or graver humour; such as the Squire's satire on his own house and farm; his brother's account of the Vicar, whose daughter he married; the gallery of portraits in the "Cathedral Walk," besides many a shrewd remark so tersely put that I should call them epigram did not Mr. Stephen think the Poet incapable of such; others so covertly implied as to remind one of old John Murray's remark on Mr. Crabbe's conversation — that he said uncommon things in so common a way as to escape notice; though assuredly not the notice of so shrewd an observer as Mr. Stephen if he cared to listen, or to read.

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Nevertheless, with all my own partiality for this book, I must acknowledge that, while it shares with the Poet's other works in his characteristic disregard of form and diction — of all indeed that is now called "Art" — it is yet more chargeable with diffuseness, and even with some inconsistency of character and circumstance, for which the large canvas he had taken to work on, and perhaps some weariness in filling it up,[1] may be in some measure accountable. So that, for one reason or another, but very few of Crabbe's few readers care to encounter the book. And hence this attempt

[1] A Journal that he kept in 1817 shows that *some* part of the book was composed, not in the leisurely quiet of his country Parsonage, or the fields around it, but at the self-imposed rate of thirty lines a day, in the intervals between the déjeûners, dinners, and soirées of a London season, in which, "seeing much that was new," he says: "I was perhaps something of a novelty myself" — was, in fact, the new lion in fashion.

"*July* 5. — My thirty lines done, but not very well, I fear. Thirty daily is the self-engagement.

"*July* 8. — Thirty lines to-day, but not yesterday. Must work up.

"*July* 10. — Make up my thirty lines for yesterday and to-day.

"*Sunday, July* 15 (after a sermon at St. James's, in which the preacher thought proper to apologise for a severity which he had not used). Write some lines in the solitude of Somerset House, not fifty yards from the Thames on one side, and the Strand on the other; but as quiet as the sands of Arabia."

Then leaving London for his Trowbridge home, and staying by the way at the home of a friend near Wycombe —

"*July* 23. — A vile engagement to an Oratorio at the church by I know not how many noisy people, women as well as men. Luckily, I sat where I could write unobserved, and wrote forty lines, only interrupted by a song of Mrs. Brand (Bland?) — a hymn, I believe. It was less doleful than the rest."

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of mine to entice them to it by an abstract, omitting some of the stories, retrenching others, either by excision of some parts, or the reduction of others into as concise prose as would comprehend the substance of much prosaic verse.

Not a very satisfactory sort of medley in any such case; I know not if more or less so where verse and prose are often so near akin. I see, too, that in some cases they are too patchily intermingled. But I have tried, though not always successfully, to keep them distinct, and to let the Poet run on by himself whenever in his better vein; in two cases — that of the "Widow" and "Love's Natural Death"— without any interruption of my own, though not without large deductions from the author in the former story.

On the other hand, more than as many other stories have shrunk under my hands into seeming disproportion with the Prologue by which the Poet introduces them; insomuch as they might almost as well have been cancelled were it not for carrying their introduction away with them.[1]

And such alterations have occasionally necessitated a change in some initial article or particle connecting two originally separated paragraphs; of which I subjoin a list, as also of a few that have inadvertently crept into the text from the margin of my copy; all, I

[1] As "Richard's Jealousy," "Sir Owen Dale's Revenge," the "Cathedral Walk," in which the Poet's diffuse treatment seemed to me scarcely compensated by the interest of the story.

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thought, crossed out before going to press.[1] For any poetaster can amend many a careless expression which blemishes a passage that none but a poet could indite.

I have occasionally transposed the original text, especially when I thought to make the narrative run clearer by so doing. For in that respect, whether from lack or laxity of constructive skill, Crabbe is apt to wander and lose himself and his reader. This was shown especially in some prose novels, which at one time he tried his hand on, and (his son tells us), under good advice, committed to the fire.

I have replaced in the text some readings from the Poet's original MS. quoted in his son's standard edition, several of which appeared to me fresher, terser, and (as

[1] Page 28. "Sounds *too* delight us."
" 36. "Neither after-time *nor* adventure," etc.
" 40. "And some sad story *appertained* to each."
" 41. "Nor had a husband for *her only* son."
" 42. "Her will self-govern'd, and *un*task'd."
" 46. "Rolled o'er *her* body as she lay," etc.
" 56. "(Prose.) "Two ladies *walking* arm in arm," etc.
" 75. "When time and reason our *affliction* heal."
" 76. "*I will* be brief," etc.
" 76. "*Thinkst thou* that meekness, self," etc.
" 87. "Begins to exert *her* salutary influence."
" 92. "We *judge*, the heroic men of whom we read."
" 93. "*But what* could urge me at a day so late."
" 96. "Then fairly *gave* the secret of her heart."
" 108. "Or mine had been my *gentle* Mattie now."
" 116. "I had some pity and I *sought* the price."
" 133. "Would make such faces and *assume* such looks."
" 214. "*Told him he* pardon'd, though he blamed such rage."
" 218. "*He* entered softly."

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so often the case) more apt than the second thought afterward adopted.[1]

Mr. Stephen has said — and surely said well — that, with all its short- and long-comings, Crabbe's better work leaves its mark on the reader's mind and memory as only the work of genius can, while so many a more splendid vision of the fancy slips away, leaving scarce a wrack behind. If this abiding impression result (as perhaps in the case of Richardson or Wordsworth) from being, as it were, soaked in through the longer process by which the man's peculiar genius works, any abridgment, whether of omission or epitome, will diminish from the effect of the whole. But, on the other hand, it may serve, as I have said, to attract a reader to an original which, as appears in this case, scarce anybody now cares to venture upon in its integrity.

I feel bound to make all apology for thus dealing with a Poet whose works are ignored, even if his name be known, by the readers and writers of the present generation. "Pope in worsted stockings" he once was called; and those stockings, it must be admitted, often down at heel, and begrimed by many a visit among the dreary resorts of "*pauvre et triste humanité.*" And

[1] A curious instance occurs in that fair Widow's story, when the original

> "Would you believe it, Richard, that fair she
> Has had three husbands — I repeat it, three!"

is supplanted by the very enigmatical couplet:

> "Would you believe it, Richard? that fair dame
> Has thrice resign'd and reassumed her name."

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if Pope, in his silken court suit, scarcely finds admittance to the modern Parnassus, how shall Crabbe with his homely gear and awkwarder gait? Why had he not kept to level prose, more suitable, some think, to the subject he treats of, and to his own genius? As to subject, Pope, who said that Man was man's proper study, treated of finer folks indeed, but not a whit more or less than men and women, nor the more life-like for the compliment or satire with which he set them off. And, for the manner, he and Horace in his Epistles and Satires, and the comedy-writers of Greece, Rome, Spain, and France, availed themselves of Verse, through which (and especially when clenched with rhyme) the condensed expression, according to Montaigne, rings out as breath through a trumpet. I do not say that Comedy (whose Dramatic form Crabbe never aimed at) was in any wise his special vocation, though its shrewder — not to say, saturnine — element runs through all except his earliest work, and somewhat of its lighter humour is revealed in his last. And, if Verse has been the chosen organ of Comedy proper, it assuredly cannot be less suitable for the expression of those more serious passions of which this Poet most generally treats, and which are nowhere more absolutely developed than amid the classes of men with which he had been so largely interested. And whatever one may think Crabbe makes of it, verse was the mode of utterance to which his genius led him from first to last (his attempt at prose having failed);

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and if we are to have him at all, we must take him in his own way.

Is he then, whatever shape he may take, worth making room for in our overcrowded heads and libraries? If the verdict of such critics as Jeffrey and Wilson be set down to contemporary partiality or inferior "culture," there is Miss Austen, who is now so great an authority in the representation of genteel humanity, so unaccountably smitten with Crabbe in his worsted hose that she is said to have pleasantly declared he was the only man whom she would care to marry.[1] If Sir Walter Scott and Byron are but unæsthetic judges of the Poet, there is Wordsworth, who was sufficiently exclusive in admitting any to the sacred brotherhood in which he still reigns, and far too honest to make any exception out of compliment to anyone on any occasion — he did, nevertheless, thus write to the Poet's son and biographer in 1834:[2] "Any testimony to the merit of your revered father's works would, I feel, be superfluous, if not impertinent. They will last, from their combined merits as poetry and truth, full as long as anything that has been expressed in verse since they first made their appearance"— a period which, be it noted, includes all Wordsworth's own volumes except "Yarrow Revisited," "The Prelude," and "The

[1] I will add what, in his lately published "Reminiscences," Mr. Mozley tells us, that Crabbe was a favourite with no less shrewd a reader of Humanity than Cardinal Newman.

[2] See Vol. II., p. 84, of the complete Edition, 1834.

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Borderers." And Wordsworth's living successor to the laurel no less participates with him in his appreciation of their forgotten brother. Almost the last time I met him he was quoting from memory that fine passage in "Delay has Danger," where the late autumn landscape seems to borrow from the conscience-stricken lover who gazes on it the gloom which it reflects upon him; and in the course of further conversation on the subject, Mr. Tennyson added, "Crabbe has a world of his own;" by virtue of that original genius, I suppose, which is said to entitle, and carry, the possessor to what we call Immortality.

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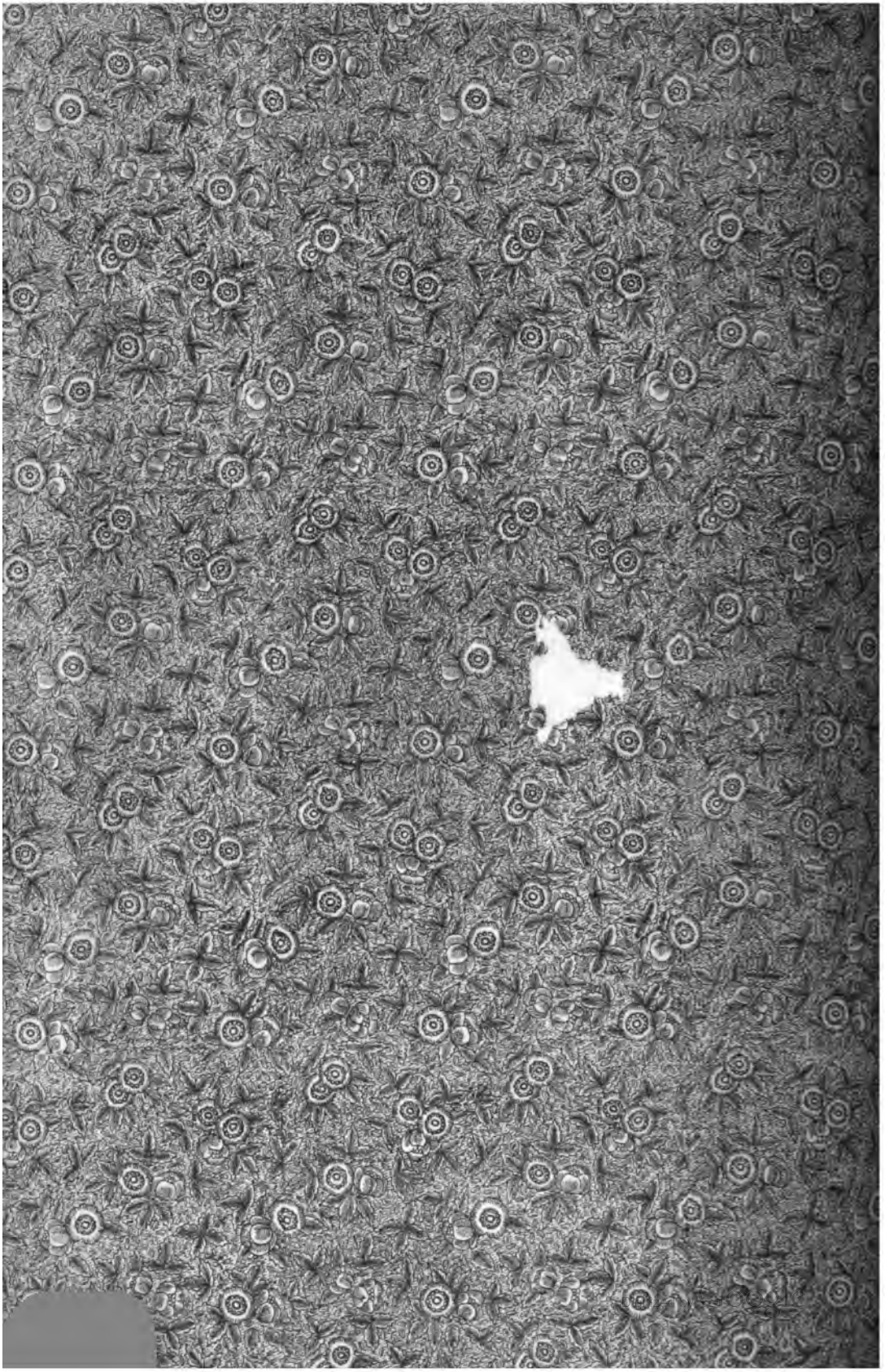

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